

PUNCH



VOL CV

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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1893.



"*VOX, et præterea nihil!*" murmured Somebody in the background.

"Who made that stale and inappropriate quotation?" exclaimed Mr. Oracle PUNCH, looking severely around the illustrious group gathered in his *sanctum* about the brazen tripod which bore his brand-new Phonograph.

Nobody answered.

"Glad to see you are ashamed of yourself, whoever you are," snapped the Seer.

"Rather think the—a—Spook spoke," muttered a self-important-looking personage, obliquely eyeing a shadowy visitor from Borderland.

"Humph! JULIA may use *your* hand, but you will not trump *mine*," retorted the Oracle. "If *revenants* knew what nonsense is put into their spectral mouths by noodles and charlatans, they would never return to be made spectral pilgrims of."

"A ghost is a good thing—in a Christmas story!" laughed the jolly old gentleman in a holly-crown. "Elsewhere it is generally a fraud and a nuisance."

"Right, Father Christmas!" cried Mr. PUNCH. "But the *Voces* from my Oracular Funograph are not ghostly nothings, neither are they ambiguous, like the oracles of the Sibyl of Cumæ,—to which, my eloquent Premier, some have had the audacity to compare certain of *your* vocal deliverances."

The Old Oracular Hand smiled sweetly. "*Nescit vox missa reverti*," he murmured. "Would that EDISON could invent a Party Leader's Phonograph whose utterances should satisfy at the time without danger of being quoted against one fifty years later by CLEON the Tanner, or AGORACRITUS the Sausage-Seller, to whom even the Sibylline Books would scarce have been sacred. But you and your Funograph—as you neatly call it—have never been Paphlagonian, have never had to give up to Party what was meant for Mankind."

"And Womankind, surely, Mr. GLADSTONE?" subjoined the Strong-minded Woman, glaring reproachfully through her spectacles at the Anti-Woman's-Rights Premier. "I wish I could say as much of *you*, Sir!"

"Labour and the Ladies seem to have small share in his thoughts," began the Striker, hotly, when Lord ROSEBURY touched him gently on his fustian-clad shoulder, and he subsided.

"Am I not a lady?" queried HIBERNIA, with an affectionate glance at her aged champion.

"Golly, and me too?" added a damsel of dusky Libyan charms, clinging close to the stalwart arm of Napoleonic CECIL RHODES.

"Yes—with a difference!" said the Oracle, drily. "'*Place aux dames*' is a motto of partial and rather capricious application, is it not, my evergreen Premier?"

"A principle of politeness rather than of politics or Parliament—at present," murmured the G. O. M.

"Pooh!" sniffed the Strong-minded Woman. "It will *spread*. Read Mr. H. FOWLER's Bill, and Dr. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE's *Woman and Natural Selection*; put this and that together, and perpend!"

"The Penny Phonograph," pursued Mr. Oracle PUNCH, "is now prodigiously patronised. For the popular penny you can hear an American band, a Chevalier coster ballad, the 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' a comic song by 'Little TICH,' or a speech by the Old Man eloquent. No; for the latter I believe they charge twopence. That is fame, my Pantagruelian Premier. But in *my* Funograph—charge the unchangeable Threepence—you can hear the very voice of Wisdom and Wit, of Humanity and Humour, of Eloquence and Essential Truth, of Music and of Mirth!"

"Hear! hear! hear!" chorussed everybody.

"You *shall* hear!" said the Oracle. "Stand round, all of you, and adjust your ear-tubes! DIONYSIUS's Ear was not an aural 'circumstance' (as your countryman would say, CLEVELAND) compared with this. *Vox, et prater ea nihil*, indeed!"

"*Nihil*—or Nihilism," growled the Trafalgar Square Anarchist, "is the burden of the *vox populi* of to-day——"

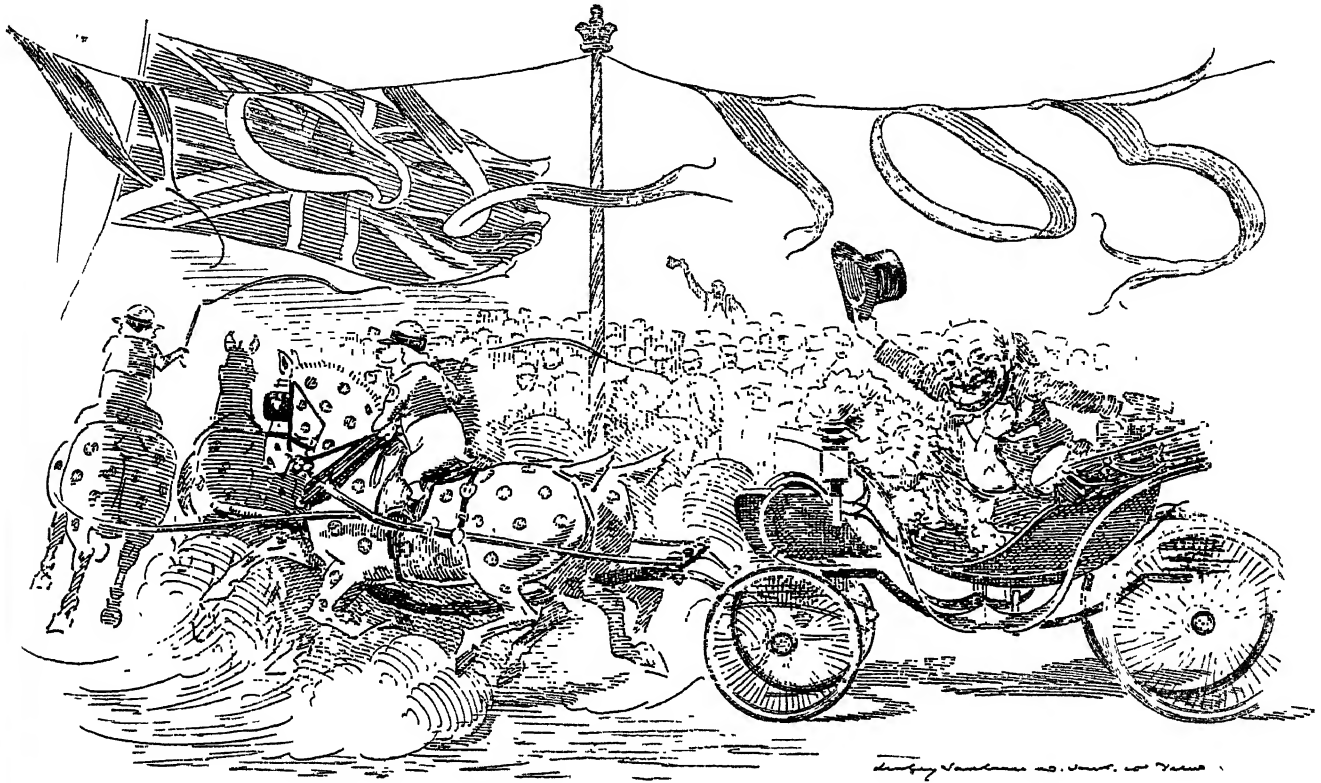
"*Vox diaboli*, you mean," interrupted the great Funographer, sternly. "And there is no opening for that *vox* here. Shut up! You are here, misguided mischief-maker, not to spout murderously dogmatic negation, but to listen and—I hope—learn!"

"I trust you have guidance for me," murmured gentle but anxious-faced Charity. "It would, like my ministrations, be most seasonable—as Father Christmas could tell you—for between my innumerable claims, and my contradictory 'multitude of counsellors,' my friends and enemies, my gushingly indiscriminate enthusiasts, and my arid, hide-bound 'organisers,' I was never, my dear Mr. PUNCH, so completely puzzled in my life."

"Sweet lady," responded the Oracle, with gentle gravity, "there is guidance here for *all* who will listen; heavenly Charity and diabolic Anarchy, eloquent Statesmanship and adventurous Enterprise, scared Capital and clamorous Labour, fogged Finance and self-assertive Femininity; for the motley and many-voiced Utopia-hunters who fancy they see imminent salvation in Imperial Pomp or Parochial Pump, in Constitutional Clubs or County Councils, in Home Rule, Primrose Leagues, or the Living Wage, in Democracy or in Dynamite, in High Art or Mahatmas, in Science or in Spooks. Take your places, Ladies and Gentlemen! Charity first, if you please, with Father Christmas to her right, leaving room for the little New Year on her left. Listen all, and learn by the various voices of that many-cylindred, marvellous Funographic Machine, my

One Hundred and Fiftly Volume!"





THE HEALTH SEEKER'S VADE MECUM.

(Revised up to Date.)

Question. Is it good for the health to keep awake?

Answer. Certainly not; as sleep is most necessary to the body's repose.

Q. Then should one go to sleep?

A. No; for it must in the end be injurious to the mind.

Q. Is walking a good thing?

A. Certainly not; as it may lead to cramp.

Q. Is resting to be recommended?

A. Oh no; for exercise is absolutely a necessity.

Q. Is riding permissible?

A. Not when the wood pavement produces the new sore throat.

Q. Should we eat?

A. No; for everything is adulterated.

Q. Should we drink?

A. No; liquor is injurious.

Q. Should we starve?

A. No; meals are really needful.

Q. Is it safe to stay at home?

A. No; because change of air is most beneficial to everyone.

Q. Is it advisable to go abroad?

A. Not at all; many epidemics are reported to be rife everywhere on the other side of the channel.

Q. Is it good to live?

A. Scarcely; because illness is worse than death.

Q. Is it good to die?

A. Probably; everything else is a failure, so no doubt this, too, is a grand mistake.

TO CRICKETERS.



OUT! FIRST BALL! A CATCH!!"

UNDER THE ROOSE.

RONDEL BY A RESTORED ONE.

(Some way after a Swinburnian Model.)

UNDER the ROOSE! Decay seemed
slow but sure,
The golden chord Mors, lingering,
aimed to loose;
But kindness, care, and skill
work wondrous cure,
Under the ROOSE!

The patient probably had played
the goose,
Liverish, listless, yielding to the
lure
Of overstrain, caught in neglect's
aly noose.

But symptoms pass if patience but
endure,
And Robson's regimen brooks no
excuse.

Nerves get re-strung, the brisk
blood pulses pure,
Under the ROOSE!

OLD PROVERB VERIFIED.—

"Miss VERNE, whose renown as a pianist is rapidly increasing, has hitherto been known to concert-goers as Miss MATHILDE WURM." Soatlast "the WURM has turned," and become Miss VERNE!

WHAT OUR EVENING PAPERS
ARE COMING TO (suggested by
the newest thing in Pink and
Green).—Penny plain, and half-
penny coloured!

1893; OR, THE GOVERNMENT GUILLOTINE.



London: Illustrated. 1893. 12. 2. 2. 2.

["Here comes a light to light us to bed,
And a chopper to cut off the last—last—last
Amendment's head!"]

Old Nursery Rhyme "amended."

THERE once was a Government good—
(All Governments are, so they tell us!)—
Who found themselves deep "in the wood,"
And a little bit blown in the "bellows."

Their foes, who were many and mean,
Persistently hunted and harried 'em.

Their time they to spend meant
On bogus "Amendment;"

They moved such by hundreds—and all to
befriend meant—carried 'em!
Jawed round 'em, and—now and then—
Singing fol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-lol!

That Government upped and it said—
"We seem to be getting no forrader.

It's time to go 'full steam ahead!'

Bella horrida couldn't be horrider,
So let's declare 'war to the knife!'

Dr. GULLORIN's knife, sharp and summary,
We must put a stopper
On Unionist 'whopper,'

Or else the best Government must
come a cropper
Along of their falsehood and flum-
mery!"

Singing fol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-lol!

"Doctor GUILLOTIN claimed that
his blade
Was 'a punishment sure, quick,
and uniform,'
So when sham 'Amendment' has
laid
On the table its paltry and puny
form,
We'll just give it time to turn
round,
And if it's prolix or cantanker-
ous,
To the block be it led
And then—off with its head!"—

Well, for summary shrift there is
much to be said,
When the criminal's rowdy and
rancorous.
Singing fol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-lol!

SUB JUDICE.

(An entirely Imaginary Report of an
utterly Impossible Case.)

THE MUSTARD MYSTERY. 120TH DAY.

TO-DAY the prisoner in this matter
was once again brought before the
magistrates on the charge already
stated. The same counsel were
present for the prosecution and the
defence that had put in an appearance
yesterday. The court was densely
crowded.

BENJAMIN BROWN deposed that
he had often slammed a door. He
knew the sound of the slamming of
a door, and thought he could dis-
tinguish it from the noise of an earth-
quake. On cross examination he
admitted that he had not slammed
a door, and had never been present
at an earthquake. On re-examina-
tion he said that although he had not
been present at an earthquake he was
conversant with its characteristics.

JOHN JONES deposed that he had
once seen a man who might have
been the prisoner. It was sixteen
years ago. The man to whom he
referred was talking to a female.
On cross-examination he admitted
that, so far as he knew to the
contrary, the man may have been
addressing his grandmother. On re-
examination he did not know that
the female was a grandmother—she
might have been a grand aunt.

RICHARD ROBERTSON deposed that
he had seen a pair of slippers. They
might have been the slippers of the



FASHION.

"OH, MUMMY, HAVE YOU BEEN VACCINATED ON BOTH ARMS?"

prisoner. He saw one of those slip-
pers thrown with considerable force
at a water-butt. He had examined
the water-butt, and there was a mark
on it. On cross-examination he ad-
mitted that he did not know how the
mark on the water-butt had been
made. It might have been by a boot,
and not a slipper. He did not know
to whom the slippers belonged.
They might have been the property
of the prisoner. He was not sure
that he had seen the slippers in the
presence of the prisoner. In fact,
he was not sure he had ever seen the
prisoner before. He was also doubt-
ful about the identity of the slippers.
However, on re-examination, he was
sure he had seen some slippers, and
also a water-butt.

After some further evidence, the
inquiry was adjourned until to-
morrow.

THE THREE GEORGES.

THE following two letters have
reached *Mr. Punch*, curiously
enough, by the same post. Here
they are, just as they were re-
ceived:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you allow
me, through your columns, to thank
the public for the brilliant way in
which they are recognising my claims
to distinction? As I walk through
the streets I see evidence on all
hands that on Thursday night London
will be ablaze with "G. M."! Per-
mit me, Sir, thus publicly to thank
a discriminating public.—Yours
Egoist-ically, G-ORGE M-R-D-T-H.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The Alderman
in Art is beaten, and even the City is
one continuous tribute to "G. M." Crit-
ics, envious of my *Speaker* repu-
tation, may carp, and say the tribute's
all gas—a half-truth, concealing
truth; but the public evidently
know where to look for the true
critical insight. I am obliged to
them, and I thank you for this oppor-
tunity of saying so.

Yours (naturally) as fresh as paint,
G-ORGE M-RE.

SOMETHING THAT HAD BEEN BETTER
LEFT UNSAID. (*By an ex-Old Bache-
lor, discontented with his condition in
general, and his Mother-in-law in
particular*).—"I will!"

A WEDDING FAVOUR.—A reserved
first-class compartment on the London,
Chatham and Dover.

AD FRATREM.

BY A REMONSTRATIVE SISTER.

(See "*Ad Examinatorem*," *Punch*, July 1, 1893.)

DEAR TOM, you astonished me quite
With your vigorous verses last week,
It will be an unceasing delight
In future, sweet brother, to speak
Of the family poet—yourself!

Yet I feel I must bid you beware,
It may not be nice, but the word of advice
Is your favourite, "Don't lose your hair!"

Yes, I own it was rather a blow
When they brought out the merciless list,
For you primed up the Pater, I know,
With such rubbish, and just *would* insist

The Exam. was as hard as could be.
Ah! you painted it all at the worst,
It was hard lines on you, THOMAS, not to
get through,
While the "crock" of a MAUD got a first.
Still, why did you rush into print
With your torrent of bitter complaint?
To do so without the least hint,
Well, brotherly, dear, it quite ain't.
'Twere wiser and better by far
To have laid all the blame on a tooth,
For whatever's the use of a lovely excuse
If not in concealing the truth?
So bottle your anger, dear boy,
Forget how to shuffle and shirk,
Find intelligent purpose and joy
In a season of honest hard work.

You'll pass when you go in again,
And eclipse in the passing poor me;
For a girl, though she can beat the whole tribe
Isn't fit, Tom, to have a degree! [of Man,

THE SONG OF THE SESSION.

AIR—"What shall he have that kill'd the Deer?"

WHAT must he have who'd kill the Bill?
A leathern skin, and a stubborn will.

Brummagem's his home.
Take then no shame to name his name!
Bill-slaughtering is his little game.

He'd be its death—he swore it,
As limb from limb he tore it—
The Bill, the Bill, the lusty Bill!
Is it a thing Brum Joe can kill?

A TESTIMONIAL MANQUÉ.

(A SKETCH FROM THE SUBURBS.)

THE ARGUMENT—*Mr. HOTSPUR PORPENTINE, a distinguished resident in the rising suburb of Jerrymere, has recently been awarded fourteen days' imprisonment, without the option of a fine, for assaulting a ticket-collector, who had offered him the indignity of requiring him to show his season-ticket at the barrier. The scene is a Second-Class Compartment, in which four of Mr. PORPENTINE's neighbours are discussing the affair during their return from the City.*

Mr. Cockcroft (warmly). I say, Sir—and I'm sure all here will bear me out—that such a sentence was a scandalous abuse of justice. As a near neighbour, and an intimate friend of PORPENTINE'S, I don't 'esitate to assert that he has done nothing whatever to forfeit our esteem. He's a quick-tempered man, as we're all aware, and to be asked by some meddlesome official to show his season, after travelling on the line constantly for years, and leaving it at home that morning—why—I don't blame him if he *did* use his umbrella!

Mr. Balch. (sympathetically). Nor I. PORPENTINE'S a man I've always had a very 'igh respect for ever since I came into this neighbourhood. I've always found him a good feller, and a good neighbour.

Mr. Filkins (deferentially). I can't claim to be as intimate with him as some here; but, if it isn't putting myself too far forward to say so, I very cordially beg to say ditto to those sentiments.

Mr. Sibbering (who has never "taken to" PORPENTINE). Well, he's had a sharp lesson,—there's no denying that.

Mr. Cocker. Precisely, and it occurs to me that when he—ah—returns to public life, it would be a kind thing, and a graceful thing, and a thing he would—ah—appreciate in the spirit it was intended, if we were to present him with some little token of our sympathy and unabated esteem—what do you fellers think?

Mr. Filk. A most excellent suggestion, if my friend here will allow me to say so. I, for one, shall be proud to contribute to so worthy an object.

Mr. Balch. I don't see why we shouldn't present him with an address—ave it illuminated, and framed and glazed; sort of thing he could 'ang up and 'and down to his children after him as an *heirloom*, y' know.

Mr. Sibb. I don't like to throw cold water on any proposition, but if you want *my* opinion, I must say I see no necessity for making a public thing of it in that way.

Mr. Cocker. I'm with SIBBERING there. The less fuss there is about it, the better PORPENTINE 'll be pleased. My idea is to give him something of daily use—a *useful* thing, y' know.

Mr. Balch. Useful or ornamental. Why not his own portrait? There's many an artist who would do him in oils, and guarantee a likeness, frame included, for a five-pound note.

Mr. Sibb. If it's to be like PORPENTINE, it certainly won't be ornamental, whatever else it is.

Mr. Filk. It can't be denied that he is remarkably plain in the face. We'd better, as our friend Mr. COCKCROFT here proposes, make it something of daily use—a good serviceable silk umbrella now—that's *always* appropriate.

Mr. Sibb. To make up for the one he broke over the collector's head, eh? that's *appropriate* enough!

Mr. Cocker. No, no; you mean well, FILKINS, but you must see yourself, on reflection, that there would be a certain want of—ah—good taste in giving him a thing like that under the circumstances. I should suggest something like a hatstand—a handsome one, of course. I happen to know that he has nothing in the passage at present but a row of pegs.

Mr. Sibb. I should have thought he'd been taken down enough pegs already.

Mr. Filk. (who resents the imputation upon his taste). I can't say what the width of Mr. PORPENTINE'S passage may be, never having been privileged with an invitation to pass the threshold, but unless it's wider than ours is, he couldn't get a hatstand in if he tried, and if my friend COCKCROFT will excuse the remark, I see no sense—to say nothing of good taste, about which perhaps I mayn't be qualified to pass an opinion—in giving him an article he's got no room for.

Mr. Cocker. (with warmth). There's room enough in PORPENTINE'S passage for a whole host of hatstands, if that's all, and I know what I'm speaking about. I've been in and out there often enough. I'm—ah—a regular tame cat in that house. But if you're against the 'atstand, I say no more—we'll waive it. How would it do if we gave him a nice comfortable easy-chair—something he could sit in of an evening, y' know?

Mr. Sibb. A touchy chap like PORPENTINE would be sure to fancy we thought he wanted something soft after a hard bench and a plank bed—you can't go and give him *furniture*!

Mr. Cocker. (with dignity). There's a way of doing all things. I wasn't proposing to go and chuck the chair at him—he's a sensitive feller in many respects, and he'd feel *that*, I grant you. He can't object to a little present of that sort just from four friends like ourselves.

Mr. Balch. (with a falling countenance). Oh! I thought it was to be a general affair, limited to a small sum, so that all who liked could join in. I'd no notion you meant to keep it such a private matter as all that.

Mr. Filk. Nor I. And, knowing Mr. PORPENTINE so slightly as I do, he might consider it presumption in me, making myself so prominent in the matter—or else I'm sure—

Mr. Cocker. There's no occasion for anyone to be prominent, except myself. You leave it entirely in my 'ands. I'll have the chair taken up some evening to PORPENTINE'S house on a 'andcart, and drop in, and just lead up to it carelessly, if you understand me, then go out and wheel the chair in, make him try it—and there you are.

Mr. Balch. There you are, right enough; but I don't see where *we* come in, exactly.

Mr. Filk. If it's to be confined to just us four, I certainly think we ought *all* to be present at the presentation.

Mr. Cocker. That would be just the very thing to put a man like PORPENTINE out—a crowd dropping in on him like that! I know his ways, and, seeing I'm providing the chair—

Mr. Balch. (relieved). You are? That's different, of course; but I thought you said that we four—

Mr. Cocker. I'm coming to that. As the prime mover, and a particular friend of PORPENTINE'S, it's only right and fair I should bear the chief burden. There's an easy-chair I have at home that only wants re-covering to be as good as new, and all you fellers need do is to pay for 'aving it nicely done up in velvet, or what not, and we'll call it quits.

Mr. Balch. I daresay; but I like to know what I'm letting myself in for; and there's upholsterers who'll charge as much for doing up a chair as would furnish a room.

Mr. Filk. I—I shouldn't feel justified, with my family, and, as, comparatively speaking, a recent resident, in going beyond a certain limit, and unless the estimate could be kept down to a moderate sum, I really—

Mr. Sibb. (unmasking). After all, you know, I don't see why we should go to any expense over a stuck-up, cross-grained chap like PORPENTINE. It's well-known he hasn't a good word to say for us Jerrymere folks, and considers himself above the lot of us!

Mr. Balch and Mr. Filk. I'm bound to say there's a good deal in what SIBBERING says. PORPENTINE'S never shown himself what I should call sociable.

Mr. Cocker. I've never found him anything but pleasant myself, whatever he may be to others. I'm not denying he's an *exclusive* man, and a *fastidious* man, but he's been 'arshly treated, and I



"Well, he's had a sharp lesson,—there's no denying that."

should have thought this was an occasion—if ever there was one—for putting any private feelings aside, and rallying round him to show our respect and sympathy. But of course if you're going to let petty jealousies of this sort get the better of you, and leave me to do the 'ole thing myself, I've no objection. I daresay he'll value it all the more coming from me.

Mr. Sibb. Well, he ought to, after the shameful way he's spoken of you to a friend of mine in the City, who shall be nameless. You mayn't know, and if not, it's only right I should mention it, that he complained bitterly of having to change his regular train on your account, and said (I'm only repeating his words, mind you) that Jerry-mere was entirely populated by bores, but you were the worst of the lot, and your jabber twice a day was more than he could stand. He mayn't have meant anything by it, but it was decidedly uncalled for.

Mr. Cocker. (reddening). I 'ope I'm above being affected by the opinion any man may express of my conversation—especially a cantankerous feller, who can't keep his temper under decent control. A feller who goes and breaks his umbrella over an unoffending official's 'ead like that, and gets, very properly, locked up for it! Jerry-mere society isn't good enough for him, it seems. He won't be troubled with much of it in future—I can assure him! Upon my word, now I come to think of it, I'm not sure he shouldn't be called upon for an explanation of how he came to be travelling without a ticket; it looks very much to me as if he'd been systematically defrauding the Company!

Mr. Filk. Well, I didn't like to say so before; but that's been my view all along!

Mr. Balch. And mine.

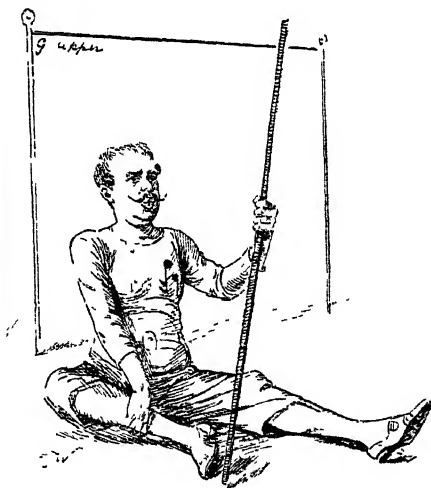
Mr. Sibb. Now perhaps you understand why we'd rather leave it to you to give him the arm-chair.

Mr. Cocker. I give a man an arm-chair for bringing disgrace on the 'ole of Jerry-mere! I'd sooner break it up for firewood! Whoever it was that first started all this tomfoolery about a testimonial, I'm not going to 'ave my name associated with it, and if you'll take my advice, you'll drop it once and for all, for it's only making yourselves ridiculous! [*His companions, observing that he is in a somewhat excited condition, consider it advisable to change the subject.*]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, June 27.—Faust, in French. JEAN DE RESZKE was to have been *Faust*, but the "vaulting ambition" of the eminent Polish tenor led him to attempt a high jump with another Pole—the leaping-pole—and whether he had not his compatriot well in hand, or whether,

"with love's light wings," *Roméo* did not manage to "o'er-top" the highest note above the line, deponent sayeth not, but this much is known, that he fell at the high jump, and, feeling the pain first in the under part of his foot, and then in the leg, he exclaimed, with *Hamlet*, "O my prophetic sole, my ankle!" the result being that he appeareth not to-night as *Faust*. If Frère JEAN DE RESZKE is going on by "leaps and bounds" in this manner, he will be known as "Brother JOHN the Risky."



"O my prophetic sole, my ankle!"

Madame NORDICA happy as *Marguerite*—at least she looked it, for even in the most tragic scenes there is always a sweet smile on her dimpled cheeks. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER makes a *Marta* of herself as the merry old dame; Mlle. GUERCI, as *Siebel*, is a Siebeline mystery; LASSALLE, as *Valentine*, pleases *la salle*; but Brother EDWARD "prends le gâteau" as *Mephistopheles*.

Wednesday.—Tristan und Isolde, which may be rendered *Trista'un und I solde-not-so-many-tickets-as-usual*, or *Triste'un und I'm Sold*. "The fourth of the WAGNER Cycle." If there are eight of them then this is the Bi-Cycle, but there's more woe than weal in it, and though extracts may be relished by the learned amateur, yet, as a whole, WAGNER'S *Tristan* does not attract our opera-going public.

MEM.—No Nursery of Music can possibly be complete without "Leading-Strings."



ON TICK.

Seedy Swell. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, TELL US THE TIME. I'M SURE YOUR WATCH GOES WELL."

Second S. S. "IT GOES BEAUTIFULLY. IT WENT SIX MONTHS AGO TO MY UNCLE'S!"

TO THE FRENCH OARSMEN.

(From Mr. Punch, at Henley.)

HERE'S a hand, my fine fellows; in friendship you come, And *Punch*, who likes courage, would scorn to be dumb. He greets you with cheers; may your shades ne'er diminish, Though you row forty-four from the start to the finish. You will bear yourselves bravely, and merit your fame, For brave man and Frenchman mean mostly the same. We shall do what we can—it's our duty—to beat you, But we know it will take a tough crew to defeat you. And whatever the upshot, howe'er the race ends, You and we, having struggled, shall always be friends. So accept, while we cheer you again and again, This welcome from Thames to his sister, the Seine.

SKINNERS AND SKINNED.—One portion of the ancient award of Sir ROBERT BILLESDON, Lord Mayor of London, in settling a dispute between the Skinners and Merchant Taylors, was, that these two Companies should dine together once a year. Mr. Justice BRUCE, alluding to this at the banquet on Skinners Day, when, as was natural, many lawyers were present, suggested that it would be a good thing if power were given to judges to "condemn litigants to dine together, and to order that the costs of the dinner should come out of the Consolidated Fund"—a very good notion. The idea might be extended to entertaining Wards in Chancery, of whom two unhappy infants the other day were had up at the Police Court for picking and stealing, in order to feed themselves and keep themselves alive until they should reach the age when they would come into their Chancery-bound property of something like £20,000. The magistrate ordered an inquiry, but of "subsequent proceedings" we have not as yet seen any record.



THE RISING GENERATION.

Host. "WHAT A SMART SET OF PEOPLE WE'VE GOT TO-NIGHT, DEARY!"

Hostess. "YES. HOW I WISH ONE OF OUR DEAR GIRLS WOULD COME AND SIT BY US, AND TELL US WHO EVERYBODY IS!"

"HYMEN HYMENÆE!!!"

JULY 6, 1893.

["Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake!"
Spenser's Epithalamion.

"A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers."—*The Tempest.*

HYMEN, the rose-crowned, is in sooth awake,
And all the world with him!
Shall drowsy opiate dim
The eyes of Love to-day? No, let all slake
A loyal thirst in bumpers, for Love's sake,
Full beaded to the brim!

Like the Venusian's "mountain stream that
From bank to bank along," [roars
When autumn rains are strong,"* [roars
A deep-mouthed People lifts its voice, and
pours
Its welcome forth, that like a Pæan soars
In strains more sweet than song.

More sweet than song, in that it straightway
comes,
Unfeigned, from frank hearts;
From loyal lips it starts,
Unprompted, undragooned. The highway
[drums
With the full sound of it. Fifes, trumpets,
Bravely may play their parts.

* HORACE, "Ad Iulum Antonium," Ode 2,
Book IV.

In the Imperial pageant, but the swell
Of the free English shout
Strikes sweeter—who dares doubt?—
On Royal ears. Music of marriage bell
Clang on, and let the gold-mouth'd organ
Of love and praise devout! [tell

But the crowd's vigorous clamour has a
Finer and fuller still; [voice
A passion of goodwill
Rings, to our ears, through all the exuberant
noise,
Which the recipient's heart should more
rejoice
Than all Cecilia's skill.

So rivals for Apollo's laurel wreath
May loudly strike the lyre,
"To love, and young desire;"*
But "bold and lawless numbers grow
beneath"*
The people's praise, and give the crowd's
free breath
A "mastering touch of fire."*

"Hymen, O Hymen!" beauteous ladies
cry,
"Hymen, O Hymen!" loud
Shout forth the echoing crowd
The city through; patricians perched on
high,
And the plebeian patient plodding by,
Raise incense like a cloud.

* HORACE—*ut supra.*

And Hymen's here, kind eye on all to keep,
Hymen, with roses crowned,
Leads on the Lion, bound
In floral bonds and blossom-bridled, deep
In scattered flowers. Your lyres ye laureates
And marriage measures sound! [sweep,

Not Una's guardian more gladly bare
Burden more pleasant—pure!
With footing gently sure
Leo on-paces. Hymen's torch in air
Flames fragrantly. Was ever Happy Pair
So served, or so secure?

Take the rose-reins, young bridegroom;
Leo's not hard to ride. [bridled so
Sweet MAY, the new-made bride,
Will find her lion palfrey-paced. And lo!
The genial god's unfailing torch aglow
Burns bravely at her side!

Epithalamia seem out of date;
Hymen cares not to-day
To trill a fulsome lay,
Or hymn High Bridals with Spenserian state.
Goodwill to goodness simply dedicate,—
Such homage *Punch* would pay.

"Hymen, O Hymen!" Like this torch's
Bright be your wedded days! [flame,
May a proud people's praise,
Well earned, be your award of honest fame;
And on each gracious head, [claim,
Light may it lie, the crown you yet may
As rest these roses red!



“HYMEN HYMENÆE!”

A TALE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

MONS. JACOBI is a wonderful man. The undefeated hero of a hundred ballets—there or thereabouts—still beats time and the record with his bâton at the Alhambra; and his music, specially composed for *Fidelia*, is to be reckoned among his ordinary triumphs. *Fidelia* is "a new Grand Romantic Ballet," in four tableaux, and its performance justifies its promise. It is "new," it is decidedly "grand," it is absorbingly "romantic," and there's no denying that it is a *Ballet d'action*. But, as in the oft-quoted reply when little *Peterkin* asked "what it was all about," so will the ballet-case-hardened spectator say, "Why that I cannot tell," quoth he, "But 'twas a splendid victory!" Somebody, possibly one *Tartini*, played by Signorina CORMANI, is in love with *Fidelia*, Signorina POLLINI, as naturally anyone would



Scene from New Ballet.
Conductor Jacobi Demonio charming the public to the Alhambra.

be; when a comic servant, Mr. GEORGE LUPINO, is frightened by a Demon Fiddler with his fiddle (both being played by PAGANINI REDIVIVUS) who either assists the lovers or does his best to prevent their coming together, I am not quite clear which. Up to the last it seemed doubtful whether the Demon Doctor was a good or bad spirit, or a little mixed. His appearance is decidedly against him, as he looks the very deuce. But I am inclined to think that he was a "bon diable," and was doing everything, as everybody else on the stage and in the orchestra does, for the best. After all, and before all, the show is the thing, and this will rank, as it does now, among the best of the greatest attractions hitherto provided by the Alhambra Company for an appreciative public and for
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MADAM DARMESTER's *Retrospect and other Poems* is turned out by FISHER UNWIN in that dainty dress with which he has made attractive his Cameo Series. We used to know MADAM DARMESTER as Miss MARY F. ROBINSON, a writer of charming verse. That in her new estate she has not lost the old touch is witnessed by several pieces in this volume, notably the first, which supplies the title. The penultimate verse of this little lyric is most musical. There are several others nearly as good. But occasionally Madam writes sad stuff. Of such is *The Death of the Count of Armaniac*, of which this verse is a fair sample:



A Clerk in Our Booking-Office.

cellent, that it was pronounced a pity it should be entombed in this costly sarcophagus. Messrs. OSGOOD, McILVAINE, & Co. have now brought out an edition, in a single handsome volume, at a reasonable price. HORACE WALPOLE has often been written about since he laid down the pen, but never by a more sympathetic hand than Mr. DOBSON's, nor by one bringing to the task fuller knowledge of WALPOLE's time and contemporaries. The charm of style extends even to the notes, usually in books of this class a tantalising adjunct. Mr. DOBSON's are so full of information, and so crisply told, that they might with advantage have been incorporated in the text. The volume contains facsimiles of HORACE WALPOLE's handwriting, an etching of LAWRENCE's portrait, and a reproduction of the sketch of Strawberry Hill which illustrated the catalogue of

"ARMANAC, O ARMANAC,
Why rode ye forth at noon?
Was there no hour at even,
No morning cool and boon?"

My Baronite, though not yet entered for the Poet Laureateship, thinks that kind of thing might be reeled off by the mile. Why not

My Maniac, O my Maniac,
Why rode ye forth at eve?
Was there no hour at morning tide,
No water in the sieve?

Three years ago an American firm issued a princely edition of *The Memoir of Horace Walpole*, written by AUSTIN DOBSON. It was too expensive for mere Britishers, and only a small number of copies found their way to this country. But the literary work was so excellent,

1774. Altogether a delightful book that will, my Baronite says, take its place on a favourite shelf of the library that has grown up round the memory of one of the most interesting figures of the Eighteenth Century. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

WEAR AND TEAR IN AFRICA.

[In the report on the proposed Mombasa Railway, it is suggested that the station-buildings should be enclosed with a strong live-thorn palisade, impenetrable to arrows.]

SCENE—A Station on the Mombasa Railway.

New Station-Master (to Telegraph Clerk). Did you send my message this morning, asking for a consignment of revolvers and arrow-proof shields?

Telegraph Clerk. Yes, Sir. I can't make out why we haven't had an answer. Something may have gone wrong with the wires. I sent one of the porters to examine them. Ah, here he comes.

A Porter arrives.

Porter. Just as I thought, Sir. Them blessed niggers have run short of cash, and they've bin and took a mile of our best wire.

Station-Master. Taken a mile of wire? What the deuce do you mean?

Porter. Ah, Sir, you're new to this 'ere job. Fact is, they can all buy themselves a wife a-piece for two yards of our wire; and as there was a raid last week, and all their wives was made off with, they've just bin and took our telegraph wire to buy themselves a new lot.

Station-Master. Dear me, how very provoking. I must make a report of this occurrence immediately! But what does this crowd in the distance mean?

Porter. Why bless my heart, it's a Wednesday, and I'd quite forgotten all about it. They always attacks us of a Wednesday, but they're a good half hour earlier than last week.

Station-Master. This is very strange, very strange indeed. I doubt if the directors will approve of this. (*An arrow pierces him in the calf of the leg.*) Oh, I say, you know, this will never do. Close the points—I mean shut the doors and barricade the windows. Let us at least die as railway men should.

Porter. Lor' bless you, Sir, we shan't die. We've only got to pick off two or three dozen of 'em, and the rest will skip in no time.

[*They retire within the palisade, and during the next half hour fight for their lives.*]

Telegraph Clerk (*plucking three arrows out of his left leg*). Things are getting a bit hot. Hurrah! here 's the 5.30 down express with revolvers and ammunition. Now we shall settle 'em.

[*Arrival of the express. Retreat of the natives.*]

Station-Master. I don't think I quite like this life. I'm going to off it. [*Offs it accordingly.*]

AN OLD MAN'S MUSINGS.

(After an Afternoon Pipe, at Nazareth House, Hammersmith.)

["Here again, clustered close round the fire
Are a number of grizzle-lock'd men, every one is a true 'hoary sire.'
Bowed, time-beaten, grey, yet alert and responsive to kindness of speech;
And see how old eyes can light up if you promise a pipe-charge to each.
For the comforting weed KINGSLEY eulogised is not taboo in this place,
Where the whiff aromatic brings not cold reproval to Charity's face."
"An Autumn Afternoon at Nazareth House." *Punch*, Nov. 5, 1892.]

I DON'T just know who KINGSLEY was, but he was a good sort, I reckon!
When nerves are slack and spirits low, the glowing pipe-bowl seems to beckon
Like a good ghost or spirit kind to the fireside where age reposes.
Yes! bacca makes an old man's chair as easeful as a bed of roses.
Bad habit! So the strict ones say; expensive, wasteful, and un-Christian!
I cannot argue of it out; I'm only a poor old Philistian.
But oh the comfort of a pipe, the company it lends the lonely!
It seems the poor soul's faithful friend, and oftentimes the last and only.



Thanks be, they're not the hard sort *here*, in Nazareth House. The gentle sisters
Take on a many helpful task; some of 'em, I misdoubt, are twisters.
I don't suppose our "shag"-fumes seem as sweet to them as to us others;
But—well, they do not treat us here as badged machines, but human brothers.

Stranded, alone, at seventy-five, after a life of luckless labour,
One feels what 'tis to be esteemed not as a nuisance, but a neighbour;
A neighbour in the Good Book's sense; a poor one, and a helpless, truly,
But—not a plague, who'll live too long, if he is cosseted unduly.

Lawks me, the difference! Don't you know the chilly scorn, the silent snubbing
Which makes a man, as is a man, feel he'd far rather take a drubbing?
Old age and workhouse-duds may hide a deal of nature—from outsiders;
But do you think old "crooks" can't *feel*, when they're shrunk from, like snails
or spiders?

After my dinner, with my "clay," stringed round the stem, that gums, now
toothless,

May grip it firmer, here I sit and muse; and memory's sometimes ruthless
In bringing up a blundering past. We own up frank, me and my fellows,
Where we've gone wrong, and, in regrets employ our wheezy, worn old bellows.

What might have been, if—if—ah, *if*! That little word, of just two letters,
Stops me worse than a five-barred gate. I wonder if it does my betters?

We never tire round Winter's fire, or settle-ranged in
Summer weather,
Of telling of the wandering ways by which we gathered
here together.

If some who prate of paupers' ways, their tantrums, or
their love of snuffing,
Their fretting at cold, hard-fast rules, their fancy for
sly bacca-puffing,
Could only scan the paupers' past a little closer than
their mode is,
They'd learn that still some sparks of soul burn in those
broken-down old bodies.

And soul does kick at iron rules, and icy ways. Old
blood runs chilly,
And craves the heat, of love, fire, pipe, to warm it up
like. Very silly,
No doubt, from BUMBLE's point of view! *Here* we're
held human, though so humble;
And, Heaven be blessed!—at Nazareth House we've
never known the rule of BUMBLE.

The very old and very young are much alike in many a
matter;
Comfort and cheeriness we want, play or a pipe, romps
or a chatter.
The Nazareth Sisterhood know this, and what is more,
they work according.
'Tis love and comfort make a Home, without 'em 'tis
bare roof and boarding!

Bitter-sweet memories come sometimes; but a gay burst
of baby-laughter,—
For we all *laugh* at Nazareth House!—will banish
gathering blues. And after?
Well, there's the free-permitted whiff, the "old-boy"
gossip, low but cheery;
Rest and a Sister's sunny smile soon drive off whim and
whig-maleery.

And so laid up, like some old hulk that can no more hope
for commission,
I sit, and muse, and puff; and wait that last great
change in man's condition
That shifts us to that Great High House to which the
Sisters point us daily;
Awaiting which in homely ease, Old Age dwells calmly
if not gaily.

INTELLIGENCE À L'AMERICAINE.

Telegram No. 1.—Nothing could have been more terrible
than the scene following upon the earthquake. The
houses sank through the ground, and immediately a
number of lions, tigers, and poisonous serpents, attracted
by the unusual occurrence, sprang upon the poor inhabitants,
and by their fierce attacks increased their misfortune.
But this was not all. Men and women, using
swords, battle-axes, and revolvers, fought amongst
themselves, until the commotion created by the landslip
assumed the appearance of a pandemonium. At this
moment, to make confusion worse confounded, a heavy
storm broke over the fast-disappearing village, and
thunderbolts fell like peas expelled through a pea-shooter.
As if this were not enough, several prairie
fires crept up, and the flames augmented the general
discomfort. Take it all and all, the sight was enough to
make the cheek grow pale with terror and apprehension.

Telegram No. 2.—Please omit lions, tigers, poisonous
serpents, swords, battle-axes, revolvers, thunderbolts,
prairie fires and cheek. They were forwarded in Telegram
No. 1 owing to a clerical error.

MRS. R. STARTLED.—"Most extraordinary things are
reported in the papers!" observed Mrs. R. "Only the
other day I either heard or read that there was a dangerous
glazier somewhere about in the Caucasus, that
he was using horrible language, and threatening to d—
you'll excuse my using such a word—the Terek (who-
ever he may be), and that then he was going to amuse—
no, the word was 'divert'—somebody. Clearly a lunatic.
But who can be diverted by such antics? And why don't
they lock up the glazier?" [On referring to the report,
her nephew read that "A glacier was causing great alarm."
&c., &c., that it was expected temporarily to "dam the
Terek, and divert a vast body of water," &c.]



PISCATORIAL POLITENESS.

(From a Yorkshire stream.)

Privileged Old Keeper (to Member of Fishing Club, of profuse and ruddy locks, who is just about to try for the Big Trout, a very wary fish). "KEEP YER HEAD DOON, SIR, KEEP YER HEAD DOON!" (Becoming exasperated.) "'ORD BOU IT, MAN, KEEP YER HEAD DOON! YER M'T AS WEEL COME WI' A TORCH-LEET PROCESSION TO TAK' A FISH!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 26.—Hardly knew House to-night. Benches mostly empty; few present seemed to have no fight in them. Little round at outset on Betterment principle. Members roughly and not inaccurately illustrated it by staying outside. "In principle," said PHILIPPE EGALITÉ, "the Terrace is Better meant for this weather than the House." Mr. G. in his place, listening eagerly to speeches by KIMBER, FERGUSON, and other oratorical charmers. Generally believed that he had gone off to Hatchlands for holiday; nothing for him to do here; Home-Rule debate postponed till Wednesday; Supply, in meantime, might well be left to Minister in charge.

"The fact is, Toby," said Mr. G., when I remarked upon the pleasurable surprise of finding him in his place, "I really did think of making a little holiday, staying away till Wednesday. But when I got up this morning, looked round at green fields and lofty trees, they irresistibly reminded me of benches in House of Commons, and the pillars that support the gallery. Then the sunlit sky is very nice in its way; but do you know anything softer, more translucent or attractive than the light that floods the House of Commons from the glass roof? The more I thought of these things the more restless I grew amid tame attractions of rural life. This morning it might have been said of me, in the words of the poet,

Although my body's down at Hatchlands
My soul has gone aloft—

to Westminster. The country is there all through the year and every day: Parliamentary Session lasts only seven, or at best eight months. This year, if we've luck, we may run it into ten. But then House doesn't meet every day. One is expected to go off to seaside, or somewhere else, from Saturday to Monday. Thinking of these things, couldn't resist temptation. So suddenly packed up,

drove off, and here I am. Needn't stop all night, you know, if you fellows grudge me a little enjoyment; but shall at least begin evening pleasantly. Shall vote in division on Betterment question, and make statement on arrangements for Indian Currency."

Business done.—Some votes in Navy Estimates.

Tuesday.—CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and W. WOODALL, V.C., the Casabiancas of the evening. They sit on Treasury Bench, whence all but they have fled; listen with polite attention to talk round Army Estimates; and when there's anything like a lull get up and say few words. Whole proceeding a farce of dreadfully colossal proportions. Major-General HANBURY prances to front, reviews British forces under present Administration, finds many buttons loose, and numerous gaiters askew. Opportunity useful for showing that this Eminent Legislator has not given up entirely to Home Rule what was meant for mankind. Omniscience HANBURY's forte; Army Reform his foible. Honourable distinction for him that he has never drawn the sword on any tented field. Debates on Army Estimates invariably call to the front an amazing reserve force of unsuspected men of war. There are Colonels, Majors, and Captains enough to officer the army at Monaco.

There's WEBSTER of East St. Pancras for example. The few Members present gasped for breath when, just now, he offered few observations on War Office management. What did he do in this galley? Well known that in interval of revising his popular Dictionary he trifles with the law. Might, in course of time, come to be Lord Chancellor; but never Field Marshal. That only shows how limited is current information, how true the observation that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. Why, for sixteen years WEBSTER served with distinction in the Third Battalion South Lancashire Regiment! Under his civilian waistcoat to this day he coyly hides the bronze medal for Blameless Conduct.

That he should take part in debate on Army Estimates not only natural, but, in national interests, imperatively desirable. HANBURY's case quite otherwise. He never set a squadron a field,



GOOD NEWS!

'Arry. "'TAINT NO GOOD MIKING A FUSS ABOUT IT, YER KNOW, GUV'NOR! ME AND MY PALS MUST 'AVE OUR 'D'Y OUT'!"
Foreign Fellow-Traveller. "AHA! DIE OUT! YOU GO TO DIE OUT! MON DIEU! I AM VAIRY GLAD TO 'EAR IT. IT IS TIME!"

nor the division of a battle knows more than ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS. Yet ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS is not more glib, authoritative, or, on the whole, more entertaining when Army Estimates are to the fore.

Business done.—Army Estimates in Committee.

Friday, 4 A.M.—Came upon NUSSEY an hour ago putting himself to bed on a chair in the Library. This his first experience of Parliamentary life; introduced at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and took his seat for Pontefract. "Lawka mussey! and is this NUSSEY?" cried WILFRED LAWSON, whose aptitude for dropping into poetry beats *Silas Wegg* hollow. It certainly was NUSSEY yes'erday afternoon, and this is what is left of him in the sunshine of a summer morning.

"Didn't think," he said, with a feeble smile, "that on occasion of my proud entrance upon Parliamentary life I should forthwith be made into an all-night NUSSEY. All very well to grow gradually into that state of life. Begin, say, with suspending twelve-o'clock rule, and getting off at one or two in the morning. But to plunge straight in like this is, if I may say so, a little hard on newcomer fresh from country. I suppose, from look of it, that it is only beginning of things. An all-night NUSSEY to-day; a weekly NUSSEY before parched July has wet its lips; and so on, till I become a monthly NUSSEY. Very kind of you to come and see me, but if you don't mind, I'll just drop off to sleep. Put the Amendments to the Home Rule Bill on the chimbley, and I'll take a look at them when I feel disposed."

A nice night we've all had; moreover than which, at a quarter to three, lemon squashes gave out, and as one of waiters in hoarse voice assured me, there wasn't "a hounce of hicc" left on premises. Yesterday afternoon Mr. G. moved his time-table Closure scheme in speech cogency of which testifies to miraculous advantage of limitation of delivery within space of half-hour. PRINCE ARTHUR followed in best debating speech he has delivered since he became Leader. Most adroit in argument, excellent in manner, felicitous in phrasing. He, too, brief, and therefore necessarily to the point. After this flood-tide of talk opened, and flowed, shallow but persistent, for next four hours. NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY, getting on board the Raft of Tilsit-cum-North-St.-Pancras, drifted up and down on washy flood. Erect, arms folded, and imperial hat cocked defiantly at Mr. G. Liberals howled at him; shouts of "Moscow! Moscow!" mingled with cries of "Waterloo!" and "St. Helena!"

N. B. shook his golden lilies in their teeth, and punted his Raft into the Tory harbour.

JOEY C. turned up after early dinner, and the waters were speedily lashed into foam. Following the illustrious example of NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY, JOSEPH threw off all mask of deference to former leader. Hitherto, even in moments of hottest conflict, JOEY C. has been sly, devilish sly, in his bearing towards his "right hon. friend." To-night he went for him, just as in days not so very far off good Conservatives like GRANDOLPH, amid thunderous Tory cheers, used to gird at the hero of the Aston Park Riots. "I admire the artful—" Here he paused, and looked down with bitter smile on the apparently sleeping figure of Mr. G. on the Treasury Bench. Five hundred lips in the listening throng involuntarily formed the syllables in familiar conjunction with the adjective. No, not yet. At present pace of progression "dodger" may come. To-night JOSEPH content, having gained the desired effect, to conclude the sentence with the words "—minister who drew up this resolution."

At two o'clock this morning note was taken of fact that Mr. G., having been in his place almost incessantly since four yesterday afternoon, had carried his more than four score years off to bed. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD thought all sections of House would be anxious to spare the PRIME MINISTER further vigil. JOSEPH up like catapult. "Perfectly absurd," he snapped, "to attempt to make a fetish of name and age of PRIME MINISTER."

"There's one good thing we may hope to see come out of this night," said Member for Sark. "It should make an end of the treachery farce which bandies between hopelessly parted colleagues the title 'right hon. friend.'"

Business done.—Sat for thirteen hours, and negatived first Amendment to Closure Resolution.

Friday.—Having got away late last night, made up for it by coming back early this afternoon. Morning sitting, but no more fight left. Quite content with heroic struggle through long summer night; everything over by seven o'clock.

Hear touching story, which shows how deeply rooted in human mind is habit of censoriousness. Not two more respectable-looking men in House than BARTLEY and TOMLINSON. To be in their company is to receive a liberal education in deportment. Walking home this morning, after all-night sitting, in sad converse on possibilities of fresh development of iniquity on part of Mr. G., they passed couple of British workmen going forth to day's labour. Said first British Workman, nudging his companion, and pointing with thumb over his shoulder at wearied legislators: "Tell you what, BILL, them coves ain't been up to much good."

Business done.—Closure Resolutions agreed to. Home-Rule Bill packed up in compartments, to be opened as directed.

COMING EVENTS AT THE LYCEUM.—With the exception of *Becket*, the part of *Shylock* is HENRY IRVING's most powerfully striking impersonation, and certainly ELLEN TERRY is at her best as *Portia*. It is played once again this month before our HENRY's departure for America, and should not be missed by any genuine lover of SHAKSPEARE and of true dramatic art. *A propos* of this, a certain excellent lady, whose name, beginning with R, is not absolutely unknown to *Mr. Punch*, asked this question:—"Isn't there some character in one of SHAKSPEARE's plays called 'Skylark'?" Then, as she proceeded to give a hazy idea of the plot, it gradually dawned upon the listeners that the *Merchant of Venice* was the person of whom she was thinking.

"Memoria Technica." July 1.

"O MIGHTY Mars! If in thy homage bred,
 Each point of discipline I've still observed;
 Of service, to the rank of Major-General
 Have risen; assist thy votary now!"

The Critic, Act ii., Sc. 2.

A FEW BARS REST.—According to the *Globe* the Cavalier ROBERT STAGNO, a well-known tenor, was arrested on a charge of forgery. What was it? Did he sign himself guaranteed as a tenor, worth two fivers, and 'twas afterwards found he wasn't? The report requires confirmation, as it is most unlikely that a tenor should go so low and do anything so base.

MRS. R. ON MUSIC.—Her nephew, who is an excellent amateur musician, read out an advertisement of a concert at St. James's Hall—"SARASATE will play *Suite No. 2*." His excellent relative, who is not well up in such matters, interrupted him with—"Ah! I should like to hear Miss SARAH SARTY play 'Sweet No. 2'! I daresay it has something to do with 'Sweet seventeen.'" No explanation was necessary.

AN AFTERNOON PARTY.

... "THE room is full of celebrities. Do you see that tall woman in black, talking to the little old lady? That is Mrs. ARBUTHNOT—a woman of some importance—and the other is CHARLEY's Aunt. The sporting-looking young man is Cap'tain CODDINGTON, who is 'in town' for the season."

"And who are the two men, exactly alike, tall and dark, who are smoking gold-tipped cigarettes, and talking epigrams?" I asked. I like to know who people are, and the person in the silver domino seemed well-informed.

"Those are Lord ILLINGWORTH, and Lord HENRY WOTTON. They always say exactly the same things. They are awfully clever, and cynical. Those two ladies talking together are known as NORA and DORA. There's rather a curious story about each of them."

"There seems to be one about everyone here," I said.

"Well, it seems that NORA and her husband did not get on very well. He thought skirt-dancing morbid. Also, he forgave her for forging his name—in type-writing—to a letter refusing to subscribe to a wedding-present for Princess MAY. She said a man who would forgive a thing like that would forgive anything. So she left the Dolls' House."

"Quite right. Is that not the Comtesse ZICKA? I seem to recognise the scent."

"It is—and the beautiful Italian lady is Madame SANTUZZA. One meets all sorts of people here, you know; by the way, there's Mrs. TANQUERAY."

"Princess SALOMÉ!" announced the servant. A little murmur of surprise seemed to go round the room as the lovely Princess entered.

"What has she got on?" asked PORTIA.

"Oh, it's nothing," replied Mr. WALKER, London.

"I thought she was not received in English society," said Lady WINDERMERE, puritanically.

"I can assure you, my dears, that she would not be tolerated in Brazil, where the nuts come from," exclaimed CHARLEY's Aunt.

"There's no harm in her. She's only a little peculiar. She is particularly fond of boar's head. It's nothing," said Mr. WALKER.

"The unavoidable in pursuit of the indigestible," murmured Lord ILLINGWORTH, as he lighted a cigarette.

"Is that mayonnaise?" asked the Princess SALOMÉ of Captain CODDINGTON, who had taken her to the buffet. "I think it is mayonnaise. I am sure it is mayonnaise. It is mayonnaise of salmon, pink as a branch of coral which fishermen find in the twilight of the sea, and which they keep for the King. It is pinker than the pink roses that bloom in the Queen's garden. The pink roses that bloom in the garden of the Queen of Arabia are not so pink."

"Who's the jaded-looking Anglo-Indian, drinking brandy-and-soda?" I asked.

"That is a Plain young man. From the Hills. Which is curious. I am much attached to him. By the way, I know who I am. And why I wear a silver domino. You don't."

"That's another story," I said. "Let's go to the smoking-room. We shall find the Eminent Person, the Ordinary Man, the Poet, the Journalist, and the Mere Boy, and they will all say delightful things on painful subjects."

"Barry Payful," suggested the Mere Boy, with his usual impossibility. They were trying to "draw" Lord ILLINGWORTH.

"What is a good woman?" asked the Journalist.

"A woman who admires bad men," answered Lord ILLINGWORTH.

"What is a bad man?"

"A man who smokes gold-tipped cigarettes."

"Which would you rather, or go fishing?" inquired the Mere Boy, irreverently.

"Because it's a jar, of course. There are two kinds of women, the plain and the coloured. But all art is quite useless."

"I say!" exclaimed Lord HENRY, taking from his friend's pocket a gold match-box, curiously carved, and wrought with his

initials in chrysoprases and peridots. "I say, you know, ILLINGWORTH—come—that's mine. I said it to DORIAN only the other evening. You're always saying my things."

"Well, what then? It is only the obvious and the tedious who object to quotations. When a man says life has exhausted him—"

"We know that he has exhausted life."

"Women are secrets, not sphinxes."

"Mine again," exclaimed Lord HENRY.

"It would be useful to carry a little book to note down your good things."

"Very useful. And I can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it."

"That's New Humour, isn't it? And you're a New Humourist?" said WALKER, satirically.

"Why, it's a contradiction in itself! The very essence of a joke is, that it should be old. Where would you find anything funnier than the riddle, 'When is a door not a door?' and, 'Why does a miller wear a white hat?' Ah! it won't last—we're bound to go back to the 'Old Humour'—there's nothing like it—what is that noise?"

"A dispute has arisen in the ladies' cloak-room about a shawl. It's frightfully thrilling!" said HILDA WANGEL.

"They seem to be going on anyhow. It's nothing," said WALKER.

It appears that CHARLEY's Aunt had accused Princess SALOMÉ of taking her shawl. The Princess had indignantly thrown it at her, and was making rather rude personal remarks about it.

"I don't want your shawl. Your shawl is hideous. It is covered with dust. It is a tartan shawl. It is like the shawl worn in melodrama by the injured heroine who is about to throw herself over the bridge by moonlight. It is the shawl of a betrayed heroine in melodrama. There never was anything so hideous as your shawl!"

"Impertinence! To dare to speak to me like this! I'm the success of the season, and you were forbidden the country," said CHARLEY's Aunt, furiously.

The second Mrs. TANQUERAY here chimed in, giving her opinion, which did not add to the harmony of the gathering, and a secondary quarrel was going on, because Captain CODDINGTON had said that the scent Comtesse ZICKA used "was not quite up to date," and the latter was offended. In fact, there was a regular row all round. NORA banged her tambourine, and WALKER playfully pretended to hide his head behind Lady WINDERMERE's fan.

A last, however, we managed to calm the indignant ladies, and the party began to break up.

"The fact is," I said, "Society is getting a great deal too mixed. Now, I like to go away from an afternoon party feeling a purer and better man, my eyes filled with tears of honest English sentiment—"

"Great Scott! don't go on like that. Come and have a drink," said the SILVER DOMINO.

"Valour is the better part of indiscretion," murmured Lord ILLINGWORTH. "Good-bye, HENRY. It has been a most interesting afternoon."

LORD'S AND SANDOWN.

[“The Eclipse Stakes of 10,000 sovs., to be run at Sandown Park on Friday, July 14, is looked upon as practically a match between Baron DE HIRSCH's filly, *La Fische*, and the Duke of WESTMINSTER's colt, *Orme*.”—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.]

THE match between Eton and Harrow at Lord's

This week, which commences on Friday,

Because of the sport that it always affords,

Will draw a large crowd on that high-day.

But the interest taken in drive, cut, or catch,

Or as to which school will be beaten,

Will be nothing to that in the other great match,

The same day, 'tween The Arrow and Eaton.

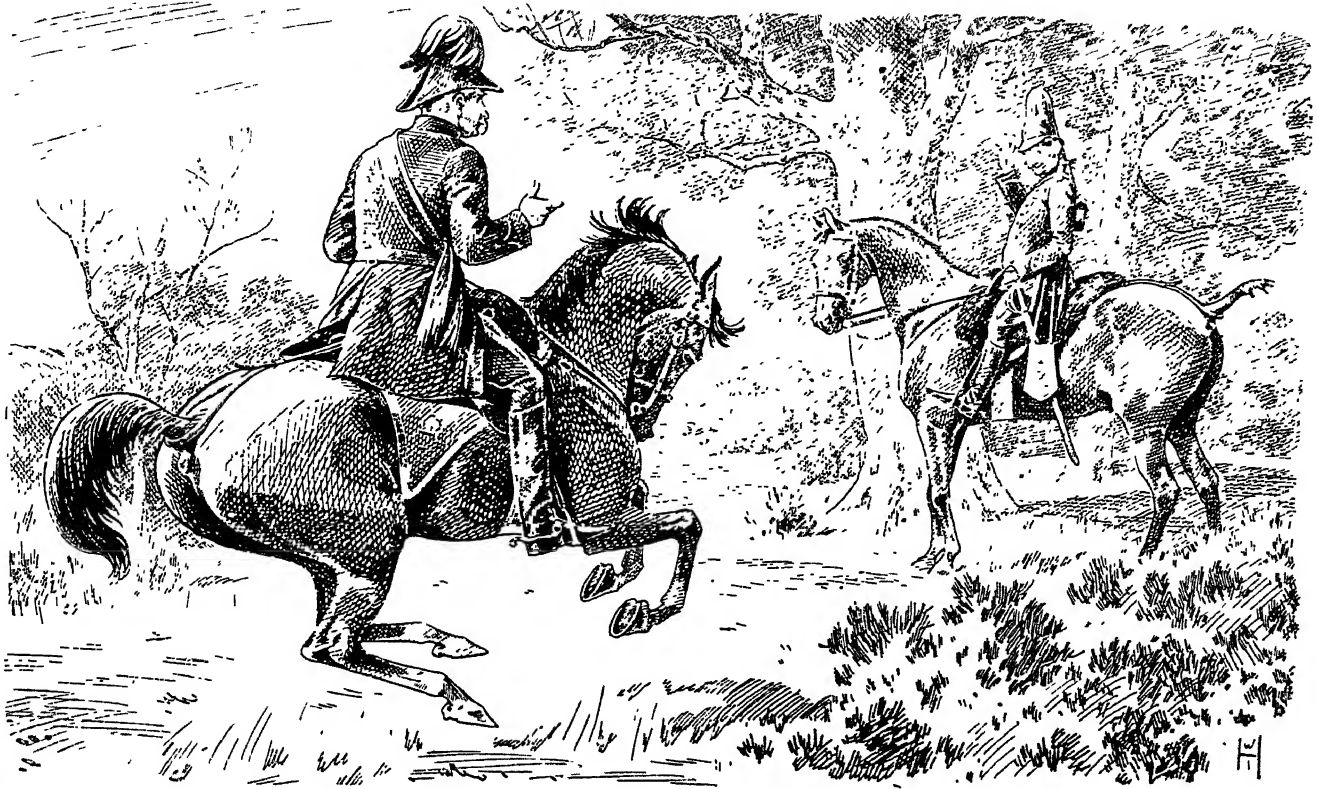


"The unavoidable in pursuit of the indigestible," murmured Lord ILLINGWORTH.



ROSEBERRY TO THE RESCUE!

Unjust Steward. "FOILED! BUT NO MATTAR! A TIME WILL COME!!"



THE ART OF WAR.

Inspecting-General (galloping up to Mounted Yeoman, placed on Vedette duty). "Now, Sir, what are you?"
Yeoman. "Well, I do a little bit 'I' Pigs, Sir!"

ROSEBERY TO THE RESCUE!

Or, the Young Squire, the Unjust Steward, and the Grateful Ratepayer.
An Urban Drama, as lately performed at the County Hall, Spring Gardens.

(Enter Steward, bearing plans of a splendid, and expensive, Palace.)

Steward (looking lovingly upon plan). Aha! Now shall I triumph, despite mean Moderates, and cheese-paring Economists, and reluctant Ratepayers. GR-R-R! how I hate the whole penurious brood! Housed appropriately I must and will be, though Rate Incidence be as yet ill-adjusted, and that blessed word Betterment be but an ear-soothing sound. But hold!—she comes!

Enter Injured, but Beauteous, Ratepayer, wringing her hands.

I. but B. R. (aside). Hah! Whom have we here? Merciless Master D-CK-NS-N, as I'm a living woman! Was't not enough that Vestries should vex me, Boards o'erburden me, Pedagogues oppress, and Precepts perplex, but he too must turn against me? (Aloud.) Give you good den, Master D.! Hast news of comfort for me?

Steward (harshly). Woman, I know not what thou wilt deem news of comfort. But if a superb site and a splendid structure (pointing to Plan) have charms for thy something straitened and sordid soul, then, verily—

I. but B. R. (shrieking as she catches sight of the Plan, and the fair round Figures attached thereto). Alas, Mr. Steward! 'tis, as thou sayst, superb—splendid—and, what is more, prodigiously expensive withal! It is magnifique, but it is not—Economy!

Steward (scornfully). Expensive? Pooh! What matters a Million or twain so London's Guardians be well housed?

I. but B. R. But, in the words of the old game, where's the money to come from? Moreover, is it not understood that all Metropolitan Improvements be postponed till such time as those ghouls of ground-renters, those ogres of property-owners, are compelled proportionally to disgorge?

Steward. Ahem! Truly so! But verily this matter is exceptional and urgent. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;" and they who superintend the People's housing should surely themselves be adequately, not to say magnificently, housed. As to the money—why, fear not for thy pockets Dame, which are not yet utterly depleted by that Briarean blood-sucker, BUMBLE. Why, we shall right soon save the money in cab-fares, and—ahem!—other

comforts and conveniences for our committees, not to mention the purchasing of supplementary tenements "at the rate of two houses a year." Oh, be content, Dame; pay up, and look pleasant! *(Imperatively.)*

I. but B. R. (frantically). Alas! Is there, then, no hope? Will no one bring a rescue or two? "Oh, where is County (Council) Guy?"

Enter the Young Squire, hastily.

Young Squire (hurriedly arrived from heavy business and urgent elsewhere, but impelled by a sense of public duty to intervene on this occasion). HERE!! (Chord.) Be consoled, Dame—I will protect thee! And for thee, Sir Steward, what the mischief art up to, with thy Aladdin Palaces, and thine Odd Millions?

Steward (confused, and displaying Plan). Why, my lord—deeming it befitting—that so illustrious and important and ubiquitously influential a Body—as—Ourselves—should have a Local Habitation—as well as a Name—I have prepared—this little Plan—which, with the aid—of "a little cheque"—say for a trifle of Two Millions—

Young Squire (snatching Plan from his grasp and gazing angrily thereon). Aha! A veritable Castle in the Air! An Arabian Nights' Phantom Palace!! The House that Jack (in Office) would have built!!! (Tears it, and treads it under foot.) Nay, Sir Steward, thou hast much misunderstood thy trust. The housing of the poor, rather than of the rich, is thy prime function. Attend first to this little list of Metropolitan Improvements, which cannot be unfamiliar to thine ears and eyes. Or if they must perforce be postponed until the attainment of "a fairer adjustment of the incidence of taxation," prythee, à fortiori, postpone also until that uncertain date this precious scheme for an expensive Municipal Palace, and this premature and impudent assault upon an already sufficiently depleted Pocket!

I. but B. R. (clasping her hands in gratitude). Ah, thanks, noble youth! Heaven reward thee for thy magnanimous championship of the poor gyrl's purse!

Steward (aside). Foiled!!! But no mattah! a time will come!!!
(Curtain.)

"M. G." AND "G. M."—The first whispered proposal is, we believe, generally formulated thus, "May I then hope? May I?" But H.R.H. the Duke of York's proposal must have been even more simple than this, for hope being changed into certainty, there was only the whispered question, "MAY GEORGE?" and the gentle answer, "GEORGE MAY." Then—all ended happily.

THE POLICE PHRASE-BOOK.

AS USED IN FRANCE.

I HAVE no time to answer questions.

The slightest protest will mean arrest.

You will cause me to draw my sword.

I have a loaded revolver.

We must take that barricade.

We must obtain the help of the army.

We can assist bayonets with bullets.

We have no cause to succour the wounded.

We must preserve order.

And, to do this, we cry, "Long live France! Fire upon any one! Charge!"

AS USED IN ENGLAND.

The first turning to the left, Sir, and then keep straight on until you meet another constable—then ask again.

You have taken too much; you had better go home quietly. Shall I call a cab?

Now don't forget you are a gentleman, Sir, but help me to do my duty.

Now, coachman, wait a moment. Must let these pass before you can come.

We don't want any help, Sir. Why the crowd's as meek as sheep and as good natured as sandboys.

Here, Sir, you have had an awkward tumble. Let me hold you up while my mate goes for an ambulance.

We must preserve order.

And to do this we have only to observe "move on."

PARLIAMENTARY.—Change of name. Mr. CONYBEARE henceforth to be known as "CONYBORE," with the accent on the "bore."



TOO AWFUL TO CONTEMPLATE!

A Confidence. After the Garden Party

"OH, SUCH A DREADFUL THING HAPPENED TO ME! I WENT UP TO LADY EXE,—I HAD SOMETHING VERY PARTICULAR TO SAY TO HER,—AND I DIDN'T SEE SHE WAS TALKING TO ONE OF THE ROYAL PRINCES. WELL, JUST FANCY! I TOOK NO SORT OF NOTICE OF HIM, BUT I JUST SAID WHAT I HAD TO SAY TO HER. WHEN I DISCOVERED WHAT I HAD DONE, I CALLED ON LADY EXE, AND I SAID, 'I'M AFRAID HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL BE AWFULLY ANNOYED WITH ME.' AND DEAR LADY EXE QUITE COMFORTED ME, YOU KNOW. SHE SAID, 'IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T TROUBLE MYSELF ABOUT IT. HE WON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF IT! AS REALLY, MY DEAR, PEOPLE HAVE SUCH BAD MANNERS NOWADAYS!'"

PROPHETIC DIARY OF THE L.C.C.

(For the Next Ten Years.)

1894. Scheme accepted for building Hôtel de Ville at a cost of £3,000,000.

1895. Purchase of Kensington Gardens as a Recreation-ground for the Improvement Committee.

1896. The Council buys St. Paul's Cathedral as a Private Chapel for the marriage of its members and their families.

1897. Completion of *The Bumble* Steam-yacht of the L. C. C., costing £100,000.

1898. Uniforms for the Members ordered at an expense of £500,000.

1899. Purchase of a Crown and other Jewels for the Chairman on State occasions.

1900. The Palaces erected for occupation by the Members in Eaton, Belgrave, Grosvenor, and Berkeley Squares acquired and taken into use.

1901. A sum not exceeding £5,000,000 voted by the L. C. C. for statues commemorating themselves, their wives, and their families.

1902. Resolution carried by acclamation confiscating the entire sum received from the ratepayers for the L. C. C. Secret Service Fund.

1903. Petition for Metropolitan Improvement unanimously rejected.

1904. Act abolishing the L. C. C. passed in Parliament at a single sitting.

"COMMONS PRESERVATION SOCIETY."—A most useful body, no doubt. "But," asks Lord T. NODDIE, "as our Upper House is so often threatened, why isn't there a 'Lords Preservation Society?'"

DANCE TILL DAWN.

CHARMING maidens, smiling brightly,
Moving gracefully and lightly

As the fawn,
Linger still, let me invite you,
Surely on this short June night you
Dance till dawn.

Till the early bird will get the
Worm, and seaside shrimpers net the
Shrimp or prawn.
Whilst they print the morning paper,
Let us glide and whirl and caper
Till the dawn.

Till, with waking chirp of sparrows,
Early costermongers' barrows
Forth are drawn.

Till the candles flare and gutter,
And the daylight, through the shutter,
Peeps at dawn;

Till the cock is crowing; listen!
And the dainty dewdrops glisten
On the lawn;

Till my pretty partner's posies,
Made of June's delightful roses,
Droop at dawn;

Till my collar's limp and flabby—
Then I hail the sleepy cabby,
As I yawn;

Home, to dream of sweet cheeks blushing
Like the sky, now rosy flushing
At the dawn.

TRÈS BEAU-TANICAL.—An Aladdin-like Magic-Lamp and Magic-Lantern Night at the Botanical Gardens on Wednesday. A thousand additional traditional lamps. The Flower of the Aristocracy, being at the State Ball, is represented by the Aristocracy of Flowers (in the absence of Lord and Lady BATTERSEA, without whom no Floral Fête can be absolutely perfect) in every part of these beautiful gardens. Bands playing; but not sufficient distance between them, so that when they performed, simultaneously, entirely different tunes, the effect was far from soothing to the listeners' nerves. Why not adopt the plan admirably carried out at the Marlborough House Garden Party, where one band having finished, another, at a distance, commenced? Why among the harmony of colours at the Botanical should there be produced by the conflict of two tunes, taken in different times, but played at the same moment, an inharmonious whole?

LADIES' FASHIONS.—Extremes: *Minimum*—Bonnet; a ribbon and rosette. *Maximum*—Hat; a Flower Garden on a Yard of Straw.

THE MODERN NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

If times were as when time was young,
And reason ruled each shepherd's tongue,
Thy pretty speeches might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But times are changed in field and fold,
At shocking prices sheep are sold,
And farmers look exceeding glum,
Foreboding darker days to come.

The weeds do choke the thriftless fields,
No profit now the harvest yields;
Honey is sought, but only gall
Is found, for still the prices fall.

Thy pinks, thy stocks, thy Provence roses,
Are pretty, and I'm fond of posies;
But wages may not long be gotten
When folly's rife, and business rotten.

A man of straw thy master seems,
No grain of sense is in thy dreams,
And my Papa would not approve
Even if I would be thy love.

But, when times mend, sheep-farmssucceed,
And all on English mutton feed,
Ask me again, and thou may'st move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, July 4. *State Visit to the Opera*.—Yes, "TODGERS" could do it when it liked," as CHARLES DICKENS remarked in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and Sir COVENTGARDENS DRURIOLANUS can do it when he likes, rather! The front of the house is quite a "mask of flowers," which the Master of the Gray's Inn Revels, himself present in a gorgeous and awe-inspiring uniform, regards with a benign and appreciative smile. Interesting to note a number of



"Pas de Druriolanus; or, All among the Roses."

ordinarily quiet and unobtrusive individuals, personally known to me as the mildest-mannered men, who now appear as the fiercest, and, on such a night, the hottest of warriors; seeing that if it is 93 in the shade, the temperature must be ten degrees higher to those who are buttoned up to the chin in a military uniform, with straps, belts, buckles, boots, weighted too with a dangling, clattering sword, and having to carry about a thickly-furred hat, with a plume in it like a shaving-brush, that obstinately refuses to be hung up, or sat upon, or put out of sight, in any sort of way whatever. and which, like a baby in arms, must be carried,—or dropped. The Venetians on the stage in all their mediæval bravery are not arrayed like one of these simple English yeomen, for, as I am given to understand, to that glorious body of our country's agricultural defenders do these dashing Hussars, in their Hessian-

fly boots, belong! Ah! with such warriors England is safe!

Then there are what *Mr. Weller* would have termed "My Prooshan Blues," and likewise the diplomatic Muscovite, in hard-looking cap, blue, naval-looking coat, and (apparently) flannel boating trousers, falling, rather short, on to ordinary boots, with plain unornamental spurs; a costume which, on the whole, suggests that its wearer, at the command of the Autocrat of all the Russias, must be ready at a second's notice to execute a forced march, dance a hornpipe, run as a footman, take somebody up as a policeman, head a cavalry charge, or (still in spurs) steer a torpedo boat on its dangerous errand. Opera going strong, with the DE FRISKY Bros. & Co. The Last Act (by Royal Command) is omitted, and so for the first time in dramatic history the story of *Romeo and Juliet* ends as happily as possible. The lovers are only interrupted by the fall of the curtain, and there are no sleeping draughts, poisonings, or burials. It is a realisation of the line in *The Critic*, "In the Queen's name I charge you all to drop your swords and daggers!" Only the order is given in the Princess's name, and the swords, daggers, and deadly draughts are all dropped accordingly. Greatest possible success. *Gloria DRURIOLANO!*

Friday Night.—First performance of *I Rantzau*, and first-rate performance, too. The Plot is simply a Plot of Land. Scene laid—laid for seven *dramatis persone*—in a Vague Village of the Vosges; time, present century. The Rantzaus are the Capulets and Montagues of this district; the son of one faction is in love with the daughter of the other; but it doesn't end tragically, and the lovers marry. That's all. It was played as a Drama at the Français, with GOT in it; when subsequently it was turned into an Opera, it had the "Go" taken out of it. DE LUCIA, ANCONA, CASTELMARY, BISPHAM, and CORSI doing their very best, as do also the lamplighter and his assistant, who deftly perform their "Wagnerian watchman" "business" to characteristic music. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER great in a small part; and Madame MELBA does her very best with the singularly uninteresting part of *Luisa*, who is a very "Limited Loo." Signor MASCAGNI conducted the Opera, and was himself conducted on to the stage as often as possible in order to receive the congratulations of his "friends in front." *I Rantzau* not "in it" with MASCAGNI's *Cavalleria*, which, like the Rantzau family at the end of the piece, "still holds the field." Thermometer 95° in the stalls. House animated and appreciative.

Saturday.—*Les Huguenots*. Grand Cast. Thermometer down again.

A DITTY OF THE DOG-DAYS.

NINETY-ONE in the shade, by NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA!

'Tis O that I dwellt in an ice-crevasse,
Or rented a share in the *Mer de Glace*,
Or hired (ere I melt and resolve to gas)
That *patio* cool in the chill Alhambra
(Not "Lei-ces-ter Squarr," but Granada far),
Where fountains sprinkle and splash and tinkle—
Ay me! that my dream can ne'er come to pass!
"Fourteen hours of the sun!" says the "Jordan Recorder"—
Each day it grows hotter in London town!
The plane-trees are withered and burnt and brown;
Ere Lammas has come the leaves are down!
The months have been mixed—they're out of order;
We'd the weather of June six weeks too soon;
And now we swelter and gasp for shelter—
We're grilled alive from toe to crown!
There's drought in the fields, and drought in my gullet!
I would that I sat in a boundless tank
Of claret and soda, and drank and drank!
My thirst with PANTAGRUEL's own would rank—
Gargantuan draughts alone may lull it!
A shandygaff "chute" à la BOYRON would suit,
Or of Pilsener lager a Nile or Niagara—
Would that it through my oesophagus sank!
I'd long to be NANSEN, that bold Norwegian,
Who's off to the north like a sailor-troll;
Dry land I prefer in my inmost soul,
And his tub-like *Fram* will pitch and roll,
But she's bound at least for a glacial region!
Or stay, to be sure! here's Professor D—
To cold can consign us untold degrees *minus*—
There's no need to visit the Northern Pole!
With this decuman "heat-wave" I grow delirious,
And babble a prayer to the Maid who sways
The Weather-department (on working-days)
Of the *Daily Graphic*—in crazy phrase—
The bale-fire to quench of far-distant Sirius!
To the Man in the Moon at noon I croon
For a lunatic boon, if that lone buffoon
Can stay this canicular, perpendicular,
Bang-on-my-forehead, horrid, torrid,
Beaming, gleaming, and ever-streaming
Blaze of rays that maze and daze!!

ROBERT AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

I HAVE long nown as how as the present LORD MARE was one of the werry nicest, as well as one of the werry liberalists, of Lord Mares as we has had for many years, but I most suttently did not kno, till larst Saturday, that, noticing, as he must have done, how shamefoolly the County Counsellors is a trying for to destroy the grand old Copperation, and take pucsession of Gildhal and the Manshun House, he had the courage to assemble round his ospiterbel Table all the most princiblest of the great writers of our wonderful and powerful Press, and let them judge for theirselves whether sich a hinstitootion as he represented was worth preserwin or not! Ah, that was sumthink like a Bankwet that was! Why amost every-boddy was there as was anyboddy. And the ony trubble as that caused was, that they was all so jolly glad to meet each other, under sitch unusual suckemstances, that nothink on airt could keep em quiet, no, not ewen when the Amerrycan Embassader torked to em tor about arf a nour!

One of the most distinguisht of the skollars as I was waiting on told one of the most butiful Painters, in my hearing, as how he thort it wood be rayther a wise thing of all future Lord Mares if they himmitated the present LORD MARE's exampel; and I wentur, with all umility, to say Ditto to the distinguisht Skoller. ROBERT.

GE-O-M-ETRICALLY CONSIDERED.—The illuminations were as good as they could be everywhere. The brilliant initials, "G. M.," wanted nothing to render them perfect. If that want had been supplied, then, as "nothing" is represented by a cipher, the initials would have commemorated the G. O. M.

FROM HENLEY TO THE OPERA ON THE NIGHT OF THE STATE PERFORMANCE.—"Rich and rare were the gems they wore;" and two ladies, with magnificent tiaras, if they had only shown up at Henley, would have won the prize for "The Diamond Skulls."

Mrs. R. caught sight of a heading in a daily paper—"Board of Trade Returns." Our old friend at once exclaimed, "Then where has the Board of Trade been to? Where is it returning from? I really don't call this attending to business."



A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Tommy (on his way to the Browns' Juvenile Garden Party). "NOW, NURSE, REMEMBER, WHEN ONCE WE 'VE PASSED THAT GARDEN GATE, YOU DON'T BELONG TO ME!"

FATHER WILLIAM.

(Latest Anglo-Teutonic Version, as repeated to the Caterpillar of State by Alice, in Blunderland, from vague and mixed reminiscences of Southey, Lewis Carroll, and the Reports of the Debates in the British Parliament and the German Reichstag, concerning the Home-Rule Bill and the Army Bill respectively.)

"I'm afraid I am changed, Sir," said ALICE; "I can't remember things as I used—and I don't keep to the same author for ten minutes together!"

"Can't remember *what* things?" said the Caterpillar of State.

"Well, I've tried to sing 'Rule, Britannia,' but it all came different, and got mixed up with 'The Watch on the Rhine!'" ALICE replied, in a very melancholy voice.

"Repeat 'You are old, Father William,'" said the Caterpillar of State.

ALICE folded her hands, and began:—

"Good-morrow!" the youth to the Woodcutter cried;
"Father WILLIAM, you're 'sniggling,' I see!"
With a smile of bland 'cuteness the Old Man replied,
"Master WILLIAM, good morrow! I be!"

"You are old, Father WILLIAM," the young KAISER said,
"And your hair, what there is of it, 's white;
And yet you still stand at the Government's head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"Some twenty years since," Father WILLIAM replied,
"I'd a passionate wish to retire;
But as I grow younger each year, I have tried
To subdue that untimely desire."

"You are old," said the youth, "yet your seat appears firm,
You are still pretty good over timber;
Your double back somersaults make your foes squirm.
What keeps you so nimble and limber?"

"In my youth," said the Senior, "I kept all my limbs—
And some say my principles—supple;
And that 's why old age neither stiffens nor dims,
And years with alertness I couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your 'jaw' should be weak,
I've often heard BIZZY pooh-pooh it.
Yet you polish off JOE, and tap GOSCHEN's big beak;
Pray, how do you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said the Sage, "Fair Debate was the law,
And genuine Eloquence rife;
And so in an age of mere Brummagem 'jaw'
I can still hold my own in the strife."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balance that eel on the end of your nose—
What makes you so awfully clever?"

"You are young," smiled old WILL; "you don't yet understand,
The point—of the eel—you'd be missing;
But when you're an Old Parliamentary Hand
You will find it as easy as kissing!"

"I've caught an eel, also," observed the young "sniggler,"
"I'm not, like you, beaked *à la* Toucan;
Mine's still smaller than yours, and a terrible wriggler;
I wish I could work it as you can!"

"The equilibrist's art," the Old Juggler replied,
"Is not to be learned in a jiffy.
With the help of your Eyes (*Ayes*), and your Nose (*Noes*), and
good 'side,
You may win—if you do not turn 'squiffy' "

"That is not said right," said the Caterpillar of State.

"Not *quite* right, I'm afraid," said ALICE, timidly; "some of the words have got altered."

"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the Caterpillar, decidedly; and there was silence for some minutes.



“FATHER WILLIAM.”

“YOU ARE OLD,” SAID THE YOUTH; “ONE WOULD HARDLY SUPPOSE
THAT YOUR EYE WAS AS STEADY AS EVER;
YET YOU BALANCE THAT EEL ON THE END OF YOUR NOSE—
WHAT MAKES YOU SO AWFULLY CLEVER?”

AN ORATOR "POUR RIRE."

(A STUDY IN HYDE PARK.)

The Scene is that Forum for Fudmongers—the angle of the Park fronting Cumberland Gate. A large and utterly irreverent crowd is listening with cheerful intolerance to a Persevering Gentleman, of a highly respectable and almost scholarly appearance, who is addressing them from a three-legged stool on nothing in particular, though he has apparently committed himself by charging a certain Statesman with at least two political murders.

The Orator (haltingly). We who are fighting the battle—(uproarious laughter from Crowd, which he endures with dignified resignation)—I say—who are fighting the battle!

The Crowd. 'Oo's talking about fightin' a battle? ... You wouldn't be 'ere if there was any battles about! 'E's a fair ole fraud, 'e is—that's about 'is sort! Shet up, you idiotic ole ass, do! (&c., &c.)

The Orator (patiently). I say once more—we who are fighting the—(Howls of derision, at which he smiles, but perceives, regretfully, that the battle must be abandoned.) One of my friends here has seen fit to describe me as an idiotic old ass. ("So you are!") Well, I am glad, at least, that he pronounced it *ass* with the vowel short, and not ass, for it shows that he has at least a certain regard for the Queen's English. (The Crowd hasten to give the vowel sound all the breadth in their power). I think I was—(here he consults a sheaf of notes)—offering some remarks upon Mr. WILLIAM WOBLER. Now we are told, "Speak evil of no man!"

The Crowd. That's a good un! 'Oo spoke evil of Mr. BAGWIND jest now?

The Orator (mildly hurt). I never said a single unkind word about Mr. BAGWIND!

The Crowd. Yer lie! Why, didn't you say as he murdered JETTISON and SCAPEGOAT? Wot yer call *that*, eh?

The Orator. I may have made some such observation—but far be it from me to speak evil of any man. If I spoke evil, it was on public grounds. I should scorn to attack any individual in his private character. I think I have satisfactorily answered *that* matter. And I tell you this—it is largely owing to me that Mr. WILLIAM WOBLER owes his seat in Parliament to-day! (His hearers receive this with frank incredulity.) Ah, but it is, though, and I denounce him, as I have denounced him before, and shall denounce him while I have power to raise my voice, as a man who has proved himself utterly unworthy of the efforts I have made on his behalf. Some people are saying they want THOMAS TIDDLER in North Paddington. I say—Never! Not as long as I've breath in my body shall THOMAS TIDDLER be returned for any constituency! No, gentlemen: here I stand before you, with no money, and only one lung. I have rich and high relations, to whom I might apply for relief if I condescended to do so; but I scorn to abase myself in any such manner. I prefer to appeal to you, the people of London. It's a disgrace—a public disgrace—that you people should allow such a man as myself to walk the streets without food! (A voice. "Why don't yer work?") Work? Am I not working? Am I not in my proper place here to-night?

The Crowd (with hearty unanimity). No!

The Orator (with exultation). Then support me in the name of all you hold dear! I have my work to accomplish, and I shall accomplish it by the aid of the People's pence, by the aid of the People's sixpences,—aye, and by the aid of the People's shillings! Will you help me?

The Crowd (more heartily than ever). No!

The Orator. Then I will now proceed to make a collection.

[He descends from his stool, and circulates among the crowd proffering a highly respectable hat. A Rival Orator mounts the stool; he has a straw hat, side whiskers, and a style of concentrated and withering invective.

The Rival Orator (fluently, and with much enjoyment of his own eloquence). I shall preface what I have to say by protesting in the strongest terms at my disposal against the most disgraceful attack we have had the pain of listening to to-night, against the character

of a Statesman we all revere, by the unspeakably offensive and degraded individual with a black coat, a clean collar, and only one lung, who has just concluded his contemptible remarks, and is now debasing himself, if possible, still further by going round cringing, actually cringing, for the miserable halfpence which he hopes his foul-mouthed virulence will extract from the more foolish among his hearers! (Applause at this spirited opening; the First Orator imperturbably continues to protrude his hat.) I have no hesitation in saying that if such language as he has favoured us with was uttered against a public man in any other community, in any other country, in any other hemisphere in the civilized globe, the audience would have risen in righteous indignation, and chased the cowardly aggressor back to the vile den from whose obscurity he would have done better never to emerge! Gentlemen, he has appealed to your sympathy on the ground, forsooth, that he has only one lung! I venture to assert that it is nothing short of a public calamity that he is the possessor of one lung; for had he none at all, he would have been incapable of outraging the general intelligence by the utterance of such sentiments as he has disgusted you by this evening.

When I first became acquainted with this man, before he had sunk into the besotted state in which he now wallows, he used, I remember, to condemn the practice of making a public collection. Now I've never been against that practice myself. I hold that a man who is capable of attracting an audience by such gifts of oratory as he may possess, is perfectly justified in making a collection afterwards, whether he requires the money or not. But this person has become so degraded, so destitute of any sense of honour, so soaked and sodden with gin, that he now turns round on the principles he once professed, and is to be seen going round with a hat laden with the coppers of those who are infinitely worse off than—judging from his dress and prosperous appearance—he evidently is himself!

The First Orator (exhibiting his empty hat). It don't look much like it at present, GABBITT!

Mr. Gabbitt. He has boasted to you of having rich relations, and said he scorned to apply to them. I want to know why, instead of coming here begging to you, he don't go to them?

The First Orator. I've been, GABBITT.

Mr. G. (triumphantly). You hear? he's been to them. That proves they've found him out; they know him for the grovelling soaker he is, a wretch tottering on the verge of delirium tremens, and, rightly, they'll have nothing to do with him. It's very possible, gentlemen, that he may have rich relations in the place where most of us have rich relations—I refer to the workhouse! (Cheers and laughter.) And it is this wretch, this indescribable mixture of meanness and malignity, who has dared to come here and charge Mr. BAGWIND with crime! He asked you—and let him not deny it now—"What about Mr. SCAPEGOAT?" Well, there may be a good many things about Mr. SCAPEGOAT, but what I tell you is—an observation like that is one that doesn't convey any concrete idea whatever; in short, it is the observation of a drivelling and confirmed lunatic!

Voice in the Crowd. With on'y one lung; don't forget that, ole man!

Mr. G. (magnanimously). No, I've done with his lung, now; it doesn't do to carry personalities too far, and I've disposed of that already, and have no desire to return to it. And, as I observe that the wretched object of the strictures which I have felt it my duty to express, has concluded his efforts with the hat, and met with the freezing contempt and indifference which are only to be expected from intelligent and fair-minded men like yourselves, I will now bring my exposure of the sophistries, the base insinuations, and the incoherent maunderings which he had the effrontery to impose upon your understandings as argument, to a premature close, and proceed to make a collection on my own account, and thereby afford you the opportunity of showing on which side your real sympathies and your confidence are enlisted.

[He goes round with the straw hat, which his delighted audience fill liberally with the coppers that the previous speaker has ignominiously failed to extract from them. But the tender-hearted Reader may be relieved to hear that, as soon as the crowd has dispersed, the victor shares the proceeds of his eloquence in the handsomest manner with his adversary, who shows a true elevation of mind in betraying no abiding resentment at his oratorical defeat. So may all such contests terminate—as, for that matter, they generally do.



"I say—Never!"

"THE PLAY IS NOT THE THING."

(A Farce which is running in most of the London Theatres, but which should not be tolerated for a single Night.)

SCENE—Auditorium of the T. R. — during the performance of a Modern Comedy. Enter a party of four Playgoers into private box.

First Playgoer. Rather a pity it has begun! I always like to see a play from first to last. Don't you?

Second P. Quite. So much more interesting. Of course if you don't catch what they say at first, how on earth can you catch the idea of the plot?

Third P. Not that the plot matters much nowadays. All dialogue, don't you know? Smart hits at somebody, and all that sort of thing.

Fourth P. Quite. Really better fun than the other sort of thing. Much better fun to have to listen to epigrams and all that sort of thing, than to have to follow something or other with interest.

Second P. Quite. In fact, nowadays, you can come in when you like, and listen to what you like.

Third P. Yes, much better plan than having to take it all in. Think it a first-rate idea to allow talking all through, instead of keeping that sort of thing until between the Acts.

Second P. Quite. Between the Acts a fellow wants to smoke. Much jollier to talk when the other fellows are talking too. Divide the labour with them—half the



PESSIMISM v. OPTIMISM.

(From the City.)

"YOU'RE GETTING QUITE A CORPORATION, BROWN!"

"YES; THE RESULT OF A CONTENTED MIND, OLD MAN!"

"NO. YOU MEAN THE RESULT OF A CONTINUAL FEAST!"

conversation on one side the Curtain, half on the other.

Fourth P. Capital idea, and much less fatiguing than the old style. Fancy having to take it all in! Why, ten years ago, one had to get up a play as if one had to pass an examination in it next morning! Awful bosh!

Second P. Quite. No, it's much jollier to chat. Is there anyone in the house you know?

First P. Only that Johnnie over there! The fellow in the dinner-jacket, who's gone to sleep. He's rather a sportsman. (Applause.) Hallo! What's that row about?

Third P. End of the First Act. I say, you fellows, I don't think there's much in the piece, so far.

Fourth P. I am blest if I know what it's all about.

First P. More do I.

Second P. And I. Why should we stay any longer? Seems awful rot.

Fourth P. Quite. Let's go to a Music-Hall, where we can smoke and chat.

First P. Quite.

[Exeunt the party, to the great relief of the remainder of the Audience. Curtain.]

AN OMISSION IN LAST WEEK'S CEREMONIAL ACCOUNTED FOR.—It was first proposed to make a *détour* from Piccadilly by way of Park Lane, Stanhope Street, and so forth, round again to Piccadilly. But as H.R.H. the Duke of YORK pointed out, there was no necessity for specially visiting May Fair, as from start to finish he took MAY Fair with him.

PUNCH'S "GOD-SPEED" TO THE POLE-SEEKERS.

[DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN'S Arctic Expedition sailed from Christiania in the *Fram* on June 24.]

So Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN's off! Cynics will chuckle, and pessimists scoff. What a noodle, that Norrøway chap, Who'd drift to the Pole to—complete our map!

Year after year in the broad-beam'd *Fram*, Far from Society's "Real Jam," Away from the fjords, and Five o'Clock Tea, Amidst the ice of the Kara Sea; Certain of darkness, discomfort, and frost, With an excellent prospect of getting lost, Crunched in the ice-pack, frozen, or starved, Whilst Mansion-House Banquets are being carved;

Over the snow like pale ghosts flitting, Missing the sweets of an All-Night Sitting! Alone in a canvas-bottom'd bunk, When gossip is gabbled, and toasts are drunk,

Where Good Society's geese gregarious, Hiss malignant, or cackle hilarious! Well, who knows? Those Arctic snows May bore men less than our Social Shows; And utter aridity starve the soul More in the House than the Northern Pole!

Here's to NANSEN! Here's to his crew! We know they'll venture what men may do. Good luck and good cheer be Heaven's gift To the *Fram* and her men on that long, long drift!

And if they win through the Polar pack, May *Punch* be foremost to welcome them back.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 3.—The fat in the fire again. Who put it there? "I," said JOEY C., "with my ready ladle; I swooped it in." So he did, lighting up with sudden flame embers that seemed quite dead. At end of speech on WOLMER'S Amendment, seeing JOHN DILLON sitting opposite, asked him what about few remarks made at Castlereagh, in which he had threatened, when Irishmen came to their own on College Green, they would have police, sheriffs, and bailiffs, under their control, and would "remember" their enemies? DILLON, amid scene of tumultuous excitement, admitted that phrase not in itself defensible, but pleaded that words had been spoken amid great provocation. The massacre at Mitchelstown had taken place just before; its memo-

ries were hot within him, and, out of the indignation of his heart, his tongue had spoken.

As DILLON urged this plea, T. W. RUSSELL made a hurried remark in JOSEPH'S ear. J. smiled grimly; the Lord had delivered the enemy into his hand. Some men would have maimed their chance, if not spoiled the game, by jumping up with hot interruption, and hurriedly exposed the blunder upon which DILLON had stumbled. JOSEPH never loses his head. He lay low, sayin' nuffin', but regarding the unconscious victim opposite with dangerously smiling face. When DILLON sat down, the crowded House plainly moved by his effective speech, JOSEPH literally leaped to his feet, and flung across the floor the most complete and dramatic blow ever dealt at a man in House of Commons. It was Mitchelstown, was it, that had rankled in DILLON'S breast when he uttered the phrase he now regretted? Would the House believe that the massacre at Mitchelstown took place on September 9, 1887, and this speech at Castlereagh was made on December 5, 1886?

"Remember Mitchelstown!" JOHN DILLON had remembered it nine months and four days before it had taken place. Several moments the Unionists cheered, JOSEPH standing with accusatory finger pointed at



THE WEEK OF THE YEAR.

JOHN DILLON, who sat silent with folded arms, the habitual pallor of his face changed to a ghastlier white.

"My dear JOHN," I said to him later, "how on earth could you make such a terrible mistake? The only amelioration it has is that it was so stupendous and obvious that it was plainly stumbled upon without intent or purport to deceive."

"Thank you, TOBY," said JOHN DILLON. "I suppose that is clear enough to the generous mind. But I know a blunder is sometimes worse than a crime. The fact is, about the time I spoke at Castlereagh, things were so bad in Ireland, the police so little hesitating to shoot, that I got mixed up in my dates, and remembered Mitchelstown when I was thinking about something else."

Business done.—Home-Rule Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—TRITON descending amongst the minnows has brought up CONYBEARE. Not much heard of late of that eminent legislator.

Seems he's been compensating enforced silence in House by "saying things" of SPEAKER in letter to newspaper. More than hints SPEAKER, moved by political motives, has acted unfairly in Chair. Perhaps TRITON had done better to leave him alone. Comparatively few were aware of the little excursion into print. Now blazoned forth to all the world. Since 'twas done 'twas well 'twas done admirably. SPEAKER moved to one of those outbursts of passionate though restrained eloquence of which, upon occasion, he shows himself capable. As Baron FERDY remarks:—"Since G. P. R. JAMES was sent as Consul to Venice, the only city in the world where the solitary horseman of his many novels could not be 'observed,' nothing so quaint as condemning one of the few parliamentary orators of the day to the silence of the Chair."

Mr. G. delivered brief but magnificent speech, instinct with the true spirit of Parliamentarian. PRINCE ARTHUR said a few words; everybody looked round for CURSE OF CAMBORNE but unwonted access of modesty had seized him. Here was opportunity with crowded House waiting on his words. And where was he? Not in his place; so episode closed.

Though CONYBEARE's intention probably not kindly meant, SPEAKER certainly under considerable obligation to him. Opportunity afforded House of enthusiastically applauding the most capable, dignified, upright SPEAKER that ever faced the fierce light that beats upon the Chair of the House of Commons.

Came across HERBERT MAXWELL just now; haven't seen him since Saturday; met at dinner to Art and Literature given at Mansion House by Lord Mayor KNILL. "BAYARD finished his speech yet?" I asked.

"Not sure," said MAXWELL; "fancy not. When I was carried out, in state approaching coma, I observed on table before him two or three other volumes of manuscript, containing further passages of the prodigious recitation."

BAYARD is the new American Minister, doncha; made his first public appearance at the Mansion House on Saturday; felt he must rise to occasion; and did.

"Yours is a mere speck of a country, TOBY," he said, before we went in to dinner. "Your public speeches are, very properly, planned in proportion. Now America, as you may have heard, is a vast Continent, and I've got up a little thing to scale."

"Otherwise a very pleasant dinner," said MAXWELL. "I sat next to a Citizen and Loriner. Don't know what a Loriner is, but fancy, from look in my friend's eyes, it's something to do with fish. When turtle soup appeared on table there was phosphorescent gleam in the worthy Loriner's eyes. He prodded me genially in ribs

with a fat elbow, and said with ungentle chuckle, 'Ah, I s'pose you writing fellows don't often sit down to a dinner like *this*?'"

Business done.—In Committee on Home-Rule Bill. Much cry and few Amendments.

Thursday.—At ten o'clock to-night guillotine descended; simultaneously Opposition lost their head; for hour and half there raged succession of angry scenes that beat a gorgeous record. Mr. G. and PRINCE ARTHUR, coming and going from division lobbies, were made objects of rival ovations. Liberals and the Irish leaped to their feet, madly cheering when PREMIER dropped in. Few minutes earlier or later came PRINCE ARTHUR; instantly Unionists on their feet wildly cheering. Outside all London making holiday. Here hon. gentlemen almost clutching at each other's throats across the beneficently wide floor. Instead of wedding festivities and national holiday depleting House it was fuller than ever. VILLIERS came down to

give his vote against Closure; Unionists rapturous round their Grand Old Man. The other side had Mr. G. with his fourscore years and four. VILLIERS of Wolverhampton topped him by seven years. Nearly carried him into division lobby shoulder high; beat hasty retreat after doing this last service to his country.

"Fact is, you know, TOBY," he said, "I'm not quite the young fellow I used to be; can't stand the racket as was easy enough some sixty or seventy years ago. If they'll kindly excuse me, I'll go and take a walk with the crowd to see the illuminations in Piccadilly. That will be delightfully quiet after this turmoil."

On Clause 6 SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, accompanied by half-a-dozen unpurchaseable Radicals, voted in Opposition lobby; brought Government majority down to 15; crowd, streaming by Palace Yard, clearly

heard terrific cheers that welcomed this falling off. Proposed to bring back the SAGE and his merry men in triumph. Floral decoration being order of day, why not let them enter rose-garlanded, led by PRINCE ARTHUR on one side, and JOEY C. on the other? Guaranteed a noble reception from grateful and gratified Opposition. But some difference of opinion arose within little circle of Stalwarts, and proposal abandoned. Drifted in one by one, amid stream of Opposition.

Business done.—Clauses 5, 6, 7, and 8 added to Home-Rule Bill.

Friday Night.—CONYBEARE went out a-shearing, and came home shorn. Asked leave to make personal explanation; House naturally thought this would assume form of apology for attack on SPEAKER, of which note was taken on Tuesday. Permission accordingly given. Turned out nothing further from CONYBEARE's thoughts. First began by scolding unnamed persons for not rising in his defence on Tuesday; then proceeded to argue with Mr. G. and SPEAKER on point of order involved in his earlier attack. Incidentally, as the SPEAKER, in indignant tones, pointed out, he repeated the charges embodied in his letter. House long listened, with amazing patience. But there are limits to forbearance; at end of quarter of an hour the CURSE OF CAMBORNE had reached these; his letter declared by unanimous vote to be a breach of privilege; a lame apology wrung from his unwilling lips, under penalty of a week's suspension. "Curses," said the Member for Sark, "come home to roost, no exception being made in the case of CAMBORNE." *Business done.*—None.

MRS. R.'s LATEST OBSERVATION.—Our excellent friend was disappointed with the Royal Bridal Procession. Finding the King and Queen of DENMARK in the procession, she naturally looked out for Hamlet, and does not, to this hour, see why he should have been left out of the play.



"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

A LONDON PEST.

To an impartial observer the public, philanthropic, and municipal attempts to honour the memory of the great and good, if sometimes mistaken, Earl of SHAFTESBURY, appear to have been singularly unfortunate. The West-End Avenue that bears his name is more full of music-halls, theatres, pot-houses, and curious property, than any street of equal length and breadth in the whole Metropolis. Lord SHAFTESBURY may not have been a Puritan, but he was essentially a serious man, and his sympathies were more with Exeter Hall than with the Argyle Rooms; and yet, in the street which is honoured by his name, it has been found impossible to remove the old title of this historic place from the stenciled facade of the Trocadero.

The fountain at Piccadilly Circus, which has been unveiled as the second of the SHAFTESBURY memorials, is surmounted by—what? Some writers have called it a girl, some have called it a boy; many of the public, no doubt, regard it as a mythological bird, and it certainly looks like the Bolognese Mercury flying away with the wings of St. Michael. We are told, on authority, that it represents



AWFUL MOMENT!

"CONF—! I'VE FORGOTTEN MY DRESS COAT!"

Eros, the Greek god of love, and his shaft is directed to a part of London that, more than any other part, at night, requires the bull's-eye and the besom of authority. The "Top of the Gaymarket" is in just as bad a condition as it was when *Punch* directed attention to it more than ten years ago, and the *virus* since then has extended as far eastward as St. Martin's Lane. Moll Flanders' Parade now begins at St. James's Church and ends with Cranbourne Street. It is unfortunate, to say the least of it, that Eros has been selected to point at this London Pestiduct, and the sooner it is thoroughly cleansed and the neighbourhood made worthy of the Shaftesbury Fountain, the better.

DELEND A EST DRURILANA!—The Drury Lane Committee, headed by the dauntless JAMES O DOWD, have decided upon approaching the Duke of BEDFORD with a protest against his Grace's present expressed intention of pulling down the Old Theatre within the next two years. Probably the result of this, the latest incident in the interesting annals of Old Drury, will simply be to make another addition to the well-known collection of "Rejected Addresses."

OUR OPERA.

To hear sweet strains by GRÜCK or GOUNOD, MASCAGNI, WAGNER, one must, you know, Pass slums; at dark it Is nice in Endell Street and Bow Street; Still better in that fragrant nose treat—"Mudsalad Market."

Inside, say, *Orpheus* sings in Hades To gallant men and noble ladies— Rank, wealth, and beauty; Outside, Elysium is forgotten. To clear away these slums, half rotten, Is no one's duty.

Inside, MASCAGNI's *Intermezzo*, Though heard in many places, yet so Delightful ever; Outside, cab touts and paper sellers, And other people's pert *Sam Weller's*, Delightful never!

Inside, some day, the newest, *Falstaff*, Will occupy a far from small staff Of band and chorus: Outside, as now, old slums ill-smelling, And costermongers, shouting, yelling, Will be before us.

Once someone started building greatly, Walls rose, arranged to form quite stately House, *foyers*, lobbies. They stopped, extremely gaunt and lonely, And, now the site is used, it's only A haunt of bobbies.

So still Euterpe's home is hidden In ill-paved slums, through which we've ridden

With jolts that jerk us. How unlike Paris! Did we follow Her taste, we should enshrine Apollo At Regent Circus.

JUST CAUSE.

I LOVE you for your splendid hair,
Your violet eyes, your swaying waist,
Whose curves exactly suit my taste;
Your radiant smile, your dimples rare.

I love you for your store of pelf,
Of course; but most of all, my sweet,
Because of this—whene'er we meet,
You let me talk about myself!

ODE DE KNILL—AND CO.

Making Something of Nothing!—Lord Mayor KNILL has been created a Baronet. Sheriffs WILKIN and RENALS, as being next to Nil, have been knighted.

"Nobodies" have been Baronets, but still 'Tis wondrous to create one out of Nil! The Middlesex Artillery Volunteers Will "make the Wilkin ring" with hearty cheers. And for the last, he'll bear his honours meekly, He's RENALS "going strong," not "*Renals Weakly*."

(For the last, understand *Reynolds' Weekly*.)

GOOD EGG-SAMPLE!—One egg was sold the other day for £60 18s. *Vide Times* of Wednesday last. The egg was a perfect specimen of *that rara avis in terris, the gigantic Aepyornis Maximus* of Madagascar. What did Mr. STEVENS do with it? Did he have it made into several omelettes for a breakfast-party of a dozen? Of course it was a perfectly fresh egg, and the only thing at all high about it was the price.

FROM THE CAMP.—Just now Riflemen are Bis'ley engaged.

A FALLEN ART.

[A "lady palmist" has been fined ten shillings and costs for fortune-telling.—*Daily News*.]

SHE lived, this prophetess, too late,
And plied an art that's out of date,
Another age had seen her gain
Her reputation not in vain,
Had seen a crowd respectful wait
Upon the arbiter of fate,
While kings and rulers brought her gold
To have futurity unrolled!

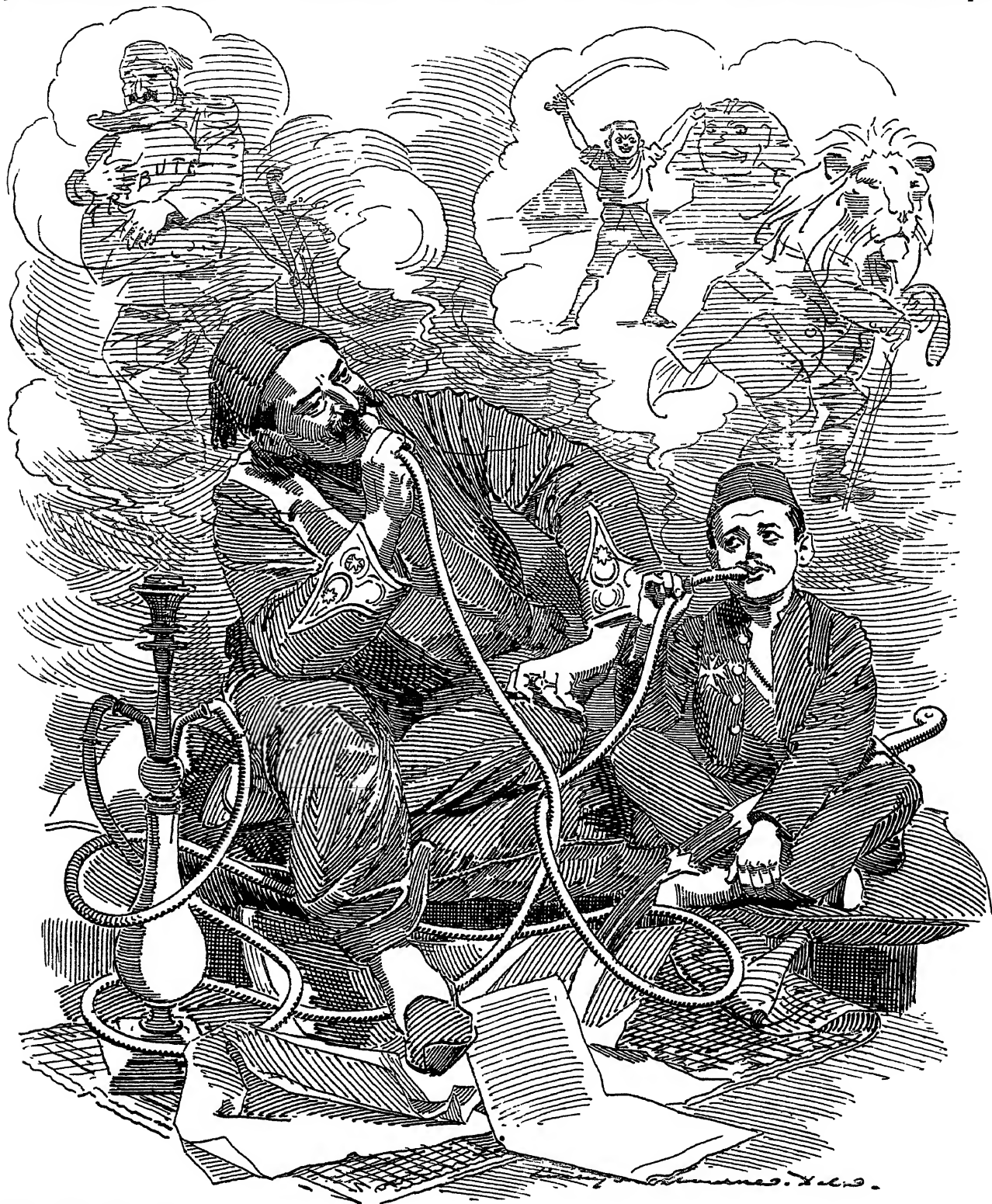
In some Greek court where fountains play,
Or dwelling by the Applan way,
The prophetess would surely be
Besought by each Leucônée,
And if for these she sometimes drew
A future pleasanter than true,
At least she gave them, you'll confess,
Anticipated happiness!

Ah! times are changed, and nowadays
Such divination hardly pays;
There comes no more the crowds that used,
The fees are terribly reduced!
And if our policemen caught the Sphinx
Propounding "Missing Words," one thinks
Our British justice could not fail
To send her speedily to gaol!

IMPY AND GARRY.—Colonel SAUNDERSON, "speaking as an Irishman" (did anyone ever hear the gallant Colonel speak as an Englishman?), didn't object to being classed among his countrymen, whom Mr. BRODBICK had styled "impeccunious and garrulous." He might have quoted the name of one of their own national airs as emphasizing, by descriptively abbreviating, these two epithets, namely, "*Garryowen*." "*Garry*" is clearly the short for "*gurrulous*," and "*owen*" is the oldest form of "*not payin*."

A "TURKISH OCCUPATION;" OR, VISIONS IN SMOKE.

["The KHEDIVÉ has been the object of numerous marks of personal friendship on the SULTAN's part."—*Times Correspondent at Constantinople.*]



Sultan (amicably). Welcome, dear ABBAS! Take a seat, and a pipe—take anything you have a mind to, and “make yourself at home,” as the accursed Giaours say.

Khedive (squatting). Thanks, my dear—Suzerain! Yildiz Kiosk feels, indeed, very home-like. More than my own Cairo does—when CROMER's there. This Nichan-i-Imtiaz Order is really very becoming. Pity you and I, ABDUL, have to take “orders” from anybody west of Alexandria!

Sultan (sotto voce). And why should we?

Khedive (sulkily). Well, the sons of burnt fathers have got the upper hand of the Faithful, somehow—confound them!

Sultan (reading). “Intelligence received here of late, from trustworthy quarters in Egypt, indicates that the KHEDIVÉ's journey is to be made the point of departure for a *grande action diplomatique* against British influence in the Valley of the Nile.” That's from the *Times*, my ABBAS!

Khedive (moodily). Humph! Wish the Egyptian quarters were "trustworthy." *Grande action diplomatique?* Quite makes one's mouth water!

Sultan. Doesn't it? The same infernal—but influential—news-sheet says: "The young **KHEDIVE** knows that not only would he meet with a personally kindly reception, but that the grievances he is known to be anxious to pour out would fall on ready ears." There, at least, the Giaour "rag" is right. Pour away, my **ABBAS!** "Keep your eye on your father—or Suzerain—and he will pull you through." *[Winks and whiffs.]*

Khedive (whiffing and winking). Will he, though? And that Turkish Bodyguard?

Sultan (warmly). At your service at any moment, my dear **ABBAS!**

Khedive (smoking furiously with closed eyes). Ah! if they would only let me alone, let me rule my subjects in my own Oriental way—as you do yours in Armenia, for example—then, indeed, I could have a good time, and plenty of treasure.

Sultan (significantly). Out of which my little formal trifle of Tribute might come easily and regularly—eh, **ABBAS?**

Khedive. Quite so, Padishah! Bah! These brutal, blundering Britishers don't understand the Art of Government as adapted to Eastern Ideas.

Sultan (soothingly). Well, never mind, **ABBAS.** We'll lay our heads together, anon, now you are here, and—who knows? Meanwhile, let's enjoy ourselves. Something like a "Turkish Occupation" this—eh? And how do you like this Turkish tobacco?

Khedive (blowing vigorously). Smokes easily, and makes a big cloud. In which I fancy I can see myself driving the British Lion out of the Nile Valley at the point of the bayonet.

Sultan (dreamily). And I picture myself comfortably replenishing my Treasury with that Tribute! Like music, **ABBAS?**

Khedive (uneasily). Ye-e-e-s. Why!

Sultan (promptly). Then I'll tip you something soothing. *[Sings.]*

I'll sing thee songs of Arabi,
And tales of far Cash ne-ar!
Strange yarns to move thee to a smile,
Or melt thee to a te-ar!
And dreams of delight shall hover bright,
And smoke-born vi-sions rise
Of artful "fake," which well may wake
Wild wonder in thine eyes.
I'll move thee to a smile
With dreams of far Cash ne-e-e-e-ar!
[Left dreaming.]



LACONIC.

Passenger. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT ARE THE TIMES FOR THESE 'BUSESSES TO LEAVE THE SWISS COTTAGE?"

Driver. "QUARTER AFTER—'ARF AFTER—QUARTER TO—AND AT!"

A VISION OF ROYALTY.

(Written after a surfeit of the Illustrated Papers.)

YE Royalties of England, how beautiful ye are!
The special artists claim you, they track you from afar.
In uniforms and diamonds, with sceptre and with crown,
In many a picture-paper those artists set you down.

And thus the British public may gaze upon its Queen—
They make her small, but dignified, of most majestic mien.
She smiles—the artist marks her; she frowns—the artist quails,
And soothes himself by drawing H.R.H. the Prince of WALES.

He draws him at foundation stones, a trowel in his hand
(The point of silver trowels I ne'er could understand);
He draws him opening railways, or turning sods of grass,
And he draws him as a Colonel, in helmet and cuirasse.

We see him dressed for London, a-riding in the Row—
I wonder if he ever finds his London pleasures slow;
And we see him down at Sandringham, his country-home in Norfolk,
Where the Royal pair are much beloved, especially by poor folk.

And oft at public dinners, in Garter and in Star,
We see his Royal Highness enjoying his cigar.
I wish they wouldn't vary quite so much his Royal figure.
For they sometimes make him leaner, and sometimes make him bigger.

But, be that as it may, I feel that, while my life endures,
I know by heart my Prince's face, my future King's contours.
A stiff examination in the Prince of WALES I'd pass,
And in all his princely attitudes they'd give me a first-class.

The Duke of YORK, our Sailor Prince, I think I've got him pat;
I've never seen him face to face, but what's the odds of that?
In illustrated papers I have watched him every day
Since he went and popped the question to the pretty Princess MAY.

I've seen them plain or coloured in fifty different styles,
Just like a pair of turtle-doves, all bills and coos and smiles.
I never saw a turtle-dove that smiled upon its pet afore,
But he who writes of bridal pairs is bound to use the metaphor.

Oh, Princess MAY, oh, Princess MAY, in crayon or in oil you
Are loveable and beautiful, they can't avail to spoil you.
They did their worst, and did it well, those special-artist wretches,
To make you like a stolid block in all their special sketches.

So this, my meek petition, to those artists is addressed,
Give Royalties of every sort a little welcome rest.
I cannot bear my Royal ones—of loyalty I'm full—
To look like wax and sawdust, with limbs of cotton-wool.

And thus, when next you draw them (oh, may the time be long
To make them human beings will surely not be wrong.
And if you'll take a hint from me you'll earn a nation's thanks,
By drawing these prize princely ones a little less like blanks.

Lines in Pleasant Places.—*Sala's Journal*, full of interesting and entertaining matter, has lately been giving very sensible advice as to Palmistry, which is again in vogue. The Palmists appear to be doing so uncommonly well just now, that this year will be memorable, for them at least, as "the Palmy days" of chiromancy.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS "SCHPOGEN."

Herr Dumpling (a "Deacher of English" who has made the most of his holiday during the Royal Marriage week). "ZERTAINLY, I HAF ZEEN ZE VEDDING-BROZESS, ZE GWEEEN, AND ZE GLIDDERING GOACHES, AND ZE NAIDIVE DROOBS; AND IN ZE EFENING NEFFER HAF I ZEEN SO PEUDIFUL GAS-WORKS! BOT, ACH HIMMEL, HOW VAS I OFERGROWDED!"

SEEING THE ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS.

(A Sketch at the Imperial Institute.)

SCENE—The North Gallery on a Saturday afternoon, with the thermometer at considerably over 80° in the shade. The presents are arranged behind a long barrier, in front of which the Spectators form a double "queue," the outer rank facing in the opposite direction to the inner line, and both moving at an average rate of one foot every five minutes.

The Attendants (spasmodically). Pass along there, please. Keep moving!

[The crowd close to the barrier either cannot or will not pay the slightest attention to these injunctions, and remain placidly gazing at whatever happens to be in front of them; the people in the outside line, who can see just enough to tantalise them, begin to exhibit signs of impatience.]

A Sour-looking Spinster. Well, I'm sure! They might remember there's others that would like to have a look besides themselves! Some of them seem to have made up their minds to spend the whole day here! (With a withering glance at a stout lady in the inner rank.) How anyone can call herself a lady and spend fifteen minutes downright gloating at nothing but cigarette cases—well, I should be sorry to be so disobliging myself!

[The stout lady, who has exhausted the cigarette cases long ago, but can't move on until those in front of her have thoroughly inspected the jewels, fans herself with a pocket-handkerchief, and pretends not to have heard.]

A Cheery Old Lady (to her Grand-daughter). Well, they do make you wait, there's no denying—but we shall see everything some time or other. 'Ot, MINNIE? Yes, it is 'ot, and they're pushing in front as well as beyind, now; but lor, my dear, we must put up with sech things when we come out like this. And

you can ketch a glimpse in and between like, as it is, I can see the top of a Grandfather's Clock. It won't take us 'alf an hour now, at the rate we're going, to git round the turn, and then we shall be next the barrier, and 'ave a little more room. There, they're beginning to move a bit. (The line advances about a yard.) Now we're getting along beautiful!

A Purple-faced Old Gentleman (in a perspiration). It's scandalous! These people inside aren't attempting to move along. (To the inner rank.) Will you kindly pass on, and give others a chance? Do pass along there! (The people in the inner row maintain a bland unconsciousness, which is too much for his feelings.) D—n it! why can't you pass along when you're asked to?

The Usual Comic Cockney. It's no good torkin' perlitely to 'em, guv'nor; you touch some on 'em up with your umberella. Why, there's two old ladies aside o' me that 'ave gone and 'ipnotised theirselves starin' at silver kandlesticks!

A Plaintive Female (to a smart young constable). Oh, Mr. Policeman, do make 'em 'urry up there!

[The constable prudently declines to attempt the impossible, and merely smiles with pitying superiority.]

Mrs. Lavender Salt (who has insisted on her husband escorting her). LAVENDER, what a frightful crush! I don't believe we've moved for the last twenty minutes, and I'm nearly dead with the heat!

Mr. L. S. (with irritating common sense). Well, MIMOSA, you don't suppose I'm enjoying myself? After all, if you don't like the crush, the remedy's simple. You've only to step out of it into the grounds, you know—there is some air there!

Mrs. L. S. What? and give up our places after going through so much? No, LAVENDER, it would be too absurd to have to go away without seeing the Royal Presents after all!

Mr. L. S. But is it worth all this pushing and squeezing? Why, you can see much the same sort of thing any day in perfect comfort by simply walking down Bond Street!

Mrs. L. S. You wouldn't say so if you had the least scrap of imagination! It isn't the things themselves one comes to see—it's the sentiment attached to them!

Mr. L. S. Oh, is that it? Well, I can make out the upper part of a weighing machine over your shoulder, but I can't say I discover any particular sentiment attached to that.

Mrs. L. S. (impatiently). Oh, if you choose to sneer at everything, of course you can, but it's looking at things like these that makes us the loyal nation we are, LAVENDER!

Mr. L. S. My dear MIMOSA, I give you my solemn word that if I remain opposite those Chippendale bookcases ten minutes longer I shall become a gibbering anarchist! Surely we can be loyal without such a painful resemblance to a box of dried figs.

[Mrs. L. S. shudders at these revolutionary sentiments.]

A New Comer (arriving with a friend, and craning curiously over the shoulders of the spectators in posse, to their intense indignation). 'Ere they are, JOE. I can see a lot o' silver inkstands. We'll get a view if we shove in 'ere.

[He attempts to edge through the double rank.] The Purple-faced Old Gentleman. I protest against your pushing in here, Sir. We're hot enough already without that. It's monstrously unfair!

The New Comer. I s'pose I've got as much right to see the bloomin' Presents as what you 'ave?

The P.-f. O. G. You've no right to push in out of your turn, Sir. You must take your proper place down at the end of the queue and wait, like everybody else.

The New Comer. What, all the way down there, and 'ow long might I have to wait, now?

The P.-f. O. G. (with tremendous dignity). That I can't say, Sir. I can only tell you this—that I have been standing here myself for over three-quarters of an hour without advancing ten yards or seeing anything distinctly, and so have all these ladies and gentlemen.

The New Comer. Hor, hor, hor! D'jeat that, JOE? Ten yards in three-quarters of an hour! What price snails, eh? Well, Sir, if that's your ideer of amusin' yourself on a warm afternoon, it ain't mine, so you'll excuse me and my friend 'ere joinin' your little percession. Don't lose 'art, Sir, keep on at it. You'll git there afore bedtime if you don't overexert yourselves. Take it easy now!

[They pass on with ribald laughter, to the general relief. Eventually, after infinite delay and maddening exhortations to "keep moving," the outer queue succeed to the barrier and to the unpopularity enjoyed by their predecessors.]

ALONG THE BARRIER.

Now we shan't be nearly so squeezed, MINNIE! There's nothing partickler to look at just yet, except KERRIDGES. . . . It's not the smallest use telling us to hurry, my good woman, because we can't move till those in front choose to go on. . . . Look at the 'ariness, MINNIE—pretty 'ariness, ain't it? with their crest on it and all! . . . Well, I call it shabby givin' 'em a kerridge without even so much as a old moke to dror it. I'd ha' done it 'ansome, or not at all. . . .

Lor, look at the dust on all the furniture—it *will* want cleanin' up! . . . That's a beautiful gong, MINNIE; see, that's the thing they 'it it with. . . . Ain't that a comfortable looking chair in red moroccer? That'll be for the 'all porter to set in, I expect—there's a 'at in it. Lor no, my dear, it 'ud ha' been a better lookin' 'at than what that is, if it was one of the presents, depend on it! There's a weighin' machine. . . . Fancy goin' and givin' them a thing like that! Oh, I expect it's for them to weigh themselves with. Ah, 'ere come the *Jewels* now. Now we *shall* see somethink! . . . I don't see *our* present yet, do you, 'ARRIET? There's old Uncle BILL'S. See, that dimond and pearl necklace. Well, if they ain't gone and put it down as "Persented by six 'undred and fifty ladies of England!" And the old man savin' up his screw for weeks for it—he *will* be 'urt when he 'ears of it! Some bloke's gone and given 'em a pillar-post box. I thought of sendin' the one at our corner, on'y it wouldn't come out easy; and what with the copper bein' on his beat—why, I decided I'd give 'em somethink else. . . . Walking-sticks? Why, he wouldn't want more if he was a—centipede! . . . I wonder where they'll *put* all the things. I'm sure! 'Ulo, a pearl and dimond tiarer, made o' card-board. I 'ope they thanked 'im nicely for *that*! Why, that's on'y a model, like. Well, and a very good model, too, what I call eckernomical. . . . Look at those lovely toast-racks! . . . LAVENDER, what a magnificent old mirror!—Elizabethan, I expect. I wonder who gave *that*? . . . Oh, me and 'ARRIET give 'er *that*, mum. . . . Oh, dear, I wish I was them, to have all these presents. . . . Why, my dear, it doesn't matter to *them*—they have everything lovely as it is! . . . 'ARRIET, when you and me git married, we'll 'ave a show of all *our* presents—not 'ere, there won't be no room. We'll take the Agricultural 'All, and have a catalogue and everythink. "Set of Elizabethian sheep's trotters, from the Hearl of ALAMODE," eh? "Pound of Queen Anne saveloys, from the Markis o' MILE-END." "Yard o' flypaper, from the Dook o' SHOREDITCH." "Packet of 'airpins, persented by seven' underd lydies of Whitechapel." "Donkey-barrer an' kerridge-rug, from the residents in the Ole Kent Road." Etcetera. . . . I do wish you wouldn't go on so foolish! Why, if someone hain't sent her a set o' straw soles to keep her shoes dry—what *next*, I wonder! . . . And a very sensible thing too. . . . Well, my dear, I'm sure nothing can't be too good for her, and they've certainly been set up with every blessing a young couple can require—and may they live long to enjoy them!

[And so says Mr. Punch.]

Parliamentary Declension.

Nominative—M.P. "named." *Genitive*—M.P. in possession of the House. *Dative*—Giving it hot to M.P. *Accusative*—Charge against M.P. *Vocative*—"O! O!" and (pro-vocative cries). *Abblative*—M.P. is removed in custody of Serjeant-at-Arms.

THE subject of conversation in the presence of Mrs. R. was the Darlington magistrates' decision in the palmistry case. "Yet," remarked our old friend, thoughtfully, "palmistry is very ancient, and practised professionally by most excellent and good people. Isn't DAVID always spoken of as 'The Palmist'?"



A SLAVE TO COURTESY.

He. "DO YOU MIND STOPPIN' A BIT NOW. I GET RATHER GIDDY, DON'TCHERKNOW."
She. "BUT IF YOU GET GIDDY, WHY DO YOU COME TO DANCES?"
He. "WELL, I'M A BACHELOR AND THAT SORT OF THING, AND IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN SEE OF REPAYIN' HOSPITALITY."

THE SONG OF THE SHOP-KEEPER.

Will the Season be long?
Will the Season be short?
Parliament's going strong!
Plenty of stir at Court!
Cholera rumours abroad,
Summer weather at home,
Us a chance may afford;
I only hope it may come!
Royal Marriage over!
Money remarkably "tight"!
Landlords *may* live in clover.
Shopkeepers' pull seems slight.
Will some of our Oracles clever
Tell a poor chap what he axes?
For three things go on for ever,
And those are Rents, Rates,
and Taxes!

THE VOLUNTEERS' VADE MECUM.

(For the Centre Weeks of July.)

Question. Do you prefer Bisley to Wimbledon?

Answer. Officially, yes; as a civilian, no.

Q. Why do you make the distinction?

A. Because I go to Bisley in a double capacity.

Q. Why do you prefer Bisley to Wimbledon officially?

A. Because there are no distractions, and the ranges are less subject to atmospheric interruption.

Q. Why do you prefer Wimbledon to Bisley as a civilian?

A. Because Wimbledon was an extremely cheery place, where you could entertain your friends to your heart's content, and have a generally good time of it.

Q. Can you not obtain the same advantages at Bisley?

A. Certainly not. You are in the neighbourhood of Woking Cemetery, and that melancholy spot influences its surroundings.

Q. But were you not always regretting the attractions of Wimbledon when you were in Surrey?

A. Certainly, because they lured me from work.

Q. Do you still regret them?

A. More than ever, because they were certainly pleasanter than the attractions of Bisley.

Q. And now, in conclusion, what do you think of this year's shooting?

A. The same as former years.

Q. What do you mean by that?

A. That those who win owe their good shots to flukes, and those who fail have to thank their rifles, and the state of the weather.

"SO LIKE THEM!"—Of all the numerous "memorials" of the Royal Wedding, Count WALERY'S "Wedding Number of Photographic Portraits" takes the wedding cake. It is priced at three shillings and sixpence, and for this you get one English sovereign and "royalties." If this isn't good value for money we don't know what is.

THE SKIRT-DANCER, OR UNLIMITED LOIE-ABILITY.—When a theatre is doing "good business," and is crammed in every part, placards are exhibited, announcing "Pit Full, Stalls Full, Boxes Full," &c. &c. But at the Gaiety just now, where Miss LOIE FULLER is appearing, the management might simply put up outside the simple statement of fact—"FULLER EVERY EVENING!"

THE ECLIPSE RIDDLE.—Why didn't *La Fêche* win the Eclipse Stakes?—Because she wanted to keep out of *Orme's* way.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Sir Pompey (so much in earnest that he forgets his Grammar). "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS THIS, THAT WHAT I GIVE IN CHARITY IS NOTHING TO NOBODY!"

MRS. NICKLEBY IN THE CHAIR.

A Song of Sympathetic Suggestion.

"Poor Mrs. NICKLEBY, who had at no time been remarkable for the possession of a very clear understanding, had been reduced by the late changes in affairs to a most complicated state of perplexity. . . .

"I don't know what to think, one way or other, my dear," said Mrs. NICKLEBY; "NICHOLAS is so violent, and your uncle has so much composure, that I can only hear what he says, and not what NICHOLAS does. Never mind—don't let us talk any more about it." . . .

"Now Mrs. NICKLEBY was not the sort of person to be told anything in a hurry, or rather to comprehend anything of peculiar delicacy or importance on a short notice. . . .

"Anybody who had come in upon us suddenly would have supposed that I was confusing and distracting, instead of making things plainer; upon my word they would." . . .

"I am very sorry indeed," said Mrs. NICKLEBY. "I am very sorry indeed for all this. I really don't know what would be the best to do, and that's the truth; . . . but if it could be settled in any friendly manner—and some fair arrangement was come to, so that we undertook to have fish twice a week, and a pudding once, or a dumpling, or something of that sort, I do think it might be very satisfactory and pleasant for all parties."

"This compromise, which was proposed with abundance of tears and sighs, not exactly meeting the point at issue, nobody took any notice of it."

Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby."

AIR—"Nickleby Nod."

OH! where are we next to be carried,
My own dear NICKLEBY NOD?
We're worried, and hurried, and harried!
In pickle has no one a rod?

Obstruction's becoming a bore;
We're victims of boor, clown, and cad.
It seems of our "noble six hundred"
A solid majority's mad!

DICKENS was surely prophetic,
My own dear NICKLEBY NOD!
The plight of yourself is pathetic,
The state of the House appears odd.
Can't we live quiet and decent?
The shindy makes common sense sad:
It seems from occurrences recent
The mass of the House *must* be mad!

Whom should we ask to protect us,
My own dear NICKLEBY NOD?
A rowdy rot seems to infect us
And Nemesis looks leaden-shod.
Shouldn't we look to the Chair
To save us from garrulous fad,
When row-de-dow fills all the air,
And the bulk of the House is gone mad?

Cynics may find it amusing.
My own dear NICKLEBY NOD,
This venomous mutual abusing.
Thersites seems ranked as a god.
Billingsgate sways our big swells,
Talent plays Brummagem Cad.
'Tis worse than Sarcasm of Sadler's Wells.
You're mild—and your House is mad!

More is to come in the Autumn,
My own poor NICKLEBY NOD!
We trust by that time you'll have taught 'em
Some decency—e'en by the rod.
"Not say any more about it?"
That will scarce answer, my lad!
Patience may soothe, but I doubt it
Much—when the culprits are mad!

"Settled in some friendly manner?"
My own poor NICKLEBY NOD,
CHAMBERLAIN, SEXTON, and TANNER
(Say) as "fair friends" would look odd.
GLADSTONE, and BALFOUR, and SAUNDERSON,
Might keep the peace, and be glad;
But while malignity munders on
NICKLEBY policy's—mad!

"Some fair arrangement?"—with RUSSELL?
My own poor NICKLEBY NOD,
Hark how they howl, shriek, and hustle!
Nay; you must whip out the rod.
Wish you had brought it forth sooner.
NICKLEBY rôle, my dear lad,
Of mild, muddled, well-meaning mooner,
Won't work—with a House gone mad!

NEWS FROM UGANDA.—"A conference," so the *Times* special lately wrote, "took place between Bishop TUCKER and Monseigneur HIRTH," with a view to amicably arranging their respective missions. Monseigneur HIRTH wished to sing the old nigger melody of "*Out ob de way ole Dan Tucker*." Imperial Commissioner objected. Bishop TUCKER, lineal descendant of the celebrated little Thomas who "cried for his supper," wanted to have all the black and white bread to himself according to the ancient nursery tradition of the TUCKER family. Commissioner, quite a GALLO in his way, wouldn't hear of it. Ultimately the two ecclesiastical antagonists came to terms, the Commissioner (Our Own) wisely observing that "as the object of both missions was a spiritual one, there ought to be no Hirthly ground for disagreement."



MRS. NICKLEBY IN THE CHAIR.

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

THE FIRST COOK!

Oh! the first Cook, in that ambrosial, unwithering
Haleyon, rapturous, and honeymooning prime!—
She, who, aware of HELEN's babyish and blithering
Innocence, did a lot of mischief in her time.

Oh! for her soup, a weird, insuperable fearfulness,
Compound of arrowroot, and gelatine, and lard;
Hard, to reject it, when a bride besought, with tearfulness,
Hard, to accept, and to assimilate it, hard!



Oh! for her leather-like,
her nauseating ome-
lette,
Oh! for her outlets and
potatoes black as ink!
Oft, of necessity, would I
the Buttons, TOMMY, let
Batten on luxuries that
bothered him, I think.

And she would mingle,
would that woman who
did *that* to me,
Proofs incontestable with
everything I ate,
Whereby the veriest be-
ginner of anatomy
Knew that she must be in
complexion a *brunette*.

Wild were her sauces, like
herself, devoid of rea-
soning;
Still I have never been
indubitably clear,

Why the invariable factor in her seasoning
Always reminded me so forcibly of Beer.

Why, when my darling sighed, "The weekly books are
ready, TED,"
And I rejoiced that *we* were thin while *they* were fat,—
Why, their increasing superfluities were credited
All to a manifestly unoffending cat.

Why, when a joint of whatsoever solid vastness
Quitted the dining-room, it never came again;
Why my allusions to her culinary nastiness
Only encouraged her, it beats me to explain.

True, for our wages, which where somewhere near the
"Twenty-ones,"

Great expectations would have been a trifle rash.
Still, as her perquisites, I know, were cent.-per-cent.-y ones,
Ah! how I wish a *Chef* had fed us for the cash!

Oh! my first Cook! A gem with so much rare and rich in her,
Irreconcilable, impenetrable soul,
How I exulted when she fell against the kitchener,
Urged by a Nemesis (and legs) beyond control.

How, when my fluttered pet, believing her immaculate,
Hied to her aid, and heard, "*You ain't a Lady, Mum!*"
How I was forced to rather brutally ejaculate,
"Rum! Very rum!—you see the cause of it is '*rum*.'"

Oh! that first year of married paradise! My attitude
Somehow, my sweet, on this our second Wedding-day,
Needs must be one of unadulterated gratitude,
Since we survive the Cook, you wept to send away!

"HAS LEFT BUT THE NAME."—The intention of the original
starters of the Aquarium was presumably to exhibit fish of all sorts,
all alive oh! and quite at home. Nowadays, nothing about fish
can be found in the advertisements. The fish are, it may be
supposed, "taken for granted." They are conspicuous by their
absence; but instead you read how "a human being dives," how
somebody conjures, how there are "miraculous feats," and "four-
legged dancers," and "baby elephants" waltzing and drum-playing;
how somebody of some importance "walks upside down in mid-air;"
how there are "serpentine" dancers, "pantomimists," "duettists,"
and, finally, the "boxing kangaroo," so that altogether the
Aquarium may still congratulate itself on a show of about the
"queerest, oddest fish" in the world.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

[At the World's Fair, in Chicago, the other day, the Rev. JOHN JAMESON,
of Virginia, smashed a stand containing an exhibit of Irish Whiskey.]

WHAT's this? Am I dreaming? I fancy I am:
But no—it is printed without any flam.

"The Reverend gentleman stood by the stand,
With a hickory cudgel upraised in his hand.
Then, with fury and fire in his clerical eye,
This temperate priest on the bottles let fly."

Oh, the waste of good liquor; to think there should be
A man who with whiskey would dare to make free;
And to think—which but adds to the sin and the shame—
That the spoiler of whiskey should own such a name.
One might sooner expect that some learned Q. C.
Should abjure what he lives by, and welcomes—a fee;
That a judge should break laws, or a gaoler break chains,
Or a "guinea-pig" turn in disgust from his gains;
That a bookie should preach, or a bishop should bet,
That a slave of the Season should break etiquette;
A landlord proclaim his dislike of his rent,
Sleek MOSES protest against eighty per cent;
That a priest should cast doubts on a stole or a cope,
Or PEAS hint a fault in the worth of his soap.
Such sights would be strange, but they cannot compare
With the sight that was seen t'other day at the Fair,
When JOHN JAMESON smashed (or the newspapers fib it)
With his hickory cudgel a whiskey-exhibit.

THE LATEST PARISIAN "ROMANCE."

(Translated from the original French Canard.)

THEY were hunting him down. They had traced him from spot
to spot. Now he was in the barracks bribing the Army, now in the
Ministerial Bureau offering gold to the Members of the Government,
now in the office of the leading newspaper arranging for back
pages in advertisements at double the scale price. His pernicious
influence was felt everywhere. The whole body was permeated with
a poisonous atmosphere of corruption.

"We shall have him now," said the first detective, as he looked
to the lock of his revolver.

"No doubt about it," returned the other, as he loosed his sword
in its scabbard. "He cannot escape us."

Then the force of cavalry, infantry and artillery in attendance
raised a stealthy cheer. It had been difficult to bring the charges
home to the accused, but they had succeeded. It seemed impossible
to prove his identity, but now they had surrounded him. It was
only a question of a few minutes, and he would be their prisoner.

The detectives entered the *café*. They looked around them. They
could see no one answering to his description. All who were there
had black beards, black shaggy hair. They could see no red tresses,
no yellow Dundreary whiskers and prominent front teeth. Where
could he be?

"Yes, there is one diner who has ordered a singular meal," replied
a *garçon*, in reply to a question. "He has asked for turtle-soup,
raw herrings, raw beef, raw mutton chops, plum-pudding and a
barrel of porter-beer."

"It must be he," cried the detectives, in a breath; "only an
Englishman would want such a meal."

And he asked for the *Times* and *Punch*," added the waiter.

"Proof conclusive of nationality;" and in a moment the man was
surrounded and seized.

"You dare not touch me," he shouted, battling with his captors.
"I am sacred, and if you offer violence you pledge your country to
a terrible war!"

Impressed by the stranger's vehemence, the detectives released him.
Once free, he threw off his black wig, took off his false nose, and put
on his blue spectacles. Then he gazed around him proudly.

"We ask your pardon, M. l'Ambassadeur," said the police.

"It is granted," returned their now-released prisoner, and he
entered his carriage. "I would have preferred to preserve my *incognito*,
but your interference has compelled me to reveal my identity. And
now, home."

And the coachman drove the Ambassador to a grand mansion in the
Rue Faubourg St. Honoré.

SEQUEL (from the original English).

And when the Ambassador read the above, he came back to his
native land, and observed, "I think I have had enough of this."
And everyone at home agreed with him.

BY OUR OUT-AND-OUT-EVERY-EVENING MAN.—*Mem.* The only
endurable "Squash" in this hot weather is "Lemon Squash."

QUEER ENGLISH.

WE are delighted—everyone is delighted, and that is much the same thing—to know that Mrs. BANCROFT is by this time on the high road to recovery from the effects of what might have been a serious accident. The “inimitable” was in a Hansom, when the horse suddenly fell. Had Mrs. BANCROFT been only what is professionally known as “A Walking Lady,” this could not have happened. The *Daily Telegraph's* account of it informed us that “Mr. BLAKELEY, now of the Criterion Theatre, and once a member of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT's own company, who was happily passing immediately after the occurrence, was the means of having the lady taken to her private residence.” Mr. BLAKELEY is always “happy” in any part he undertakes, *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, and no doubt he was “happily passing,” perhaps gaily whistling, lightly stepping, merrily twirling a stick, and walking along “thinking of nothing at all,” when he became aware of the danger to the popular ex-manageress, which at once changed his note from a tenner to an alto: in fact alto-gether altered it. [The above comment would have been impossible had the reporter stated that, “Happily for Mrs. BANCROFT, Mr. BLAKELEY, &c., &c., was passing at the moment, and, &c., &c.”]

“BEN TROVATO!”—Yes, found at last; this Ben is Mr. BEN DAVIES, who sang five songs before the QUEEN, that is—to avoid all appearance of rudeness—in Her Gracious Majesty's presence, one day last week. He is now “Big Ben Trovato-re” in chief, and long may he remain so.

A PROPER NAME.—That peculiar but not uncommon ornithological species known as “Gaol-birds” ought to be kept in a *Knave-lary*.



TOO CONSCIENTIOUS BY HALF.

“IS THAT ENOUGH, SIR?”

“YES; THAT 'LL DO VERY WELL. AND NOW SHAVE ME, PLEASE.”

“I OUGHT TO MENTION THAT SHAVING IS THREEPENCE EXTRA, SIR. DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S WORTH WHILE?”

FROM PROFESSOR MUDDLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your poet (in this week's issue) reminds me of my own unfortunate experience. Ever since I read that inspired work, *Alice in Blunderland*, I do not seem to be able to give a correct version of any of the poems I have long been accustomed to repeat or sing. After dinner the other night I was asked to sing, and gave a well-known song as follows:—

Think of me only with thy nose,
No words need then be said;
Or kiss me sweetly with thine
No lips are half so red. [ears,
The thirst that in my body burns
Demands both food and wine,
So when I next shall call on thee
You'll know I've come to dine.
Thou sent'st me late a rose-bud fair,

Not so much honouring me
As hoping near my heart I'd wear
It all for love of thee.
But I returned it through the post—

Forgive me, if you can—
Since when I trow thou hast found out
I'm not a marrying man.

DE TROP.—The last item of the *menu*, as given in the *World*, of the Royal Wedding Breakfast, after the sweets, was named in plain English,—all the previous dishes being given in French,—“cold roast fowls.” But how on earth after four courses and sweets, finishing with “*Pâtisserie assortie*,” could anyone have the conscience—we put it in this way—to ask for and to eat any portion of “cold roast fowls”?

“THIS IS A GOAK.”—The *Weekly Register*, recording the event of a Baronetcy being conferred on the present LORD MAYOR, remarks, “With him we know the honour will be no barren one.” Very good, *W. R.* The italics are ours, just to emphasize the pun.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 10.—Glad the sitting's over; often get a little mixed here; never so magnificently as to-night. Reached 9th Clause Home-Rule Bill, which settles question of Irish Representation in Imperial Parliament. When Mr. G. brought in his Bill in 1886, he proposed to exclude Irish Members. Remember very well the cheer that filled the Chamber when that announcement made on introduction of Bill. Those were, as PAT O'BRIEN used to say, “the days of all-night sittings.” Irish Members stood in bitter implacable attitude of obstruction. At prospect of clearing them out, giving Great Britain some peace in its own Parliament, the hearts of Members leaped for joy. Seemed at moment as if this bribe would be enough to carry the Bill.

Then came time for reflection; chance of reviewing opportunities. JOSEPH's rapid insight perceived in this arrangement a stab at the Union. In phrase which SQUIRE OF MALWOOD to-night obligingly recalled he had written, “The key of the position is the maintenance of the full representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament.”

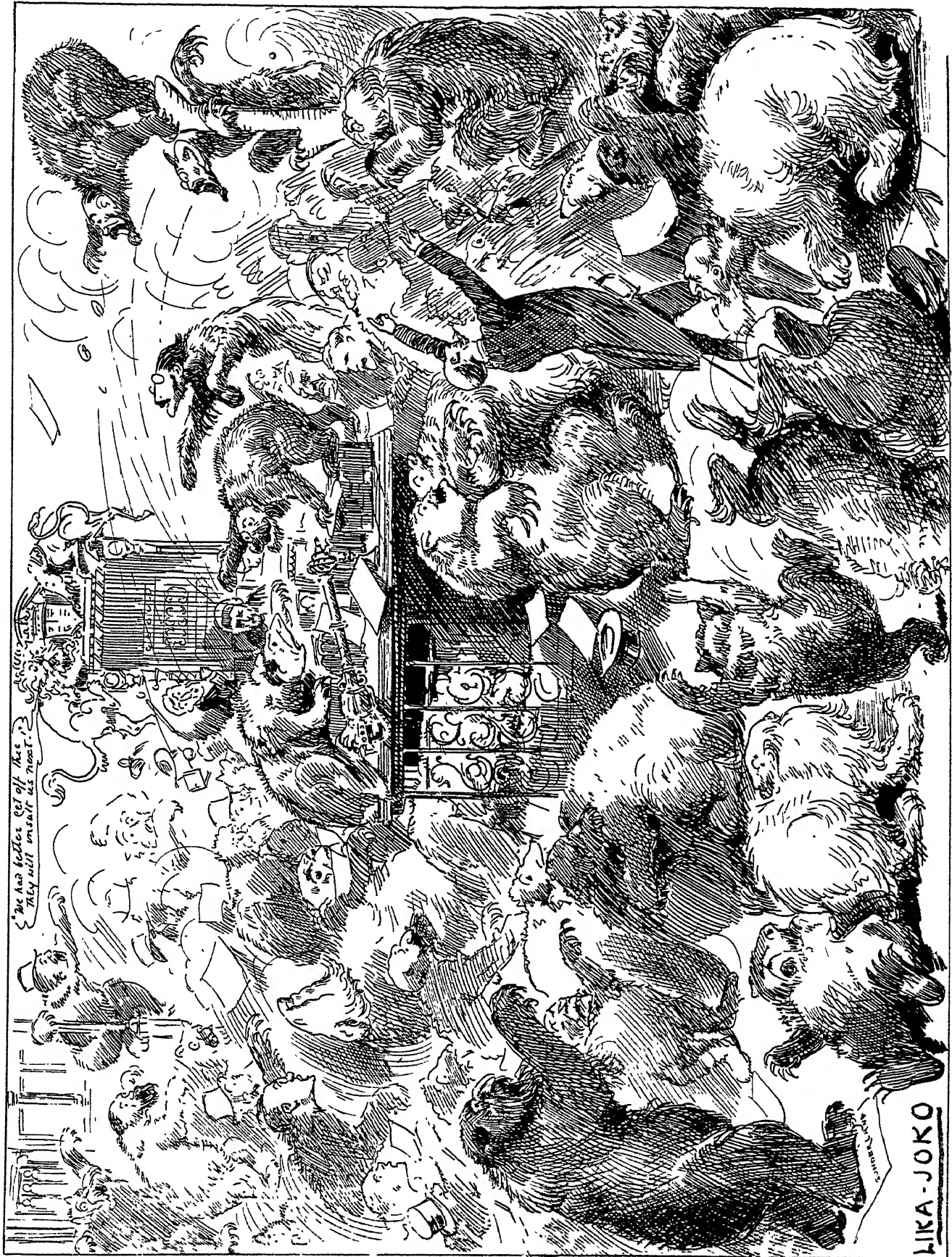
Mr. G., profiting by experience, proposes in present Bill to maintain Irish representation in slightly modified number. That would seem to cut ground from under JOSEPH's clinging feet. What he passionately, persistently demanded in 1886, is conceded in 1893. If he cannot abear other provisions of the Bill, he must surely defend the one that retains Irish Members at Westminster. Must he,

indeed? Those who think so, know not JOSEPH. For some men the fence might seem a hopelessly stiff one. JOSEPH takes it as an ordinary item in the day's work. No apology; no retraction; no explanation. Black was black in 1886. He, at risk of severing long friendships, said so, and was right. In 1893 black is white. He, anxious only for the prevalence of truth, says so, and is right again.

This would have been pretty picture for a July night; but anyone could have drawn it. In House of Commons it's as common as pastels on the pavement. JOSEPH went the step further that marks the wide gulf between genius and mediocrity. Having declared that in 1893 he, impelled by irresistible conscience and unfathomable love for his country, would vote against what in 1886 he (subject to same influence) described as the key of the position, JOSEPH C. turned upon his right hon. friends on the Treasury Bench, and with manly emotion that brought tears to the eyes of the Member for Sark, deplored their inconsistency.

“What I like about JOSEPH,” said the Member for Sark, “is his thoroughness. On finding himself in this new pit, he might have stopped at the bottom and said nothing till the storm had blown over. Or, thinking that a mean evasion, he might have defended the course he has adopted. Those are the alternatives presented to ordinary mankind: only to JOSEPH comes the idea of standing up and indignantly belabouring Mr. G. and JOHN MORLEY for indulgence in the unpardonable sin of inconsistency!”

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR, JOSEPH, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, and JOHN REDMOND, unite their forces against Government. Mr. G. saved by skin of the teeth and majority of 14.



A PARLIAMENTARY BEAR-GARDEN.

LIKA-JOKO

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY is an honest man and a loyal colleague. But we are all weak on some point. Temptation irresistible to TIM is to appropriate other people's rows. To-night's row distinctly and exclusively SEXTON'S. Yet TIM promptly came to the front, and remained there throughout the storm. The one clear impression amidst confusing uproar was that TIM was bobbing on top of the turbulence like a cork on the apex of a water-spout.

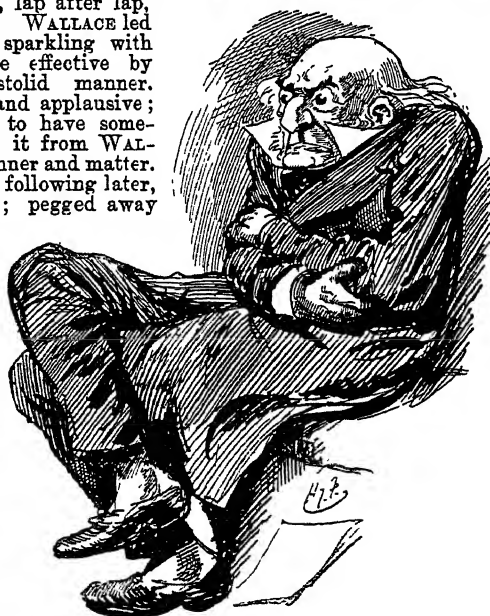
BRODRICK began it, and while storm raged sat silent, astonished at his own moderation. Had merely remarked that the Irish people were impecunious and garrulous. As an Irishman himself ought to know something on point. SAUNDERSON, another member of a gifted race, explained that, on the whole, he was inclined to regard remark as complimentary. SEXTON, taking a different view, retorted with observation that BRODRICK'S language was grossly impertinent. Chairman, appealed to on point of order, gave a nice ruling. It is now established among Parliamentary precedents that the phrase "grossly impertinent," if addressed to an individual, is rank blasphemy; when applied to a thing 'tis but a choleric word. Committee might usefully have applied itself to consideration of this delicate distinction. "Instead of which," as the magistrate once said, it went about roaring like a famished lion.

For some minutes everyone seemed on his legs. CARMARTHEN had advantage over most Members by reason of his more than six feet length; GRANDOLPH, feeling old emotions stirred within him, took prominent part in the fray; Mr. G., leaning across the table, fixed his glowing eyes on GRANDOLPH, and warned him that his conduct was not calculated to assist the Committee in its dilemma; the voice of T. W. RUSSELL was heard in the land; PRINCE ARTHUR had much to say; Dr. TANNER broke long silence with a shout; even JUSTIN MCCARTHY was seen on his feet, and was howled at as if he had been discovered in the act of stealing the Chairman's pocket-handkerchief. But TIM topped them all. They were intermittent; he continuous. Whenever there was approach to pause in the clamour, TIM'S strident voice filled it up with genial observation. "Name! Name!" they roared at him. "Drag him out," was the advice given by one forlorn legislator. In delirious delight of the rapturous hour TIM took no notice of these oburgations and interruptions. "It's not your funeral," an envious countryman snarled in his ear. Certainly not; but that should make no difference. TIM would improve the opportunity to whomsoever it might belong; and he did.

Business done.—None. But we had a cheerful row.

Thursday.—Some excellent speaking to-night, and a walking-

match, in which, lap after lap, Government won. WALLACE led off with speech sparkling with point; the more effective by contrast with stolid manner. House crowded and applause; always grateful to have something fresh; get it from WALLACE, both in manner and matter. PRINCE ARTHUR, following later, unusually bitter; pegged away at Bill and Government for half an hour, and sat down with assertion that such a Government was not worth attacking. Mr. G., who had listened to WALLACE'S home-thrusts with face appreciative of their humour, was unaccountably disturbed by PRINCE ARTHUR'S commentaries. He sat immediately opposite, waiting to spring; meanwhile, with legs crossed and arms tightly folded, literally holding himself in. On his feet with catapultic force when PRINCE ARTHUR, gracefully gathering his skirts, sat down. A Government not worthy of attack. Ho! A Government that had failed to adhere to the main principles of its policy. Ha! But there was another Government which, in 1886, had denounced as dishonest a revision of judicial rents in Ireland, and a few months later had passed Bill revising them. Had PRINCE ARTHUR belonged to that Government? If so, how did he uplift this lofty standard of action, than which no Pharisee that ever lived in Judea carried it higher? This and much more Mr. G.



"Waiting to Spring."

declaimed at top of voice, with flashing eyes, and exuberant gestures, cheers and counter cheers filling House. Naturally JOSEPH followed with some kind words about "my right hon. friend." SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, long silent, could not resist temptation to plunge in. House went off to dinner exhausted by the tornado of bitter, brilliant speech.

Dull enough after dinner, when walking-match began. Performance announced for ten o'clock; began punctually; MELLOR acted as starter. Course, round the Division Lobbies and back to seats. Time, by Benson's chronometer, varied from 16 mins. 25 secs. to 18 mins 3 secs. Programme included eighteen races; numbered Clause 9 to 26 inclusive; betting 5 to 1 on Government to pull through; some uncertainty round first division; talk about plungers in Ministerial team; when made known that majority was 27, it was seen that Government were safe. Interest in subsequent races fell away as Government majority mounted up. For some of the events the Opposition did not appear at starting-post; Government walked over.

"Demmit, DOUGLAS," said Lord NOM TODDY, coming in mopping his brow, after eighth Division, "this is not good enough. Next Thursday I shall send my man down, and let him do the walking round. No use keeping a dog and barking yourself."

Business done.—Clauses 9 to 26 added to Home-Rule Bill.

Friday.—DON'T KEIR HARDIE made bold bid to-day for cheap advertisement. Motion for Address to QUEEN in congratulation on Royal Marriage. DON'T KEIR tacked himself on to performance with attempted Amendment on behalf of the poor and needy. Found no probability of anyone seconding his Amendment, which therefore could not be put. Still, served his purpose; suggested visions of portrait of Benefactor of the People (penny plain, twopence coloured) hung in all the cottage homes of England.

"Curious," says the Member for Sark, "how rapidly DON'T KEIR HARDIE has played himself out; perhaps rather notable than curious. House of Commons is the quickest machine ever invented for taking the measure of a man. Has looked at Member for West Ham, measured him, weighed him, and set him aside. When, less than a year ago, he came down, with his brass band and his trumpets tooting, he was DON'T KEIR HARDIE. Now, if I may say so, the boot's on the other leg; it's the House of Commons that Don't Keir for Hardie."

Business Done.—More about Home-Rule Scheme.

QUEER QUERIES.

A MUNICIPAL HALL.—I see the County Council are thinking of spending nearly a million of the ratepayers' money in buying a site for a municipal palace in Parliament Street, because the members—pending the time when they are all elected to the Legislature—want to be as close to it as possible. Why not let them be still closer, in Westminster Hall itself, which is now untenanted? Or if the members don't like that, why not make a working arrangement with the House of Commons to use that chamber in the mornings before the M.P.'s come down to it? This would be something like an "in-and-out" clause, and would save no end of money.

TRUE ECONOMIST.

REWARDS TO RACONTEURS.—I am considered a first-rate storyteller and conversationalist; indeed, few dinner parties (at Lower Tooting) can get on without me. Do you think I could get elected to the Reform Club without paying the entrance subscription? I see that some members of that club have been left £2000 each as a reward for "brightening the evenings" of a deceased member, and I feel certain that had the testator known me, he would have increased my legacy to £4000 at least. My sparkling powers of conversation are often called a "gift," but I don't want them to be a gift if I could get anything for them.

SYDNEY MACAULAY HAYWARD SMITH.

PRESENT! FIRE! BANG-KOK!—"Three Frenchmen killed, two wounded; twenty Siamese killed, and twelve wounded,"—such is the first result of French *Humann*-ising influence in Siam.

A NEW MARITIME RESORT.—"I'm sure," observed Mrs. R., "that a really pleasant thing to do in the summer holidays would be to take a trip to the Specific Islands."

THE GREATEST AUTHORITY ON THE WORKING OF THE "IN-AND-OUT" CLAUSES.—Mr. SEXTON, M.P.!

GOING AGAINST THE GREEN.—Refusing to patronise the Independent Theatre.

FRENCH BILLIARDS AT SIAM.—The Cannon Game.

MUSCULAR EDUCATION.

MR. PUNCH has much pleasure in recommending the following Prospectus to the notice of parents desirous of finding a thoroughly practical school where boys are educated according to the real requirements of modern life.

CLOANTHUS HOUSE, MARKET DREPANUM, OXON.

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some other minor games, now too frequently neglected in the education of youth, will find their due place in the curriculum of Cloanthus House.

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Reference is kindly permitted to the following:—The Right Rev. the Bishop of ISTMIA; the Editor of the *Sporting Life*; the Rev. R. E. D. HORGAN, M.A., Jesurum Col., Cambs; the Sports Editor of the *Field*; the Warden of Mortlake College, Putney; Dr. S. A. GRACE, LL.D.; the Hon. and Rev. HURLINGHAM PEEL.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE BROKEN-VOICED CHORISTER.

(A long way after Tennyson.)

BREAK, break, break, O voice on that clear top C! And I would that my throat could utter High notes as they used to be.	And the anthems still go on With boy-trebles sharp and shrill; But O for my "compass," so high and grand, And the voice that I used to trill!
O well for old BUNDLECOOP'S boy That he still shouts his full round A!	Break, break, break, Like a creaky old gate, top C!
O well for that tow-headed lad That he sings in his old clear way.	But the high treble notes of a voice that is cracked, Will never come back to me!

QUEER QUERIES.

THE WHITE CURRENCY QUESTION.—Can nothing be done to prevent the Indian VICEROY from carrying out his monstrous proposal about the Rupee? I was just off to Bombay (having recently completed a period of enforced seclusion in Devonshire, occasioned by a too successful competition with a monopolist Mint) on the strength of a newspaper paragraph that "Free Coining of Silver" was permitted in that happy land. Free Coining! In my opinion it beats "Free Education" hollow, and is just what I have always wanted. I felt that my fortune was made, when suddenly the news comes that the free coinage business is stopped! What an injustice! In the name of the down-trodden Hindoo, to whom my specially manufactured nickel-and-tin Rupee would have been quite a new revelation, I protest against this interference with the immemorial customs of our Oriental fellow-subjects.—JEREMIAH D'IDDLA.

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR OWN WELSH-HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—With the AP MORGANS, AP RHYS, AP JONES, and many others, Wales is the ideal "Appy Land."

SEASONABLE.

(By a future Lord Chancellor.)

THE close of the season, the close of the season,
It leaves a man rilled of rhino and reason;
And now, with hot rain and a westerly breeze on,
I don't opine racketing London agrees on
The whole with Society. "Kyrie Eleison"
I'll chaunt when I stand with my wife and my wee son
Some windy "Parade" or exuberant "Lees" on,
In the splash of the salt and the flash of the free sun,
And am garbed in a fashion that, sure, would be treason
To Bond Street; and ruminate, sprawling at ease on
The sands with their bands and extempore sprees on.—
"Table d'Hôte-ards," repair to your Homburgs or freeze on
Cosmopolitan Alps, and eat kickshaws to tease one;
But me let the niggers marine and the sea's un-
Translatable sing-song, and bathers with d—s on,
Delight, and bare children, their noses and knees on,
Till quite I forget Messrs. WELBY AND MEESON
(Those despots of law) and my failures, and fees un-
Liquidated as yet, and myself—and the season!

AT COVENT GARDEN LAST THURSDAY.

PRODUCTION of new Opera, *Amy Robsart*, arranged (and very well arranged, too) from Sir WALTER SCOTT'S novel, by Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS and PAUL MILLER, the English adaptation by FREDERIC WEATHERLY, and music by ISIDORE DE LARA. CALVÉ in the title rôle, splendid; going through everything—three rather lengthy Acts, two impassioned love-duets, and the trap-door in the bridge—with unflagging spirit and charm.

In the Second Act, Kenilworth shown illuminated for the reception of *Elizabeth*—*Leicester* having evidently borrowed one of the band kiosks from Earl's Court. *Elizabeth*, according to stage directions, should have entered "seated upon a magnificent white horse," but preferred to walk in. Possibly her steed detained by business engagements. As represented by Madame ARMAND, an easy-going, sunny-tempered sovereign, with an amiable dislike of any "unpleasantness" among her courtiers. The *Earl of Sussex* the most impressive mute (next to his contemporary the *Earl of Burleigh* in *The Critic*) on the boards,—nothing to do but look haughty, and at last, at the Queen's command, consent to become reconciled to *Leicester*,—but the subtle suggestion in his "shake-hands" that he did so on compulsion, and reserved himself the right of punching *Leicester's* head at the first convenient opportunity, very artistically conveyed. Part most carefully thought out. The Revels cut short by the inconsiderate appearance of *Amy Robsart* when they were just beginning, which must have been annoying for the Lady of the Lake, who had just arrived to pay homage to the Queen, and found herself obliged to get upon her floating island again, and go home in the most ignominious manner, without waiting even for the "shower of stars," which were to have fallen over the water. *Elizabeth*, however, seemed quite unruffled by the interruption, perhaps thinking that anything was a relief which put an end to the revels. *Finale* to this Act dramatic, and well worked up. Third Act in two short tableaux, concluding with a duel and explanation (in two lines) between *Leicester* and *Tressilian*, after which the opera ends abruptly with *Varney's* highly ungentelemanly practical joke upon poor *Amy Robsart*, and *Leicester's* request to *Tressilian* to take his sword and run him through—which, however, he had no time to grant, as the curtain fell at that moment. After that, well-deserved floral tributes to Madame CALVÉ, and enthusiastic calls for singers, composer, manager, and carriages.

"FOLLOW ON!"

(A Cricketer's "Catch." AIR—"Come Follow!")

First Voice. Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow on!

Second Voice. Why then should I follow, follow, follow, why then must I follow, follow on?

Third Voice. When you're Eighty runs or more behind our score you follow on!

ACCOMMODATING.

G. O. M. (to Radical Member). My dear Sir, will you vote for this clause?

Rad. Mem. I will, Sir. What is it?



"TOO KIND BY HALF."

John Bull, A.B. "THE MAN WHO LAYS HIS HAND UPON A WOMAN—"

Jacques Benhomme. "PARDON, MON AMI! 'SAVE IN THE WAY OF KINDNESS—'"



A NEW LANGUAGE.

Mamma (severely). "DON'T SQUINT, EFFIE, MY DEAR!"

Effie. "I WASN'T SQUINTING, MAMMA. I WAS ONLY MAKING 'DINNER EYES' AT MAJOR STUFFAM. I HEAR HE GIVES SUCH CHARMING DINNER PARTIES, AND I SHOULD SO MUCH LIKE TO BE ASKED!"

TOO KIND BY HALF.

["The independence and integrity of Siam . . . is a subject of great importance to the British, and more especially to the British Indian Empire."—Lord Rosebery. "We have in no way any intention of threatening the independence of Siam."—M. Develle.]

British Tar sings, someway after Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Tommy."

AIR—"Mandalay."

"By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a settin'," an' she takes 'er time from me.
But this Siam puss looks pooty, and I'm sorter bound to say
"You stand back, you sailor Frenchy! that's a game as two can play!"

'Twas my game at Mandalay,
And you seem on the same lay:
You can twig my Jack a-flaunting from the Nile to Mandalay;
But this I've got to say,
If your 'and on 'er you lay,
I shall ask you to take a 'and in a game as men can play!

'Er petticoat is yaller, and 'er little cap is green,
And—I shouldn't half object to interjuce 'er to my Queen!
I don't want to see 'er suckin' of a Paris cigarette,
And a-wastin' purchased kisses on French Bullyvards—you bet!
No, I wouldn't shed no blood,
But by Mekon's yaller mud,
I 'ave always felt it "bizness" to take care no rival stud
On my road to "far Cathay."

Wot? She's fired upon your gunboats? Well, I'd liketoknow, yersee,
If them gunboats wos cavortin' where they didn't ought to be.
Your clutch upon 'er wrist, eh? Well, that's like your bloomin'
cheek! [squeak—
She shrinks from you, my Frenchy. No, yer know if she should
Give a reglar woman's squeak,
Though she looks carved out o' teak—
I should think o' my own womankind, my friend, and I should—speak
In the British sailor's way!

You'll "respect 'er Independence and Integrity," you say?
Well, a man who on a woman 'is 'and would dare to lay—
Hay? *Save in the way o' kyindness!* Why, you've capped me
there, I own,
Which I didn't think *that* sentiment to Frenchies was bekown.
It's a bit o' good old Vic!
But you've nicked it quick and slick.
Well, I 'ope you'll square it fairly, and not lay it on too thick,
In the brave old *Bismarck* way!

The idea o' wasting ivory, silk, and peacocks' tails, and such,
Upon merchants who're a trifle too much like GEORGE CANNING'S
"Dutch."

When a fair and square Free Trader, like—well, not unlike myself,
Could stand by for to purtect 'er, and 'elp 'er—and 'im—pile pelf,
Well—I can quite understand
She may find your 'eavy 'and
Too *kyind* by half, my Frenchy, and prefer the British land,
And the British Tar's old way.

Yes; our ROSEBERY and your DEVILLE do agree—in words, no
doubt,
But, yer see, the Ten Commandments, in Bangkok, git turned
about!

"Independence and Integrity" for pooty dear Miss SIAM,
Is wot you're "interested in" my Frenchy,—and so I am!
Only—in the game we play,
Cards do turn up in a way

That would stagger sly AX SEN himself. If you git in my way
On my road to "Old Cathay,"
Or my aid this gyurl *should* pray,
I might p'raps come down like thunder,—as I did in Mandalay!

* "In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much."
Canning's "A Political Despatch."

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.—Middlesex v. Sussex.

AT THE WORLD'S WATER SHOW.

The performance has begun. Captain BORTON has just descended the Chute in a boat, with a bevy of lightly-clad young ladies waving flags with shrill enthusiasm. Canadians, Indians, and Negroes row various craft containing Beauties of the Ballet about the Lake. An elderly Negress stands on an island, and waves a towel encouragingly at things in general. Two Clowns, accompanied by a subtle individual disguised as a Frog, start to run round the margin of the Lake with a gallant determination to be funny, but abandon the attempt after making a quarter of the distance, and complete the circuit with a subdued and chastened demeanour.

Mr. Bravo (to Mr. BLAZZEY, enthusiastically). Capital show this—wonderfully well arranged!

Mr. Blazzeay (screwing up his eyes). Y—yes. Better if they'd had water running down the incline, though, and sent all the boats in that way.

Mr. Bravo. Don't see how they could pump up water enough for that, myself; and if they did, it would all run through at the sides!

Mr. Blazzeay (ignoring any hydraulic difficulties). Oh, they could have dodged that if they chose; anyway, that's how it ought to have been managed!

Miss Frivell (to Mr. Hoplight). I can hardly believe this is the same place where BUFFALO BILL gave his performance only last year, can you? It all looks so different!

Mr. Hopl. (after ponderous consideration). I find no difficulty in recognising it, myself. The difference you observe is due to the fact that the arena which was originally constructed for—er—displays of horsemanship requires to undergo some considerable—er—structural alterations before being equally well adapted to a performance in which—er—boat—ing and swimming form the—er—principal features.

Miss Friv. (with exemplary gravity). I see. You mean there must be water?

Mr. Hopl. Water is undoubtedly an—er—indispensable element in such an exhibition.

Miss Friv. How clever of you to know that! But perhaps someone told you?

Mr. Hopl. (modestly). I arrived at it by the—er—light of my own unassisted intelligence.

Miss Friv. Did you? Not really! "How far that little candle throws his beams!" (To herself.) I didn't mean to be so rude as that! But he's no business to be such a bore!

Mr. Bravo (after the Sculling-race between ROSS and BUBEAR). That was a good race, eh? They're the champion scullers, you know.

Mr. Blazzeay. Don't see the point of setting 'em to race here, though. Rather like running the Derby in a riding-school!

A Sympathetic Lady (during the Swimming-race). How well those girls do swim! I suppose they go under first, and then come up again. But how damp they must get, to be sure, doing that twice a day! I daresay they never get their hair properly dry from one week's end to another. I should think that must be so uncomfortable for them, you know. However, they seem to be having plenty of fun among themselves. I wish we could hear what they are saying; but there's so much to look at, that one misses most of it!

[A Pontoon is moved out into the centre of the Lake, and three "Rocky Mountain Wonders" give an entertainment on board. The first Wonder constructs the letter A with himself and two high ladders, up which the other two run nimbly. They meet at the top with mutual surprise, and a touch of resentment, as if each had expected at least to find solitude there. The Second Wonder lies down on his back resignedly, and the Third, meanly availing himself of the opportunity, stands on his friend's stomach, and strikes an attitude. Both descend and bow, in recognition of applause, and then each starts up his ladder again—only to meet once more at the top, more surprised and annoyed than ever. The Third Wonder refuses to be appeased unless he is allowed to hold the Second head downwards by the ankles. After further amenities of this kind they come down, apparently reconciled, and are towed back to the shore.]

Miss Friv. Is that supposed to be an illustration of life on the Rocky Mountains?

Mr. Hopl. (bringing the full powers of his mind to bear on the

subject). I should be inclined to doubt myself whether it afforded any accurate idea of either the industry or the—er—relaxations peculiar to that region, which can hardly be favourable to such pursuits.

Miss Friv. They might find it useful for escaping from a grizzly, mightn't they?

Mr. Hopl. Hardly, if, as I have always been given to understand, the grizzly bear is an equally expert climber. I imagine their title of "Rocky Mountain Wonders" is merely indicative of their—er—origin, and that their performances would indeed excite more wonder in their native country than anywhere else. One should always guard against taking these things in too literal a spirit.

[Miss F. assents demurely, and is suddenly moved to mirth, as she is careful to explain, by the sight of a Nigger, which, Mr. H. very justly remarks, is scarcely a subject for so much amusement.]

Mr. Bravo (after the Corps de Ballet have performed various evolutions on a large raft). I call that uncommonly pretty, all those girls dancing there in the sunlight, eh?

Mr. Blazzeay. Pretty enough—in its proper place.

Mr. Bravo (losing his patience at last). Why, hang it all, you wouldn't have the Ballet danced under water, would you?

Mr. Blazzeay. Well, it would be more of a novelty, at any rate.

[Mr. BRAVO decides that "it was a mistake to come out with a chap like BLAZZEAY."

IN THE SHILLING SEATS.

A Small Sharp Boy (with an admiring Father, Mother, and Grandmother). Father, why ha' them Injuns all got feathers stuck round their 'eds like shuttlecocks, eh? Is it to show as they're in the terbaccer line, eh, Father? Is the gentleman on the bicycle a real demon, eh, Father? Ain't he like what a real demon is? Why ain't you never seen one, Father? Think you'll ever see one, eh? Why's that man going right up atop of that pole for? Why is he goin' to jump off? Will he git drowned, eh, Father? Don't he ever git drowned? Could you dive off from as 'igh as that with your legs tied? Could Uncle BILL? Could Gran'ma, with 'er legs tied? [&c., &c.]

DURING THE WALRUS HUNT.

Shilling and Sixpenny Spectators. That's the police station on that boat where the two Bobbies are. . . 'Ere's a rummy couple coming along in this boat! See the bloke with the bald 'ed, and the ole girl in a pink bonnet? . . .

There, they've run slap into them others, and the ole bloke's got his 'eels in the air. Oh, dear, oh, dear! . . . Look at the bobbies tryin' to run 'em in. Lor, they're all pourin' water on to each other's 'eds as 'ard as they can go! 'Ere's the ole walrus swimmin' up now, d'ye see? And the ole Clown a fishin' for 'im. 'E's bin an' dragged 'im 'in 'ed foremost! Look at the walrus a duckin' o' the ole woman. Hor, hor, if ever I see the like o' that! Is that like 'ow they 'unt walruses, Father, eh? Bless if the ole walrus ain't got into the station 'ouse after 'em. Look at 'em all gittin' out on the roof—in they jump! And the ole girl goin' in backwards, hor, hor! And the other bloke any'ow. See the 'ole admiral in the cocked 'at a takin' sights through 'is spy-glasses! Now they're gittin' the 'arpoon ready. There, they've copped 'im—it's all over! Well, that was a good lark, and no mistake!

AT THE LANDING-PLACE—AFTER SHOOTING THE CHUTES.

Oh, it was perfectly splendid! We put the rugs right over our heads, and didn't get wet a bit! . . . I don't know if you're aware of it, my dear, but you've got black streaks all down your face. Gracious! it's the dye from my veil. Do I look very dreadful, dear? Well, it shows, of course—but I wouldn't touch it, or you'll make it worse. . . . This lot got a ducking, and no mistake—look at 'em—ho, ho! . . . I say, dear old chap, you ought to have come too—it was ripping! Splashed? No, nothing to speak of. Eh? "My hat?" What's wrong with it? Oh, confound it all! I only took a front seat to oblige those two girls. Yes, I can see they're giggling at me as well as you can. Look here, old fellow, do you know if there's a place here where I can get my hat ironed, and buy a collar and tie? Because I've got to meet the CHAFFINGTONS here, and dine with 'em and that. "So have you?" Then that's why you backed out of going down the Chute! Why the deuce didn't you say so? Oh, if you're going to stand there laughing like a fool, I'm off! I may just have time to— Hang it; there are the CHAFFINGTON girls! Is my collar too beastly limp? you might tell a fellow!



"I find no difficulty in recognising it, myself."

TO A DROSHKY-DRIVER.

(By a Quondam Fare.)

HERE's a health to you, GOSPODIN IVANOFF—
Or whatever your name may chance
to be—

Of vodka I'll toss you a full *stakan* off
(A tumbler, I mean, of *eau de vie*);
And I'll sing you *fortissimo con furor*
Your national hymn, in a cheerful key,
(I'll colour with local tone my story,
To start with your "*Bozhe Tsaryi khrani*").

'Twas a lively morning, my hirsute Jehu,
In Petersburg once we together spent;
And now in my sketch-book I
still can see you (The annexed
for your portrait's humbly meant).
Your costume resembled in part
a butcher's—A dull blue gown
of a vast extent, With top-boots,
like each of the other *kutschers*.
And shocking bad hat, all
"bashed" and bent.



Ere long you called me your "little brother,"
Or else—your knowledge of Court to show—
(What one Russian "High Excellence" styles
another)
"*Vuisókoprevoskhoditelstvo*."
You wanted to learn how to greet an acquaint-
ance
In English; I said, to be *comme il faut*,
That "God save the Queen" was the proper
sentence—
I own that my hoax was a trifle low.

A large percentage, my gay *izrostchik*,
I failed of your jokes to understand;
But I safely say you displayed the *most* cheek
Of any I've met by sea or land.
When you pitched me clean out on the
Nevski pavement,
With syllable brief I loudly banned;
But as *dum* in your lingo "I'll give" (you
knave!) meant,
You grinned, and for "tea-money" held
your hand.

I shall never forget that awful jolting
I got as you whirled me round about
In your backless car; for your bumping,
bolting,
You really, my Vanka, deserved the
knout.
Well, I won't say "Good-bye," but "*Do
svidanya*"—
Though whether we'll meet again I doubt;
If you ever should wander to far BRITANNIA,
I fear you will probably find me "Out."

MOTTO FOR PROFESSORS OF PALMISTRY.—
"*Palmar qui meruit ferat*," i.e., "Who has
paid his money may bare his palm."

It is proposed to establish a fire-station,
"with fifty men, on the Thames Embank-
ment." For what purpose? In case of
anybody setting the Thames on Fire?

MRS. R. says she never has toast for break-
fast, but always "fresh-airated bread."

THE MOAN OF A THEATRE-MANAGER.

Who gets, by hook or crook, from me
Admittance free, though well knows he
That myriads turned away will be?
The Deadhead.

Who, while he for his programme pays
The smallest silver coin, inveighs
Against such fraud with eyes ablaze?
The Deadhead.

Who to his neighbour spins harangues,
On how he views with grievous pangs
The dust that on our hangings hangs?
The Deadhead.

Who, in a voice which rings afar,
Declares, while standing at the bar,
Our drinks most deleterious are?
The Deadhead.

Who aye withholds the claps and cheers
That others give? Who jeers and sneers
At all he sees and all he hears?
The Deadhead.

Who loudly, as the drama's plot
Unfolds, declares the tale a lot
Of balderdash and tommy-rot?
The Deadhead.

Who dubs the actors boorish hinds?
Who fault with all the scenery finds?
Who with disgust his molars grinds?
The Deadhead.

Who spreads dissatisfaction wide
'Mongst those who else with all they spied
Had been extremely satisfied?
The Deadhead.

Who runs us down for many a day,
And keeps no end of folks away
That else would for admittance pay?
The Deadhead.

Who keeps his reputation still,
For recompensing good with ill
With more than Pandemonium's skill?
The Deadhead.

Who makes the bankrupt's doleful doom
In all its blackness o'er me loom?
Who'll bring my grey head to the tomb?
The Deadhead.

"THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY."

(Adapted to the Requirements of the Army.)

"THERE was no doubt about it," queried
the Quartermaster to the Adjutant, "the
Chief certainly desired me to execute him?"
"That is unquestionably my impression,"
replied the Adjutant.

"Yes, and it never does to question his
orders," continued the Quartermaster; "it
makes him so wild if he fancies that you
are disobeying his commands."

"Quite so," admitted the Adjutant; "and
so the best thing is to carry them out. As
you know, obedience is 'the first law of a
soldier.'"

"Still, to shoot a man for nothing, does
seem a little hard."

"How do we know it's for nothing? You
may be sure the Chief has his own reasons
for everything."

And so the two warriors walked to the
barrack square and sent for the unfortunate
Private THOMAS ATKINS. As the order was
conveyed to the quarters of the rank and file,
men lounged out of the mess-room, and dis-
cussed the Colonel's orders. It seemed "a
bit strange," but it was not for them to
dispute the chief's command. And, as they
spoke, Private THOMAS ATKINS was produced.
He had a clean defaulter's sheet.

"On my word, I really trust that there
may be some mistake," said a Brigade-Sur-
geon-Lieutenant-Colonel M.D. "But, as I

am not now attached to the battalion, I have
no right to interfere."

Private THOMAS ATKINS was marched to a
wall, ordered to right-about turn, and then
(under the command of the Quartermaster)
shot.

Then the civil power, in the person of a
police-constable, thought it time to interfere,
and arrested the officer immediately in com-
mand.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Colonel, sub-
sequently; "how exceedingly absurd! I
wanted the Quartermaster to give him a new
suit, and he thought I asked him to shoot
him! You fellows really ought to be more
careful!"

But nothing could be done, because the
matter had passed into the hands of the civil
power.

And, all things taken into consideration, it
was just as well that they had.

THE BALLAD OF DEPARTED PIPPINS.

(Some Way after Villon and Rossetti.)

TELL me, now, where has it departed,
That fine old apple, the Ribstone Pippin,
The rosy-coated, and juicy-hearted,
I loved, when a "nipper," my teeth to
slip in?



Where is the Rus-
set we boys
thought rippin'?
(Thought its sharp-
ness sometimes
started the
tears?)

Oh! such - like
often I've spent
my "tip" in—
But where are
the apples of
earlier years?

Where's the King
Pippin, the sun-
brown one?
And where is the
Catshead, light
Spring green?

(Which gave, while eating, such glorious fun,
If—after munching—some dule and teen)?
And where is the Golden Knob, whose sheen
Would draw the wasps all about our ears?
(Sometimes in our mouths, if they were not
seen)—

But where are the apples of earlier years?

White watery things from the land of the
Yankee,
And sugary shams from the Austral seas,
They sell us—at sixpence per pound! No,
thankee!

I have no palate for frauds like these.
There's not an apple that now could please
Poor EVE so much as to waken fears.
Ah, the luscious Pippins youth crunched
at ease!

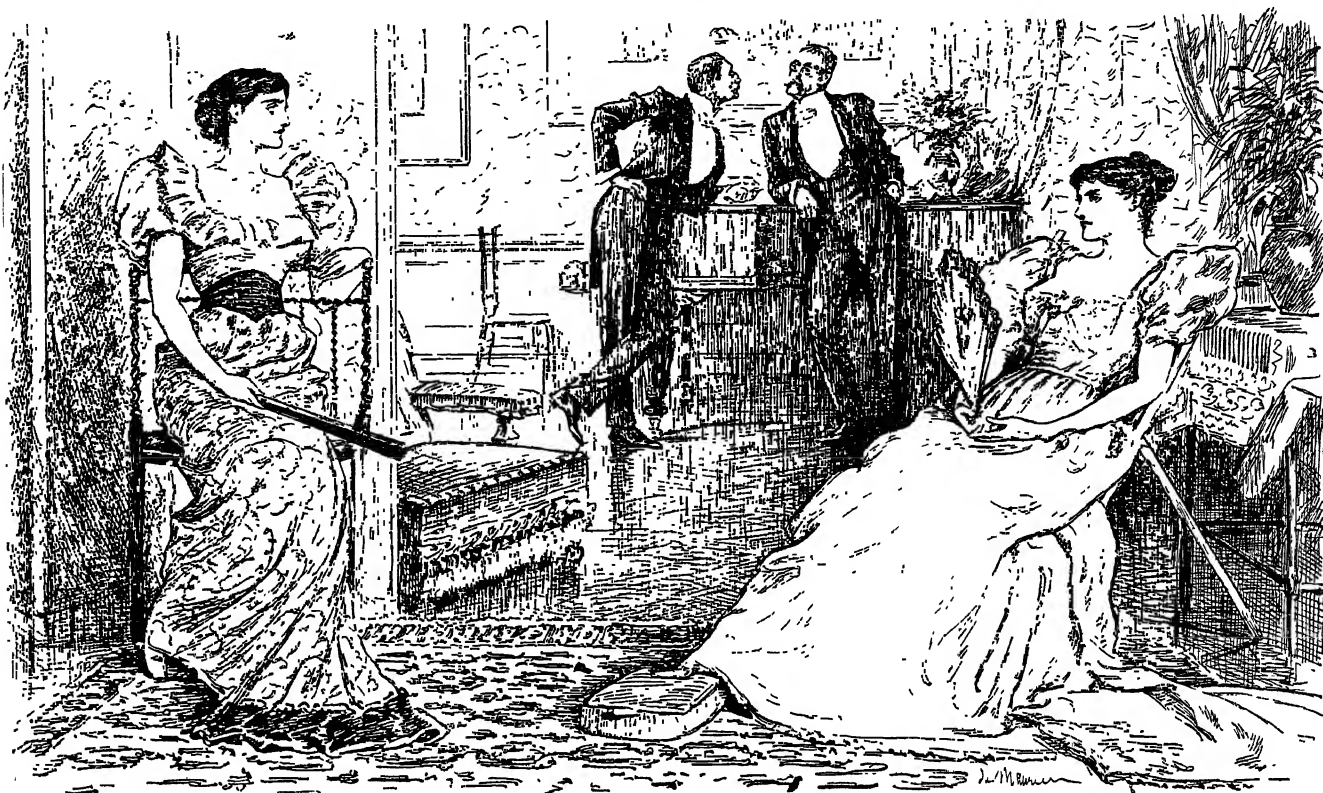
But where are the apples of earlier years?

Nay, never ask if your fruiterer's heard
Of "a decent pippin" (the huckster
sneers!)

Except with this for an overword—

But where are the apples of earlier years?

RATHER MIXED.—In the sale of wines at
CHRISTIE'S last week, Lot 136 is described as
"3 dozen of sherry, 1842, been to West Indies,
more or less." Now, why this mystery? Why
not make a clean breast of it? Is it meant
that the sherry called in at only one or two
of the Indies? or did it only get half way on
the voyage to the group? We should learn
more or be told less.



FELINE AMENITIES.

Fair Visitor. "DO PLAY SOMETHING, DEAR! I LOVE TO HEAR YOUR MUSIC!"

Fair Hostess. "SORRY, DEAR, BUT THIS PIANO IS SO DREADFULLY OUT OF TUNE! THAT'S THE WORST OF LIVING IN APARTMENTS! MY MUSIC-MASTER SAYS THAT TO USE SUCH A PIANO AS THAT IS FATAL TO REAL PLAYING! BUT WON'T YOU PLAY SOMETHING, DEAR?"

THROUGH THE LOCK.

Grand Old Puntsmen pipes up:—

"*Lock! Lock! Lock!*"
Heaven be thanked, we're through it!
Spite of crush, and jam, and shock,
That's the way to do it!
Now for a fair "flowing tide,"
Verdurous banks and shady!
Yes, we're through. *I'm glad, aren't you,*
Eh, my little lady?

"*Lock! Lock! Lock.*"
Trim the punt, sweet, prythee!
You look nice in your new frock!
Fresh as osier withy.
How they strove your togs to tear;
Hinder, or capsize us!
But, hurroo! we've scrambled through!
Nought need now surprise us!

"*Lock! Lock! Lock!*"
Faint cry, far before us!
Lot of toffs my efforts mock;
Menace us in chorus.
Swear they'll swamp us at the weir.
Fate there's no controlling,
But the Grand Old River Hand
Puts his faith in pol(l)ing!

Sit tight, my dear, and as we drop down
with the tide towards the next lock, I'll sing
you a new river-song to an old air. [*Sings.*]

And did you ne'er hear of a jolly old punt-
ing man,
Who near Westminster his calling doth ply?
He handles his pole with such skill and
dexterity,
Winning each "No" and enchanting each
"Aye."

He looks so neat, he steers so steadily,
The ladies all flock to his punt so readily;
And he's so celebrated for courage and care,
That he's seldom in want of a freight or a
fare.

But o'er his last passenger rivals made merry,
She *did* look so feeble, and frightened
withal:

"A fair sample this of your fine Irish ladies!
In a Party like yours won't she kick up a
squal?"

Thus oft they'd be chaffing, and shouting
and jeering,
But 'twas all one to WILLY; he stuck to his
steering;
For hissing or hooting he little did care,
He handled his pole, and looked after his
fare.

And ah! just to think now how strangely
things happen!

He poled along, caring for no one at all;
By a crush in the lock, foes his fare meant
alarming,
And hoped in deep water she fainting
might fall.

But he bade the young damsel to banish all
sorrow,

"If they block us to-day, dear, we'll get
through to-morrow."

And now the old Puntsmen is through! But
they swear

They'll yet flummox the future of him and
his fare!

GOOD GRACIOUS!—Mrs. R. went to Lord's
the other day, to see Doctor GRACE play. She
says, "Until then I had no idea he was a man
of such splendid *physic*."

SYMPATHY.

*A Colloquy after the E'ion and Harrow Cricket
Match.*

Old Buffer to Small Boy, solicitously:—

WHY are you hoarse, my little lad,
So husky and so hoarse?
Your voice is almost gone! 'Tis sad!
You'll seek advice, of course?
Diphtheria is much about!
And—well you know, there's cancer!!!
Dear me, you're choking now! Don't shout,
But write me down an answer.

Small Boy to Old Buffer, spasmodically:—

Cancer—be blown!—*Cricket*—of course!
Harrow—for years—has beaten;
And—I've been howling till I'm hoarse
To see 'em—licked by Eton!!!
Hooray!!!

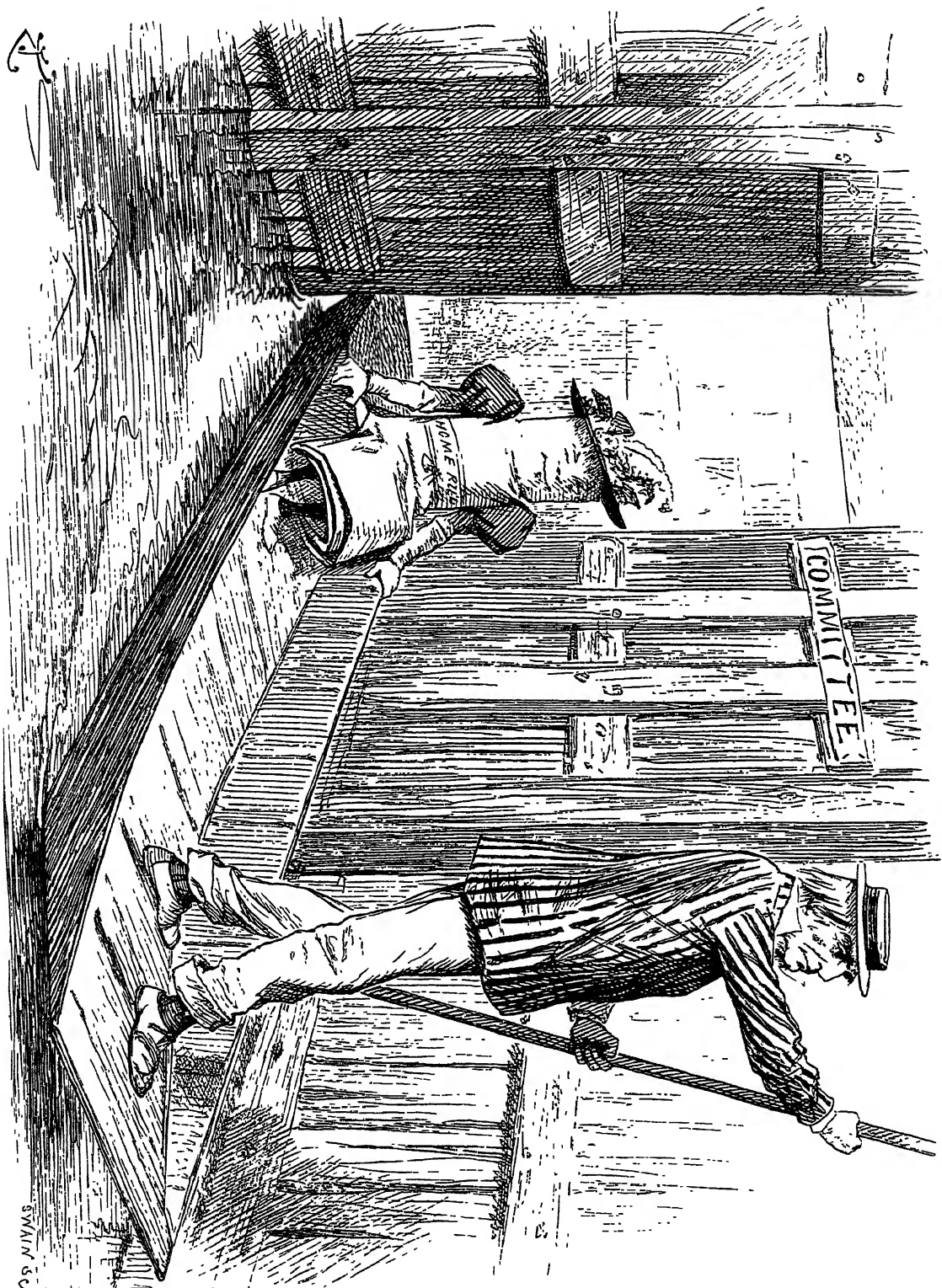
THE MOAN OF THE MINOR POET.

THIS (says Mr. JAMES PAYN) is what
TOM HOOD wrote about the treatment meted
out to the Minor Poet in his time:—

"What is a Modern Poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate—
The critic spits on what is done,
Gives it a wipe—and all is gone."

And this (says Mr. Punch) is the Minor
Poet's reply to-day:—

I write not on a slate, but foolscap fair:
It falls to the Waste-paper Basket's care.
If not, the Minor Poet's still ill-fated,
'Tis by some Minor Critic now he's "slated."
Far better than that stabber's spiteful lunge,
Were "a clean slate" and kind oblivion's
"sponge."



“THROUGH THE LOCK.”

SWAIN & CO.



QUITE A LITTLE PARABLE.

The Rector (returning from day's fishing—in reply to usual question). "SPORT? OH! WRETCHED!! WRETCHED!!! TRIED EVERY DODGE I COULD THINK OF, BUT NOTHING WOULD TEMPT 'EM."

Canny Scot (who rather suspects the Rector of a fondness for good living). "A—WHEEL RECTHOR, NA DOOT THEY SET SOME ON US A POORFUL EXAMPLE I' NO GIVIN' WAY TO THEIR CARNAL PROCLEVITIES, AND REFUSIN' TO BE TA'EN IN BY THE FA'SE BLANDISHMENTS O' THE DEEVIL, I' THE SHAPE O' YER AWN ARTIFEECIAL FLEES."

THE VOICE OF THE THAMES.

LEAVE, dweller in the smoke-bound street,
Your native London's ceaseless noise.
With aching head and weary feet
Turn from the town's delusive joys.
On dusty terrace, grimy square,
A dismal pall seems settling down;
Be not the Season's slave, and dare,
Oh town-bred man, to leave the town.

The town can spare you; it may chance
The Park will fill without your aid;
And still at many a matron's dance
Moist man will whirl with panting maid.
Vast dinners still will be as slow,
The night will still be turned to day,
And all the giddy round will go
As wild and well with you away.

But here the days are passing fair,
The sun shines bright, the leaves are green;
Cool on your forehead breathes the air,
The very smoke seems fresh and clean.
And over all the winding miles,
Where erst his foaming torrents ran,
The clear, calm Thames breaks forth in smiles
Of welcome to the London man.

Bend to your oars, away, away!
Then rest awhile, or deftly steer
Where topped with rainbow clouds of spray
The waters tumble o'er the weir.
Nor scorn the man whom, moored for hours,
Nor failure daunts nor jeers affront,

Who sits, unheeding sun or showers,
A fishless angler in a punt.

Then, when at eve the ringdove's call
Is hushed upon the wooded hill,
And slowly lengthening shadows fall
On field and stream, and all is still,
Drift homewards, thanking Heaven that made
You free to dream awhile your dream
In this fair scene of sun and shade,
On gentle Thames's crystal stream.

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR LADIES.

(To be set to Débutantes who have completed their first Season.)

1. WHAT do you think of London in comparison with the country?
2. Write a short Essay upon your initial ball, giving your impressions of (1) your partners, (2) your dances, and (3) the supper.
3. Given three dances a night six evenings a week, what will be the cost of bouquets a quarter?
4. Show how three dresses, with a clever ladiesmaid, and a deposit account at the Army and Navy Stores, can be made to do duty as a couple of dozen entirely different gowns.
5. Give a short history of the Opera Season, pointing out any special features of importance, and estimating the receipts of the Command Night.
6. Give a short biography of any two of the following Society lions: Signor MASCAGNI,

Lord ROBERTS, Mr. OSCAR WILDE, Captain BOXTON, and the Siamese Ambassador.

7. Supply the true stories associated with "the lost opera-glass at Ascot," "the sunshade at the garden party," "the ride to the horse-chestnuts," and "the interrupted honeymoon."

8. Show in a rough sketch the latest mode of shaking hands.

9. Give a brief account of any two of the following Society functions: (1) The Royal Wedding, (2) the Eton and Harrow match, (3) Sandown, (4) a first night at the Lyceum, (5) a wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and (6) Henley.

10. Correct the mistakes (if any) in the following passage:—"Mr. ALEXANDER, the Lessee of Drury Lane, appeared at the Haymarket as *Becket*, in Mr. PINERO's sparkling comedy of that name. He was supported by Miss ELLEN TERRY as the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and Lady MONCKTON as *Portia*—the woman of no importance. After a successful career of five hundred nights, *Becket* was transferred to Chicago, with the cast strengthened by Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE, who consented to accept, as a mark of respect to the management, the comparatively insignificant part of *Charley's Aunt*."

11. Give a list of the eligible *partis* of the season, with their rent-rolls, distinguishing idiots from sensible men.

12. In conclusion, after four months' hard work at Society functions, trace the benefit you have derived from your novel surroundings.

THE PROPRIETORS' VADE MECUM.

(A Supplement for the Newspaper Press.)

Question. What is the duty of a Newspaper Proprietor?

Answer. To use his periodical for the benefit of the public by obtaining and affording information.

Q. Is he expected to expose abuses?

A. Certainly, or he would be thought to be degrading the noble profession to which he has the honour to belong.

Q. What is the customary result of an *exposé*?

A. An action for libel.

Q. By whom is it frequently brought?

A. By a man of straw.

Q. And what is the alleged libel?

A. That the plaintiff was described as being manufactured of no more substantial material.

Q. If a man is made of straw, how can he obtain assistance from a solicitor?

A. By approaching a member of the junior branch of the legal profession who possesses no rooted objection to speculation.

Q. What is a speculative action?

A. It is an action brought to give a solicitor a chance of getting costs.

Q. Is the length of trial a matter of importance to the plaintiff?

A. Certainly not, because he stands to win one way and not to lose on the other.

Q. What does a long trial mean to the defendant?

A. Solicitor's fees by the score and "refreshers" by the dozen.

Q. What is the outcome of the proceedings?

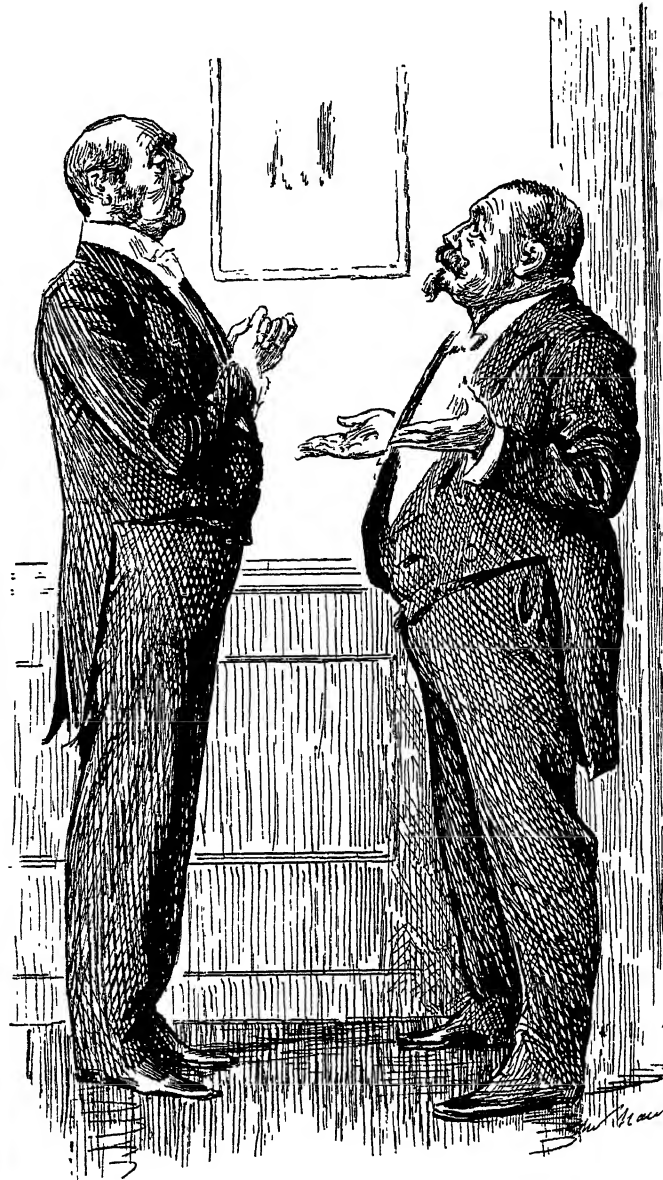
A. After many days, a verdict.

Q. In whose favour?

A. The defendant's.

Q. Does the defendant benefit in consequence?

A. Not at all—the reverse. For after the finding of the jury, he is at liberty to pay his own costs.



A DELICATE SNUB.

Sir Pompey Bedell. "OH—ER—MOSSOO LE BARRONG, ESKER-VOO—ER—ESKER-VOO SAVVY—ER—ESKER-VOO SAVVY KER VOOS AVAY LE—LA—ER—ER—"

Monsieur le Baron. "DO NOT SIR POMPEY, DO NOT CONTINUE TO SPEAK FRENCH! YOU SPEAK IT SO WELL—AH! BUT SO WELL—ZAT YOU MAKE ME FEEL QUITE 'OME-SICK!'"

Q. Why does he pay his own costs?

A. Because his statement that the plaintiff is and was a man of straw is practically corroborated.

Q. But does not the *exposé* prove that he has done an action well-deserving of his country?

A. Certainly; but this consideration does not give him unmixed satisfaction.

Q. Why does it not give him unmixed satisfaction?

A. Because, although losing a huge sum of money may be patriotic and large-minded, it is scarcely business-like.

Q. Are not newspapers intended to benefit the public?

A. Unquestionably, but in that public the individuality of the proprietor should not be entirely overlooked.

Q. Then what would you recommend?

A. That instead of being regarded as prey, newspapers should be made to pay.

Q. And how can that be carried out?

A. By making a law calling upon a would-be plaintiff, in a questionable action for libel, to give security for costs.

O WISE YOUNG JUDGE!—

Mr. Justice HAWKINS has scored over and over again during the first act of the *ZIERENBERG v. LABOUCHERE* trial. One witness in cross-examination said "he thought he could tell people who were overworked." So Mr. Justice HAWKINS asked him, "Do you see anybody in this court who looks like being overworked?" Of course the witness looked straight at the Judge, but Sir HENRY was ready with a very practical answer to his own question, as he instantly rose to the occasion and adjourned the case till next day, and from next day till next term.

AT THE T. R. H.—Mr. TREE substituted IBSEN for WILDE. Some evenings at the T. R. Haymarket may be pleasantly passed, i.e., "Wilde" away.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 17.—"Et tu, Bowley!" said GRANDOLPH, a tear glistening on his long eyelashes. Of course he should have said "Brute," but that is not Member for King's Lynn's name. Remark followed upon incident that ruffled unusually dull evening. TOMMY was making one of his rare speeches; instructing Chief Secretary on intricate point in Home-Rule Bill; complaining of an omission in Amendment under discussion. GRANDOLPH, turning round, explained to him the bearing of things. Audacious, it is true. "The attempt," as JEMMY LOWTHER said, "to instruct your grandmother in the art of imbibing light but nutritious refreshment a slight thing compared with the temerity of teaching TOMMY anything." When he detected GRANDOLPH in attempt, he for moment fixed him with surprised stare. Enough in ordinary circumstances to paralyse a rhinoceros. GRANDOLPH, who from precarious retreat in a tree-top in Central Africa has watched the noon slumbers of a horde of thirty lions, did not flinch. Then through

the startled House rang TOMMY's withering rebuke: "Pray hold your tongue!" an injunction which drew from GRANDOLPH the pained remark quoted above.

Coming from such a source it was doubly painful. Always understood that TOMMY founded his Parliamentary style upon GRANDOLPH's earlier manner. Whispered that Member for King's Lynn had dreamed a dream of a new Fourth Party. He of course would play the part of GRANDOLPH; HANBURY (selected chiefly on account of his height and slimness of his figure) would stand for ARTHUR BALFOUR before he came into his Princedom. The glories of GORST would live again in BARTLEY; and TOMMY had spent sleepless night in doubt as to whether he should enlist PARKER SMITH or AMBROSE in place of WOLFFY, who now, in distant Madrid, wears a sombrero, drapes his *svelte* figure in a cloak, and interlards his conversation with cries of "Carramba!"

This point was decided by curious incident. One afternoon TOMMY came upon PARKER SMITH conversing with TOMLINSON.

"Don't you think PARKER SMITH's getting something of a bore?" TOMMY asked, when that eminent statesman moved away.



"ANGELS IN 'THE HOUSE.'"

LIKA-JOKO

"Now that's very odd indeed," said TOMLINSON. "Just as you came up PARKER SMITH said to me 'Here comes TOMMY BOWLES; good fellow; means well; but don't you think he's making himself something of a bore?'"

So PARKER SMITH lost his chance, and perhaps will never know how or why. Thinking of these things 'tis quaint to find TOMMY turning and biting the hand which, so to speak, held for him the Parliamentary bottle. "*Et tu, Bowles!*" GRANDOLPH sighed again, thinking of the days that are no more. "But I ought to have remembered that he who plays at BOWLES must expect rubbers."

Business done.—TOMMY declines to make room for his Uncle GRANDOLPH; even rudely repulses avuncular advances.

Tuesday.—SEXTON magnanimously relieved Mr. G., JOHN MORLEY, and, by implication, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and other Members, from embarrassing imputation. Sometimes, when gentlemen in PRINCE ARTHUR's suite have nothing nastier to say, they sketch lurid pictures of Mr. G. and the rest drawn at wheels of SEXTON's chariot. All very well, they say, to talk of Cabinet Meetings, and statesmanship at Irish Office. The real boss, as TIM would put it, the arbiter of situation, is SEXTON. When these things are said, JOHN MORLEY smiles grimly; Mr. G. pretends not to hear; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD audibly raps fingers on his manly breast; Liberals cheer ironically; SEXTON blushes, and looks across to see if JOHN REDMOND is listening.

To-night he feels this thing has gone far enough. There may, perhaps, be some smattering of truth in it; but its disclosure cannot be pleasant to his right hon. friends on Treasury Bench. Accordingly SEXTON rose, and, taking Mr. G. by the hand, as it were, and giving a finger to JOHN MORLEY, declared that there was no foundation for the imputation. It was true he had from time to time offered suggestions, the appositeness and value of which it was not for him to determine. Occasionally they might have been accepted by the Government. That was due not to the pressure of dictation, but to the force of reason. Mr. MORLEY was a statesman not unacquainted with affairs, whilst Mr. G. had reached an age at which he might be trusted with some share in the conduct of a Bill. He could assure the House that he was not, in this matter, dictator. Such a charge was, he added, in burst of uncompromising self-abnegation, "imbecile."

"And they say," cried WEBSTER, for him unusually mixed, "that Irishmen have no sense of humour."

Business done.—SEXTON generously puts Mr. G. right in eyes of Universe.

Thursday Night.—Been remarked of late, in quarter behind Front Opposition Bench, that THEOBALD has appeared preternaturally preoccupied. Thought he was brooding over the drought, or the prospects of Home Rule. Secret out to-night. Been concocting a joke; taken him some time; but, then, consider the quality. Some weeks ago order issued in Ireland prohibiting hoisting of flags on hotels, and other private buildings. THEOBALD diligently concentrating his thoughts upon this fresh iniquity, gradually worked out his joke. Appeared on paper to-night in shape of question addressed to JOHN MORLEY. Supposing (so it runs) HER MAJESTY should visit Ireland, and stay in an hotel, would the Government take measures to legalise the hoisting of the Royal Standard on the building?

Delightful to watch THEOBALD when he had fired this bolt; fixed his eye attentively on Mr. G., to see how he took it, the paper in his hand trembling with excitement. Didn't often make a joke; doesn't remember a former occasion. Work somewhat exhausting, especially in hot weather; but when he did take his coat off and set to it must be admitted he turned out a rare article. All very well for JOHN MORLEY to affect to make light of the business. Not very probable that when the QUEEN visited Ireland she would put up at an hotel; a hypothetical question; deal with the question when it arises, and all the rest of Ministerial common-places. THEOBALD's shaft had gone home, and when he saw Mr. G. wince, and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD grow pale, he felt that the continuous labour of nights and days was rewarded.

"Didn't think I could do it," he said when I warmly congratulated him. "Not used to that sort of thing, you know. Never know what you can do till you try. A little hard at first. The thing is to keep pegging away. Still, I'm glad it's over. Shan't try

another this year. Shall go away now for a bit of a holiday to recruit."

Business done.—Got through Clauses Home-Rule Bill. Shall begin now to pick up dropped threads.

Friday.—Not heard much lately of HENNIKER-HEATON. Compared with what my dear old friend RAIKES used to suffer from this quarter, ARNOLD MORLEY's withers are unwrung. "You've not given up the crusade, have you?" I asked HENNIKER, meeting him in the Lobby just now.

"No," he said; "I do not mean to rest till not only I get Ocean Penny Postage, but have introduced at home a smaller but much-needed reform. Custom here at Christmas is, as I daresay you

know, to give postman present. That I hold to be a criminal reversal of natural course of events. It's the Post-Office should give its customers a Christmas-box, as in some places doth the grocer and eke the milkman. This tax upon the general public on behalf of a department of the State is another evidence of the grasping disposition of St. Martin's-le-Grand. I'll be up and at 'em again soon. Fact is, of late I've had my own troubles. Have mentioned them in letter to *Times*, so don't mind talking to you on a subject that has brought me from unknown admirers many expressions of sympathy, the comfort of which has, it is true, been somewhat lessened by the fact that postage was unpaid. It's this Australian Bank business. You know the proud motto of that great Colony beyond the Sea, 'Advance, Australia!' Well,

having lived there sometime, I thought it only polite to fall in with the suggestion. I advanced Australia a good deal of money in the way of purchase of bank stock, which has melted away like snow on the river. CURRAN's in the same box: but we shall get over this, and you may bet a shilling postage-stamp to a half-penny newspaper-cover we'll Advance Australia no more."

Business done.—Entered last compartment Home-Rule Bill.

"VOCES STELLARUM."

A GREAT crowd of theatrical astronomers and star-gazers assembled at the Lyceum Observatory last Saturday night for the purpose of watching the movements of the brilliant Lyceum group. HENRY IRVING of the first magnitude, ELLEN TERRY one of the brightest of the astral bodies, and the Mars-like TERRIS, with the other lesser brilliancies, all of whom we shall be unable to reckon as among the "Fixed Stars" until next Spring, when they shall have returned from their American tour. Enthusiastic reception from all parts of the House of IRVING-BECKET's parting address, which he delivered, standing before the Curtain, in his monk's habit (one of the old "Orders," "not admitted after seven"), and wearing the *pallium*, which is the special and peculiar "property" of the Lyceum Sec. Mr. *Punch* wishes them "*Bon voyage*," and many happy "returns" after every performance, ending with the happiest return of all, their reappearance at the Lyceum.

CONS. FOR THE CHAIR.

On very Old Models.

Q. WHY should a MELLOR put on a "considering cap"?—A. To keep his head cool. Q. When is a "Chair" not a "Chair"?—A. When it is "sat upon." Q. When does the Closure a Premier surprise?—A. When he finds the "Noes" above the "Ayes." Q. Where was PEEL when he put the SEXTON out?—A. In a passion. Q. Why does an angry Party "cross" the House?—A. To get on the other side.

An Unpleasant Paradox.

THAT "great conflagration" at "Simmering Axe" Brings woe to the burthened with Rate and Tax, For it tells him that Rating must still go higher—He must "raise the Wind" to keep down the Fire!

GOOD LEGAL SECURITIES.—De-Benchers of Lincoln's Inn.



"He declared that there was no foundation for the imputation."

THE DIRECTOR'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is your duty as a Director?

Answer. To give my name to a prospectus.

Q. Is there any necessary formality before making this donation?

A. Yes; I am to accept a certain number of qualifying shares in the company obtaining the advantage of my directorial services.

Q. Need you pay for these shares?

A. With proper manipulation, certainly not.

Q. What other advantages would you secure by becoming a Director?

A. A guinea an attendance.

Q. Anything else?

A. A glass of sherry and a sandwich.

Q. What are your duties at a Board Meeting?

A. To shake hands with the Secretary, and to sign an attendance book.

Q. What are your nominal duties?

A. Have not the faintest idea.

Q. Would it be right to include in your nominal duties the protection of the interests of the shareholders?

A. As likely as not.

Q. Would it be overstating the case to say that thousands and thousands of needy persons are absolutely ruined by the selfish inattention of a company's direction?

A. Not at all—possibly understating it.

Q. I suppose you never read a prospectus to which you put your name?



DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Stern Parent. "NO WONDER YOU LOOK SO SEEDY AND FIT FOR NOTHING. I HEAR YOU CAME HOME SO VERY LATE LAST NIGHT!"

Youth (who is having his fling). "BEG YOUR PARDON, DAD, I DID NOTHING OF THE SORT. I CAME HOME VERY EARLY!"

A. Never.
Q. Nor willingly wish to ruin any one?

A. No; why should I?

Q. You are guilty of gross ignorance and brutal indifference?

A. Quite so.

Q. And consequently know that, according to the view of the Judges, you are above the law?

A. That is so.

Q. And may therefore do what you like, without any danger to your own interests?

A. To be sure.

Q. And consequently will do what you best please, in spite of anything, and anybody?

A. Why, certainly.

At a meeting of the International Maritime Congress "M. GATTO read a paper on Harbour Lights." Does this mean that one of the Adelphi GATTI read the paper (extract from the play, or perhaps a play-bill) on *Harbour Lights*, which was an Adelphi success? Of course one of "the GATTI's" would be in the singular "M. GATTO." The paper was much applauded, and GATTO *prends le gâteau*.

FROM SPIRIT LAND.—The Spirits or Spooks from the vasty deep that can be called and will come when Stead-ily and persistently summoned will not be the first to speak. The "Spooks" well-bred rule of politeness is, "Don't spook till you're spoken to." Also, "A good Spook must be seen and not heard."

MUSIC FOR THE MULTITUDE;

OR, BELMONT ON THE EMBANKMENT.

A Morality (adapted from the "Merchant of Venice") for Men in Municipal Authority.

"The music on the Embankment during the pressman's dinner-hour is a much more important matter than it seems to be. It would be a most beneficial institution for all indoor labourers; for it is not the long hours of labour—though they are bad enough—so much as its monotony that makes it so wearisome."—*Mr. James Poynt in "Our Note Book."*

Lorenzo. . . . A Journeyman Printer.
Jessica. . . . His "Young Woman."

SCENE—*The Thames Embankment Garden.*

Lorenzo. Sweetheart, let's in; they may expect our coming.
And yet no matter:—why should we go in?
The Toffs at last, have had compassion on us.
Within the house, or office, mewed too long,
And bring our music forth into the air.

[*They take a seat.*
How bright the sunshine gleams on this Embankment!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft green and Summer
sunlight
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, JESSICA: look, how this green town-garden
Is thickly crowded with the young and old:

There's not the smallest child which thou behold'st
But by his movements shows his young heart sings,
As though poor kids were young eye'd cherubim:

Such love of music lives in simple souls;
But whilst grim pedants and fanatics sour
Have power to stop, they will not let us hear it!

[*Musicians tune up.*
Hullo! The *Intermezzo*! Like a hymn
With sweeter touches charming to the ear,
The soul's drawn home by music.

[*Music.*
Jessica. I'm always soothed like when I hear nice music.

Lorenzo. The reason is your spirits are responsive.

For do but note a wild and wanton mob
Of rough young rascals, like unbroken colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and blaring loud,
Which shows the hot condition of their blood;

If they, perchance, but hear a brass-band sound,
Or harp and fiddle duet touch their ears,
Or even *Punch's* pan-pipe, or shrill "squeaker,"

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their wandering eyes turned to an earnest gaze,

By the sweet power of music: therefore poets

Tell us old Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Since naught so blockish, hard, insensible,
But music for the time doth change his nature.

The man who would keep music to himself,
Grudging the mob all concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for Bedlam, not the County Council!
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections cold as Arctic bergs.

Let no such man be trusted!—Mark the music!

Left marking it attentively.

A Northern Light.

(*Dr. JOHN RAE, the venerable and valiant Arctic Explorer, is dead.*)

THE Arctic Circle and far Hudson's Bay
Bear witness to the glories of JOHN RAE.
The darkened world, with deep regret, will own

Another RAE of Light and Leading gone!

Mrs. R. (thinks she will not go abroad for a holiday tour. "You see, my dear," she says, "I don't mind owning that I am not well up in French and German, and I should not like to have always to be travelling about with an Interrupter.")



LIVELY. SAMBOURN. DEL.

"THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE."

DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW FOR WESTMINSTER, BY W. E. G.

["Would his right hon. friend excuse his suggesting an analogy of the character which he bore with that which was systematically assumed, he believed, under ancient rules, in the Court of Rome . . . when it was proposed, in consequence of the peculiar excellence of some happy human being who had departed this life, to raise him . . . to the order of the saints . . . there was always brought into the Court a gentleman who went . . . under the name of devil's advocate. His peculiar function was to go through the career of the proposed saint, to seize upon and magnify every human failing or error, to misconstrue everything that was capable of misconstruction. . . . That was the case of his right hon. friend."—*Mr. Gladstone on Mr. Chamberlain.*]



A TRIAL OF FAITH.

Bertie (at intervals). "I USED TO—WHAT THE—DO A LOT OF—CONF—ROWING, ONE TIME!"

"THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE."

Old Parliamentary Pictor soliloquiseth:—

"As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest."

AYE, my ALFRED, there you hit
The portrait-painter's function to a hair;
And here I hit the essential inner JOE.
And so he'll live. But "ever at his best,
And fullest?" Humph! His Brummagem
retinue
Will scarce acknowledge *that*. Some call
him "JUDAS,"
But that is rude, and leads to shameful rows.
Chaff is one thing and insolence another;
E'en caricature may pass, so that it's impulse
Be humorous not malevolent; but coarse
spleen,
Taking crude shape in truthless graphic
slander,
Is boyish work,—bad manners and bad art!
And so TAY PAY transgressed the bounds of
taste,
And led to shameful shindy. HEROD?
Humph!
That flout "lacked finish," as great DIZZY
said,
He pricked, not stabbed, was fencer, not
brute-bruiser,
But he of Brummagem hath much to learn
in gentlemanly sword-play.
"Devil's Advocate!"
That hits him off, I think! Not Devil,—no!

(Though angry blunderheads will twist it that
way)
But ruthless slater of the pseudo-saint!
Thepseudo-saint, I own, looks limp and floppy,
Half-fledged and awkward at the cherub rôle.
Poor saint! He's had much mauling, must
have more,
Ere he assumes the nimbus, and I would
That he looked less lop-sided. Yes, my JOE!
You'll spot some "human failings" I've no
doubt.
To exercise your "double million magnifyin'
Gas microscopes of hextra power" upon.
Your "vision" is not "limited" by "deal
doors"
Or "flights o' stairs," or friends, or facts, or
fairness,
You hardly need suggestions diabolic
From that hook-nosed attorney at your elbow
To urge you to the attack; erect, alert,
Orchid-adorned, and eye-glass-armed, you
stand
The sharpest, shrewdest, most acidulous,
Dapper and dauntless "Devil's Advocate"
That ever blackened a poor "saint" all over
Othello-wise, or robbed a postulant
For canonisation of a hopeful chance
Of full apotheosis, and the right
Of putting on the nimbus.

There, 'tis finished;
And—on the whole—'twere well I had not
limned it!
'Twas tempting, yes, and pleasant in the
painting,
But—well, I've paid for it, and much mis-
doubt
If it was worth the price. Followers applaud,
I—suffer. Oh, that mob of scuffling men,
Clawing and cursing, while the gallery hissed!

Hisssed—not a pothouse outpour in full fight,
Not clamorous larrikins, or rowdy roughs
By prize-ring or on race-course fired with
drink,
But England's Commons settling—with their
fists
A Constitutional Contest! Shame, O shame!
And much I fear my Art must *somewhat*
share the blame! [Left lamenting.]

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"Mrs. Tanqueray has left town."

THEY talk of ALEXANDER
And Mrs. Tanque-ray,
Now who would raise my dander
Will just abuse that play.
For few there are
That can compare—
Well,—if so, give their names,—
With Mrs. Tanque-ray
Who has just gone away
From the Theatre of St. James.

MRS. R. says that of all SHAKESPEARE's
plays produced at the Lyceum, she liked
Henry the Eighth the best, because of the
character of Cardinal Bullseye, which Mr.
IRVING played so sweetly.

STATUES OF THE TWO NEW PARLIAMENTARY
GIANTS TO BE ERECTED AS GUARDING THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Gag and Maygag.

THEATRICAL PEDESTRIAN MATCH.—Match
between two "Walking Gentlemen." Date not
yet fixed. Stake-holder "Walker, London."

A VISIT TO BORDERLAND.

I CALLED ON Mr. STEAD last week, at least I seemed to call, For in this "visionary" world one can't be sure at all; And when I reached the great man's house he shook me by the hand, And talked, as only STEAD can talk, of Spooks and *Borderland*. I own that I was tired of men who live upon the earth, They hadn't recognised, I felt, my full and proper worth; "They'll judge me much more fairly," I reflected, "when they're dead,—

So I'll go and seek an interview with WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD."

The reason why I went to STEAD is this: the great and good Has lately found that English ghosts are much misunderstood; Substantial man may swagger free, but, spite of all his boasts, STEAD holds there is a future, and a splendid one, for ghosts. And so he has an office, a sort of ghostly Cook's, Where tours may be contracted for to Borderland and Spooks; And those who yearn to mix with ghosts have only got to go And talk, as I conversed, with STEAD for half an hour or so.



The ghosts have got a paper too, the *Borderland* I spoke of. Where raps and taps are registered that scoffers make a joke of: A medium's magazine it is, a ghostly gazetteer Produced by WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD, the Julianic seer. And everything that dead men do to help the men who live. The chains they clank, the sighs they heave, the warnings that they give. The coffin-lids they lift at night when folk are tucked in bed, Are all set down in black and white by WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD.

While wide-awake he sees such shapes as others merely dream on; For instance there is JULIA, a sort of female dæmon; Like some tame hawk she stoops to him, she perches on his wrist — In life she was a promising, a lady journalist; And now that death has cut her off she leaves the ghostly strand, And turns her weekly copy out by guiding WILLIAM's hand. Yet, oh, it makes me writhe like one who sits him down on tin tacks To note that happy ghost's contempt for grammar and for syntax.

Well, well, I called on STEAD, you know; a doctor's talk of diet is, And STEAD's was of his psychic food as cure for my anxieties. I thought I'd take a chair to sit (it looked to me quite common) on, "You can't sit there," observed the Sage; "that's merely a phenomenon."

Two ladies, as I entered, seemed expressing of their grates For help received to Mr. STEAD in sentimental attitudes; They saw me, prouetted twice, then vanished with a high kick. "It's nothing," said the Editor; "they are not real, but psychic."

These things, I own, surprised me much; I fidgetted uneasily; "Why, bless the man, he's had a shock!" said Mr. STEAD, quite breezily.

"We do these things the whole year round, it's merely knack to do them;

A man who does them every day gets quite accustomed to them. This room of mine is full of ghosts,"—it sounded most funereal—"I've only got to say the word to make them all material.

"I'll say it promptly, if you wish; they cannot well refuse me." But my eagerness had vanished, and I begged him to excuse me.

"Now JULIA," he continued, "is in many ways a rum one. But, whatever else they say of her, they can't say she's a dumb one. She speaks—she's speaking now," he said. "I wonder what she'll tell us.

What's that? She says she likes your looks; she wants to make me jealous."

That gave me pause, and made me think 'twas fully time I went; it is A fearful thing to fascinate these bodiless non-entities.

Of course when people go to Rome they act like folk at Rome, you know,

But flirting didn't suit my book—I've got a wife at home, you know.

Well, next I felt a gust of wind, "That's Colonel BONES," my host said;

"He's dropped his helmet" (think of that, a helmet on a ghost's head).

"I don't much care," he whispered this, "in fact, I can't endure him;

Dragoons do use such awful words; I've tried in vain to cure him." I ventured to suggest to STEAD that rather than be bluffed I

Would make this cursing soldier-ghost turn out in psychic mufti; He couldn't drop his helmet then, nor threaten with his sabre.

"I've tried to," said the Editor, "it's only wasted labour.

"I've sought advice," continued STEAD, "from CANTUAR and EBOR, They hinted that they couldn't stand a she-ghost and a he-bore.

I tried to get a word or two from men of arts and letters, They said they drew the line at Spooks who made a noise with fetters.

And when I talked of bringing men and ghostly shapes together The Bishops tapped their foreheads and conversed about the weather. In fact"—he grew quite petulant—"in all this world's immensity I'd back the Bench of Bishops to beat the rest in density."

And so he talked, till suddenly—(perhaps he's talking still; In talking of his own affairs, he has a wondrous skill)—

There came a noise, as if Old BONES had let off all his blanks at once,

As if a thousand theorists were turning all their cranks at once; It seemed to lift me off my legs, and seize me by the hair.

And sweep me mute but terrified through all the spook-filled air.

And, when I got my senses back, I vowed no more to tread The paths that lead to Borderland, nor ask advice of STEAD.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Pietro Ghisleri is another success for that charming writer MARION CRAWFORD. The style is everything. The story is not of so thrilling a nature as to be absorbing, but it is sufficiently interesting—for the Baron, at least, with whom M. C.—"Master of his Craft"—is a great favourite. "Odd, though," murmurs the Baron to himself, and he seldom murmurs about anything; "odd that a writer like our MARION should, in Vol. II., p. 35, pen such a sentence as this: "There are plenty of others whom you may care for more than I." Of course the author intends *Maddalena del' Armi*, who utters these words, to convey to her listener and to the reader that "There are plenty of others for whom you may care more than (you care) for me." How does "than I" get into this sentence, unless it is to mean "There are plenty of others for whom you may care more than I care for them"—*quod est absurdum*. It is unfortunate that the pivot on which the plot turns is so highly improbable as to be almost impossible, for is it not most unlikely that any Catholic, educated or uneducated, should ever write her confession to her confessor, and send it by post, instead of going to him, and making it by word of mouth? She must have known that, in so doing, she was making no confession at all, i.e., in the restrictedly religious sense of the word. While she was about it, she might as well have inclosed a stamped and directed envelope for the absolution to be sent by return. This is the hinge of the story; and it is a very weak one. Mr. CRAWFORD recognises this when his other characters casually discuss the probability of *Adèle's* having done such a thing. However, grant this, which is almost as easily done as granting superhuman strength to a Ouidaesque hero, and the book—in three of MACMILLAN'S blue volumes—is fascinating. Such is the candid opinion of

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



THE SPIRIT LEVEL.

Relentless Youth. "ULLO 'ERE, GUV'NOR, WHAT 'YER UP TO NAOW? TYKIN' A HORDNANCE SURVEY O' THE DISTRICT, I SUPPOSE!!"

TO A PARISIENNE.

["Paris est le centre du bon goût."—*Les Précieuses Ridiculis*, Scène X.]

By Jove, what festive tints you wear, *chère Madame!*
These *fin-de-siècle* furbelows of *la dame*
Would scare the very simply dressed *Père ADAM*.

On you they're charming;
But when the fashion spreads to distant quarters,
And far across the Channel's choppy waters
They glow on England's humble, tasteless daughters,
They'll be alarming.

Bright blue, gay green, loud lilac, yelling yellow—
Yelling for *criard*, pray forgive a fellow
For using words that time has not turned mellow—
Must not be worse made

Than in your costumes, gracefully assorted.
Think what these tints will be, transposed, distorted,
By English laundress, flower-girl, and sported
By cook or nursemaid!

Our eyes! Oh, save them then with shades or goggles!
For reason totters on its throne, which joggles.
In choosing tints the Englishwoman boggles;

"*Chacun à son goût.*"
You're always *comme il faut* from boots to bonnet.
For Paris, praised in song, and ode, and sonnet,
Is still, as when *les Précieuses* doated on it,
"*Le centre du bon goût.*"

"MERRY MARGIT!"—"I was at Margate last July," sang THOMAS BARHAM, when telling of the *Little Vulgar Boy*, and so were we, this July, for the purpose of passing a few happy hours at the renovated Cliftonville Hotel under the government of Mr. HOLLAND, vice-regent for Messrs. GORDON & Co. No need now to quit the shores of England for Antwerp, Rotterdam, or any other of the Rotterdamerung Cycle, as visitors to Margate will, on our own shore, find HOLLAND. In the menu Sauce Hollandaise is avoided, and Politesse Hollandaise is substituted, to the satisfaction of everybody.

"Voilà ce que l'on dit de moi
Dans la Gazette de Hollande!"

Which couplet the Manageress might sing, as they are words from *The Grand Dutchess*.

THE MAN MAKES THE TAILOR.

(*Fragment from a Seasonable Romance.*)

It was towards the close of the London season of 1893 that a man in a strange garb was seen at an early hour in the East End of London. He attracted considerable attention. It was a rough part of the City, still, those who lived there were conventional in their costume. They wore black coats, and there was a certain respectability about their hats. But the man to whom we refer was eccentric in the extreme. His straw hat was worn at the back of his head, his cut-away coat was thrown open, showing a huge, collarless coloured cotton shirt. He had flannel trousers tucked into digger's boots. No one knew whence he came, whither he was going.

"Have you noticed him?" asked the Inspector.

"Yes, Sir," replied the Police Constable, "he's got white hands, so if he belongs to the dangerous classes, he is a smasher, or a forger, or something genteel in that line."

"Well, keep your eye upon him."

"I will, Sir."

And the strange-looking person continued his way. As he walked through the City, the merchants regarded him with surprise, but there were those amongst the stockbrokers who seemed to receive him with recognition.

"I fancy I have seen the Johnnie somewhere before," observed one Member of the House to another. "I am almost sure I know the cut of his suit."

And the man walked on until he reached Knightsbridge. There he was stopped by an elderly, well-dressed, well-to-do individual, who had evidently just come up from the country. The two pedestrians started back when they met face to face.

"What are you doing in that hideous disguise?" asked the senior of the junior.

"It is no disguise, father," was the reply; "it is only the customary get up of a young man of fashion between the hours of nine and eleven when he proposes to walk in the park."

And, with these words, the strange apparition crossed over the road, and entered Rotten Row. And here he was soon lost in a crowd quite as eccentrically garbed as himself.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE CITY.

SCENE—Board-room of a Public Company. TIME—A few minutes after the close of a General Meeting. PRESENT—Chairman of Directors and Secretary.

Chairman. Well, I think I got in all that was wanted?

Secretary. Could not have been better, Sir. You had the figures at your fingers' ends.

Chair. (*laughing*). You mean on a sheet of paper in front of me.

Sec. And everyone was satisfied, Sir.

Chair. As they should have been, considering my flaming account of the prosperity of the undertaking. By the way, is it flourishing?

Sec. Well, Sir, that is scarcely in my department. You must ask the auditors.

Chair. Oh, never mind; it is a matter of no importance.

Sec. I daresay if you wanted any information, Sir, I could get it for you.

Chair. No, thanks, I don't want to increase my work. I am sure I do quite enough for my wretched two or three hundred a year—don't you think so?

Sec. Certainly, Sir. You do a great deal more than some Chairmen.

Chair. Yes, I suppose I do. Come here once a year, and preside over an Annual Meeting, and draw my fees. What more can I do?

Sec. I'm sure I don't know, Sir. A knowledge of the duties of a Chairman of Directors comes scarcely within the scope of my required services.

Chair. Quite so; and now I will say Good-bye!

Sec. See you again next year, Sir?

Chair. Certainly. If I don't sell out in the meantime. And now I must be off. I am due at another meeting, and have to get up the necessary figures in five minutes. Do you think I shall do it in the time?

Sec. Certainly, Sir. You managed the task in less here.

[*Scene closes in upon the valuable pair—and the security of the Public.*]

"FRIENDLY RIFLE."—"MELLISH has followed his miss with an inner and two bullseyes." Very kind of MELLISH. We hope "his Miss" accepted the two bullseyes. "BORN and GIBBS got magpies." Whatever sort of pies these may be, it is evident that, with "pies" and "bullseyes," our riflemen are fond of sweets.



MAGNA EST VERITAS.

"MY DAUGHTER WILL NEVER GET ANOTHER PLACE WITH THE CHARACTER YOU 'VE BEEN GIVING HER, MY LADY!"
 "I 'VE ONLY TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!"
 "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, TOLD ABOUT YOU, MY LADY?"

THE FRENCH WOLF AND THE SIAMESE LAMB.

An Old Fable with a New Setting.

A LITTLE lamb lived by a flowing stream.
 A great temptation, when the heat was torrid,
 To thirsty souls that water's limpid gleam.
 At least so thought a Wolf, of aspect horrid,
 Who, having for some time abstained and fasted,
 Desired to learn how lamb—and water—tasted.
 He felt with pinching want his paunch was pining,
 Early he'd lunched, so longed the more for dining.
 A Cochin China rooster, lank and thin,
 Or something indigestible from Tonquin,
 For a big, sharp-set Wolf, are snacks, not meals;
 So down the sparkling river Lupus steals,
 Quite uninvited, but intent on forage,
 Fronting the fleecy flocks with wondrous courage;
 For whether in the Southdowns, or Siam,
 By the near Medway, or the far Menam,
 Your Wolf is most courageous—with your Lamb!
 With joy the Lamb he spied, then, growling, said,
 "Sirrah! how dare you thus disturb my drink?"
 The Lamb, in answer, meekly bowed his head—
 "I trouble not the water, Sir, I think,

Particularly as I'm sure you'll see
 It flows—observe the drift—from you to me!
 You're welcome in the stream to slake your thirst,
 But, may I just observe, *I was here first!*"
 "Oh! you chop logic!" cried the angry brute.
 "I can chop, too:—you've done me other wrong."
 Young Mutton, best with *me* not to dispute!
 You've given me already too much tongue.
 Are you the home-born boss of all Siam,
 Offleet Mekong, and many-creek'd Menam?"
 Mildly young woolly-face replied, "I am!"
 His optics orientally oblique,
 Rolling in manner sheepish, soft, and meek.
 "Oh, are you?" snarled the Wolf. "We'll see about it!"
 'Twixt Western Wolf and Oriental Lamb
 Equality is a preposterous flam:
 Do you—as Tonquin did—presume to doubt it?
 Fraternity? Well, I'm your elder brother;
 And Liberty—to you—means nought but bother.
 See, silly-face?" "Well, no," the Lamb replied,
 "Such reciprocity seems all one side.
 Not six o' one and half a dozen o' tother!"
 "Pooh!" snapped the Wolf. "Logic's clear *terra firma*
 Is not for Lambkin, but for Wolf or Lion.
 If you such little games with me should try on,
 I'd treat you—well, as Bull did little Burmah.

I have imperative claims; I'm going to state
 With lupine brevity in an ultimatum. [em
 That—after some two days—must stand as Law;
 If after that you give me any jaw,
 My little Mutton—well, beware my maw!"

MORAL.

This truth my simple Fable doth attest,
 He who has strongest jaw argues the best!

AT DALY'S.—The Comedy *Love in Tandem* ought to have been in three shorter Acts. Mr. LEWIS excellent, so is Mrs. GILBERT, who has not more than ten words to say, but a lot to act. Spanish widow also good. Mr. BOURCHIER is a marvellous example of the "Walking Gentleman," being perpetually on the move. It is gratifying to see him sit down for even a few 'seconds. Like the 'engineer of the penny steamboat in the burlesque of *Kenilworth*, he "has very much to learn"; but this fact need not discourage him, any more than it did Mr. HENRY IRVING, according to Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD's recently published book of Irvingite Recollections, at the commencement of his career. Miss REHAN is, *par excellence*, the life and soul of the piece; and when there has been, in her absence, a dull moment or two, she re-enters and reanimates the whole.

"SWIMMING has been much neglected in the British Navy," observed Mr. PHILOOLY. "When there's a Parliament in Dublin we'll pass a law that not a sailor shall leave *terra firma* till he can swim."



THE FRENCH WOLF AND THE SIAMESE LAMB.

THE SCHOPENHAUER BALLADS.

No. I.—THE AQUARIUM OCTOPUS.

The world is full of pretty things
That everyone admires,
And beauty, even though skin-deep,
Is what the world desires.
I'm handicapped I feel in life,
For very obvious reasons,
And yet my family always think
I'm lovely in all seasons!

My time is principally passed
In caverns under water,
My family are mostly sharks,
Except a mermaid daughter:
She sings her songs and combs her hair
To tempt unwary whalers,
And when we lure them down below
It's bad for those poor sailors.

I cannot say I like the sea,
The bottom, top, or middle.
It's always asking, night and day,
The same confounded riddle:
"Why was I made, except to drown
The surplus population?"
This is the sad sea wave's remark
At every sea-side station.

It makes me think about myself—
Octopus too unsightly—
Which are my arms and which my legs
I never can tell rightly;
I frighten children—old and young—
Without the least intention,
I saved a school from drowning once,
But that I mustn't mention!

I'm now at the Aquarium,
A "side-show" much belauded,
My antics, shown three times a day,
Are very much applauded;
The pay is not extremely large—
A weekly bare subsistence;
I take it meekly, for it breaks
The boredom of existence.

BALLADE OF EARLSCOURT.

I've really been extremely gay—
I've done most things (I mean, in reason)—
And, though "it is not always May,"
It has been, during my first season.
At balls and parties I've had fun;
I've listened to Home-Rule disputes;
There's only one thing I've not done—
Alas! I've not been down "the Chutes!"

With screams and laughter from the height
I saw men splash their nice new suits;
It seemed to cause them great delight;
But still—I have not shot the Chutes.

I've been to all the good first nights,
I've cried at DUSE, laughed at PENLEY,
I have seen all the London sights,
I've been to Sandown, Lord's, and Henley.
At IBSEN I've serenely smiled,
While suffering torture from new boots;
GLADSTONE I've met, and OSCAR WILDE—
But ah! I've not been down the Chutes!

Envoi.

Prince, one regret I feel on leaving
For country air, and flowers, and fruits—
I quit gay London only grieving
To think I have not shot the Chutes!

"A DEUCE of a mess between France and Siam," observed a Bow-window Politician of Clubland. "A deuce of a mess?" repeated the other Bow-window man. "You mean, as far as France is concerned, it's the very DEVELLE!"

WHY ELINOR IS EVER YOUNG.

(By a Fiancé à la Mode.)

"... The women they might have married—the girls whom they danced with when they were youths—have grown too old for our middle-aged suitors."—Standard.]

I'm just engaged: I'm forty-five—
Our modern prime for wedded blisses.
The age *par excellence* to wive
With blooming *fin-de-siècle* Misses;
I'm *very* happy: so's my Love;
I don't regret that long I've tarried;—
And yet I can't help thinking of
The damazels I might have married.



Yes; there was JANET, slim and pert;
I took her in last night to dinner,
And cannot honestly assert
That years conspire to make her thinner;
Yet once we cooed o'er tea and buns;
She quite forgets how on we carried,
Nor owns, with undergraduate sons,
That *she* was one I might have married.

And LILIAN, emanation soft,
Fair widow of the latter Sixties,
Ideal of the faith that oft
With earliest homage intermixt is;
I used to dream her, oh! so young;
She's wrinkled now and bent and arid;
It almost desecrates my tongue,
But *she* was one I might have married.

A truce to recollection sore;
I'm still considered smart and youthful;
And trusting, darling ELINOR
Assures me so with passion truthful;
In my fond eyes she'll wither ne'er,
Because—the fact can scarce be parried—
I shan't survive to see her share
The fate of those I might have married!

Mixed.

I'm Chargé d'Affaires—"Siam?" *Oui.*
Pour England je don't care one "d."
Je prig le Menong,
Si je keep it not long—
They call me "Brigand!"—*Je le suis.*

MIND YOUR PEASE AND Q.'s.—Q. "Why did Sir DONALD CURRIE pair with Sir JOSEPH PEASE?"—No; we are not going to say anything about "PEASE and CURRIE" going together—we scorn getting a rice out of you that way—besides, this dish has been overdone. But the simple answer is, that as Sir DONALD couldn't get any other pair this one was a "*Pease aller*." [We're better now. "Pax!"]

THE RULE OF THE SEA.

(For the Use of Admirers of the Admiralty.)

Question. What is your duty as a sailor in Her Majesty's Fleet?

Answer. To carry out the orders of my superiors.

Q. If you were told that black was white what would you say?

A. That white was black.

Q. If you were informed that two and two made five would you believe it?

A. Certainly, and insist that those who thought four was the proper answer had been gravely misinformed.

Q. Would you believe a captain to be always in the right?

A. Yes, from a lieutenant's point of view. Although, of course, I should consider him the weakest of authorities in the presence of an admiral.

Q. Would you ever act upon your own responsibility?

A. Never; as such a course would be destructive to good discipline.

Q. Then, if you were told to perform an impossible manœuvre you would attempt to do it?

A. Certainly.

Q. Even if you saw that the result must be disaster?

A. Yes. I should choose the lesser of two evils.

Q. To what two evils do you refer?

A. Loss of life by my obedience, and loss of discipline by my disobedience.

Q. Which would be the smaller of the two disasters?

A. The loss of life.

Q. But did not NELSON solve a problem of a somewhat similar character by using his blind eye?

A. Yes; but then NELSON was unique.

AN AUSTRALIAN A B C.

A is Australia, the land of their birth,
B for BRUCE, BANNERMAN, batsmen of worth.

C is young CONINGHAM, more than a learner,
D is the Demon, once SPOFFORTE, now TURNER.

E the Excitement to see them all play,
F is the Four on the ground all the way.

G is for GRAHAM, the GIFFENS, and GREGORY,

H is a Hit that's maybe in the leg or eye.
I is the Interest that's caused in the cricket,

J is for JARVIS, who sometimes keeps wicket.
K is the Kangaroo, bold and defiant,

L is JACK LYONS, who hits like a giant.

M is McLEOD, and was MURDOCH of yore,

N are the Nets, where they practice before.

O their Opponents, delighted to meet them,

P for the People, so ready to greet them.

Q is the Question, "How's that?"—Out or Not?

R is that terror of batsmen—a Rot.

S their success, making Englishmen humble,

T is for TROTT, and stands also for TRUMBLE.

U is the Umpire, to whom they all shout,

V is the Voice, in which he cries "Out!"

W the Wickets, our land does not lack 'em,

X is their Xcellent keeper—friend BLACKHAM.

Y is the Yorker, that's fatal to some,

And Z shows the ending has really come.

The Great Ferris Wheel at Chicago Exhibition can "complete a revolution in seven minutes." Valuable this in Paris. No military required.



FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

SCENE—Editor's Sanctum, "The Halfpenny Slater."

Critic. "WHAT A PITY SHAKESPEARE'S DEAD! IT WOULD BE SUCH A SCORE TO PITCH INTO HIM AS AN OVER-RATED OLD IDIOT! IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE YET THAT I KNOW OF!"

Editor. "AH! CAPITAL IDEA! I DON'T SEE THAT HIS BEING DEAD MAKES ANY ODDS!"

Critic. "OH YES—FOR THE READER! DEAD 'UNS DON'T FEEL, YOU KNOW, AND THERE'S NOBODY BIG ENOUGH LIVING NOW TO BE WORTH POWDER AND SHOT, CONFOUND IT!"

FROM OUR ISLAND SPECIAL.

"I COME to Cowes," quoth the German Emperor right merrily, "as the greatest compliment I can pay to JOHN BULL. But where are the Royal carriages and Royal personages to receive me?" Admiral COMMORELL steered himself along the main roads, and played the part of the look-out man to perfection. "Nothing in the offing," he reported to the Emperor. "I hope," returned His Imperial Majesty, with a smile, "that this sort of thing doesn't offing happen." Everybody in convulsions of laughter, which just filled up the time till the appearance on the scene of the Duke of CONNAUGHT on the top of the cabin, in the full uniform of a General of the Horse Marines. "You're too punctual by half a minute," called out the Duke to the Admiral. Then the Admiral piped his eye, and the Royalties lighted cigarettes. "Here are the carriages! step in!" quoth the Duke. "Aha!" cried the Emperor gaily, in his perfect English. "Here is the carriage and the 'oss, so now we shall be borne by the 'oss to Os-borne!" Every one in convulsions, and amid roars of laughter the Duke and the Emperor drove off.

CURIOUS CRICKET ANOMALY.

WHEN a batsman has piled up a hundred, or more, Though five twenties he's hit, he has made but "a score."

JUST SUE!

WHEN a smart cove "sues" a sweet girl, for her hand,
Then suing is soft and as sweet as a peach.
But e'en suing comes bitter, you'll all understand,
When he bolts, and she sues him—"for Breach!"
A true suitor may suit her, but, faithless, the brute
Deserves what he'll get, a complete change of suit!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 24.—Haven't heard much of House of Lords this Session. Will take the floor presently, and show Commons how Legislation should be conducted. For weeks and months they've been slaving round Home-Rule Bill. Noble Lords, with fuller experience, and heaven-born aptitude, undertake to polish it off in a week. Meanwhile have had less work than usual to do. Might even have made long Summer holiday. Patriotically insisted upon meeting four times a week, to show, to whom it may concern, that at least they are ready for work.

To-night suddenly blazed forth with amazing vigour. Old friend EVELYN BARING, taking his seat under new style, Lord CROMER, agreeably surprised; House almost full; Opposition in high feather; cheered CADOGAN and the MARKISS with rare enthusiasm.

"I suppose the question is either the Church or the Land?" said CROMER, looking up his Orders of the Day. "Heard in Egypt those were only subjects that made you sit up."

"There's one other," said CARRINGTON, to whom remark was addressed; "though you will say it practically comes to the same thing. It's Mr. G. Anything connected with him ruffles House with sudden storm. Mr. G. made HOUGHTON Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. HOUGHTON a charming fellow; popular in both camps; but being Mr. G.'s selection for the Viceroyalty, we—I mean they—are bound to go for him."

Went for him to-night hammer and tongues. CADOGAN, not usually a peer of bloodthirsty aspect, clenched his teeth with ominous vigour when he discovered HOUGHTON was not present. Had sent him special invitation, he explained. Had even gone so far as to leave to him choice of date for his execution. "And now," cried CADOGAN, glaring round the appalled House, "his Excellency is not here!"

His absence commented on with towering vigour. Lord Lieutenant's procedure, in his dealing with addresses, "dishonest, dishonourable, discreditable to all concerned," said CADOGAN, by way of final shot, intended to sink whole Ministerial Bench.

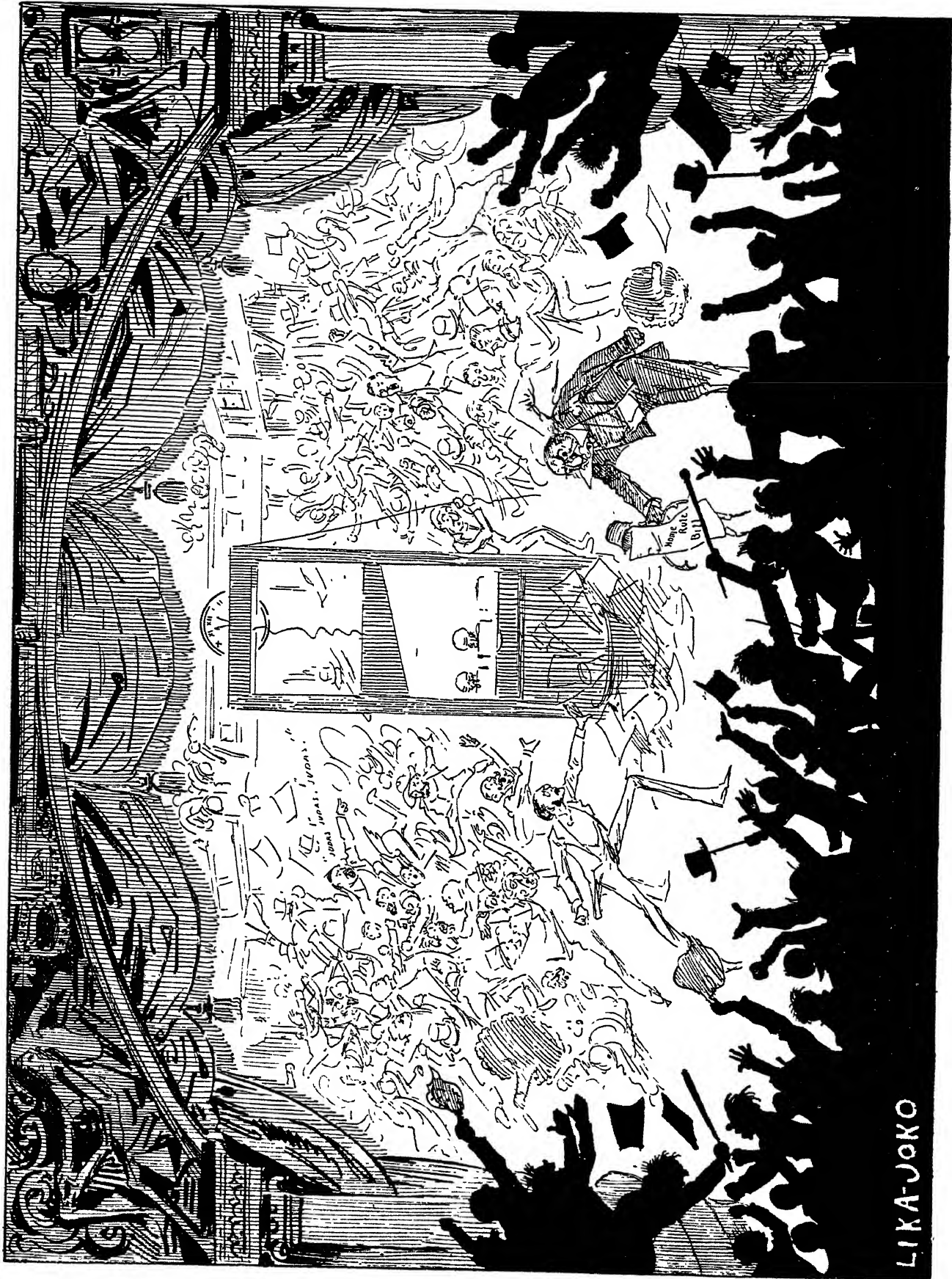
MARKISS, not to be outdone, denounced Mr. G. as "a despot," and his colleagues in the Government "a well-trained company of mutes." As for something Lord SPENCER had said, MARKISS described it as "a pure invention," which is much politer than Mr. MANTALINI's way of referring to similar lapse as "a demnition lie." House sat as late as half-past six, and went off home in high good humour. "Quite a long time since we wet our spears," said the MARKISS. "Just as well sometime, dear TOBY, to show you fellows in the Commons what we can do."

Business done.—In Commons Financial Clause to Home-Rule Bill passed Second Reading.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—DON'T KEIR HARDIE on again with fresh inquiry as to misadventure to one ARTHUR WALKER on day of Royal Wedding. Mr. WALKER (of London) it appears had difficulty with mounted officer in command of company of troops. Officer says that when ordered to fall back WALKER seized his horse's rein. ARTHUR says "Walker!"; didn't do anything of the sort. That remains in dispute. What is clear is that WALKER got slight scalp wound, inflicted by the warrior's sword. DON'T KEIR HARDIE wants sworn inquiry into case. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN puts whole case in nutshell. "An accident," he says, "a regrettable accident; entirely owing to fact of the sharp edge of the sword meeting the man's head, instead of the flat edge."

That was all; but WALKER seems to think it was enough. Carried out on a larger scale, before and since Waterloo, similar accidents have had even more direful results. But CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, by voice and manner, succeeded in throwing into explanation an amount of conviction that communicated itself to House, and even quietened DON'T KEIR HARDIE. The choice of the word "meeting" was perhaps most exquisite touch in answer. Without venturing upon assertion, it conveyed impression that responsibility for regrettable occurrence was fully shared by Mr. WALKER. Meeting implies advance from either side. To accomplish the contact, Mr. WALKER's head must have advanced in the direction of the sword, which at the moment happened to be going the other way, unfortunately with the sharp edge to the front. Hence, between the two, the abrasion of Mr. WALKER's skull.

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN did not add another word, but everyone



VIEW OF "COMMITTEE STAGE OF THE HOME-RULE BILL." "CALL" FOR THE AUTHOR AND MANAGER.

who knows his kindness of heart will understand his unuttered wish that when in future WALKER takes his walks abroad he will be more careful. At least, if his head insists upon meeting swords going the other way, he may be expected to note whether it is the sharp edge or the flat that is out for the day.

Business done.—Financial Clause Home-Rule Bill in Committee. A long dull night, flashing forth at end in encounter between JOSEPH and his "right hon. friend." Mr. G. in tremendous force and vigour. In its way it was CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's story over again, JOSEPH's blameless head meeting the sharp edge of Mr. G.'s sword. Where difference came in was in circumstance that no one seemed to regard accident as regrettable. On contrary, whilst the Home-Rulers whooped in wild delight, the Opposition crowded the benches to watch the fun.

Friday, 120 A.M.—If there is in the world at this moment a thoroughly astonished man it is JOHN WILLIAM LOGAN, Member of Parliament for the South (Harborough) division of Leicestershire. Just now LOGAN's mind is disturbed and his collar ruffled by an incident in the passage of Home-Rule Bill; but he is capable of giving perfectly coherent account of events. At ten o'clock MELLOR rose as usual to set in motion machinery of guillotine. Question at moment before Committee peremptorily put. LOGAN, unguardedly descending from serene atmosphere of side gallery, reached floor of House; was passing between table and Front Opposition Bench

forty lashes, hit high or hit low he couldn't please them. The scene that followed has no parallel since similar disturbance took place in Dotheboys Hall when *Nicholas Nickleby* revolted and "took it out" of *Squeers*. HAYES FISHER leaning over clutched LOGAN by the back of the neck and thrust him forth. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, seeing opportunity of winning his knightly spurs, firmly fixed his eyeglass, and felt for LOGAN in the front.

That the table and front Opposition Bench were not "steeped" in LOGAN's gore, as were the forms and benches at Dotheboys Hall in that of *Fanny Squeers's* Pa, was due to diversion raised from another quarter. Irish members below Gangway, seeing the scrimmage, and noting CARSON had something to do with it, moved down in body with wild "whirroo!" SAUNDERSON, providentially in his place, sprang up and advanced to intercept the rolling flood. CREAM being on crest of advancing wave found his face, by what CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN would describe as a "regrettable accident," in contact with the Colonel's fist. Moreover, it was the knuckly end, scarcely less hurtful than the sharp edge of the sword which laid WALKER (of London) low. CREAM drew back, but only *pour mieux reculer*, as they say in Cork. Whilst the Colonel was standing in the attitude of pacific impartiality he later described to the SPEAKER. CREAM dealt him an uncommonly nasty one on the chops; the thud distinctly heard amid the Babel of cries in the miniature Donnybrook below Gangway. Amid moving, struggling mass,



AFTER THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN. EXPLANATIONS.

towards division lobby when he beheld vision of VICARY GIBBS skipping down gangway steps shouting and waving his arms. LOGAN, a man of philosophical temperament and inquiring mind, halted to watch course of events. Something apparently wrong in the City; things either gone up or gone down; VICARY GIBBS certainly come down; was now seated beside PRINCE ARTHUR, with hat fiercely pressed over brow, excitedly shouting at Chairman. As everybody else was shouting at same moment, Chairman wrung his hands, and spasmodically cried "Order! Order!" LOGAN had presence of mind to note that whilst VICARY in any pause in the storm cried aloud, "Mr. MELLOR, I rise to order," he was sitting down all the time with his hat on.

That was LOGAN's last collected idea before personal affairs entirely engrossed his attention. HAYES FISHER, in ordinary times mildest-mannered man that ever helped to govern Ireland, took note of LOGAN still standing in passage between Front Bench and table; effect upon him miraculous.

"Yah, LOGAN!" he yelled; "get out. Bah! bah! go to the Bar." Contagion of fury touched CARSON, who had hitherto been shouting at large. He now turned on LOGAN. "Gag! gag!" he yelled. "Gang of gaggers." Then, in heat of moment, he cried above the uproar, "Gag of gaggers."

This too much for LOGAN. Hitherto stood everything; now sat down in contiguity to CARSON. Here is where the surprise came in. Front Opposition Bench not his usual place, but was nearest available seat. His standing up objected to; it was certainly against rules of law and order that prevail in the House of Commons. Very well then, he would sit down. This he did, taking vacant place by CARSON. But, like the bo'sun and the sailor strung up for

SAUNDERSON's white waistcoat flashed to and fro like flag of truce, to which, alas! there was no response. What became of LOGAN in this crisis not quite clear. Fancy I saw WALROND extricating him from the embraces of FANNY-SQUEERS-ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Mr. G. looked on with troubled face from Treasury Bench. BARTLEY standing up on edge of scrimmage, pointed accusatory forefinger at him, was saying something, probably opprobrious but at the moment inaudible.

"So like BARTLEY to go to root of matter," said GEORGE RUSSELL, who surveyed scene from sanctuary of Speaker's chair. "Others might accuse JOSEPH of being responsible for disturbance by likening his old colleague and chief to iniquitous King HEROD at the epoch when the worms were waiting to make an end of him. VICARY GIBBS and good Conservatives generally are sure it was TAX PAX's re-ort of 'JUDAS! JUDAS!' that dropped the fat into the fire. Only BARTLEY has cool judgment and presence of mind to point the moral of the moving scene. A striking figure in the inextricable *mêlée*. When his statue is added to that of great Parliamentarians in St. Stephen's Hall, the sculptor should seize this attitude."

Business done.—Home-Rule Bill through Committee; but first a real taste of Donnybrook.

Friday Night.—House a little languid after excitement of last night. Attendance small; subject at morning sitting, Scotch Education; at night, Agriculture. Dr. HUNTER thinks it would be nice to have Committee of Inquiry into origin and progress of last night's row. Nobody else takes that view; general impression is, we'd better forget it as soon as possible.

Business done.—TREVELYAN explains Scotch Education Vote.

THE ANGEL (IN THE HOUSE)'S ADVOCATE.—Mr. WOODALL.

THE CLOSURE AT HOME.

PATERFAMILIAS entered the drawing-room at ten minutes to six o'clock, and found the family still undecided. There was a pause in the conversation when he made his appearance.

"Where are we to go?" he asked, taking out his watch. "You have been quarrelling for the last week, and I have given you till this hour. So get through your amendments as fast as you can."

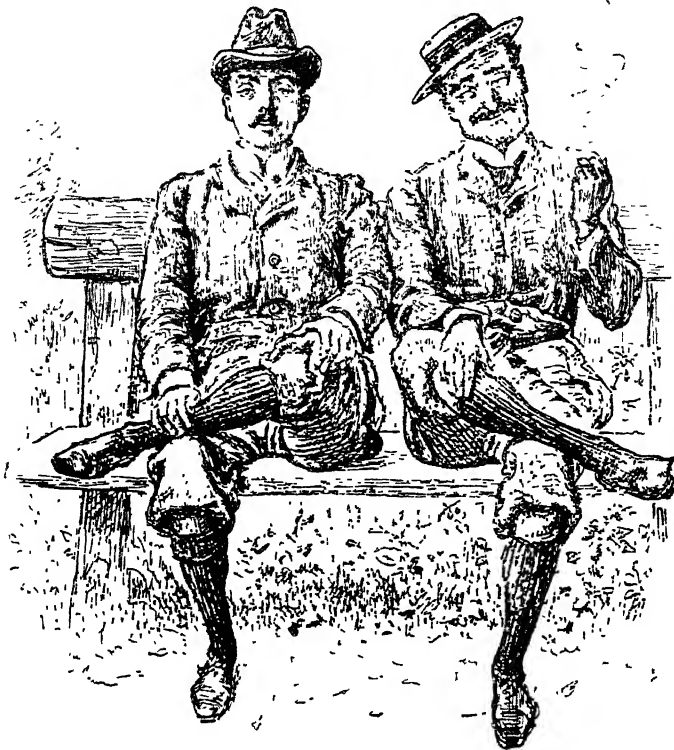
"I prefer Paris," said Materfamilias, "and I am supported by all the girls. We are decidedly in a majority."

"Paris is simply awful at the end of July!" cried the eldest son. "Give you my word, mother, the place is impossible."

"Venice would certainly be better," said his younger brother. "Charming place, and you get a very decent table d'hôte at DANIELI'S."

"Oh, Venice is too dreadful just now!" exclaimed Aunt MATILDA. "If we are to go with you, we certainly can't travel there. Besides, there's the cholera all over the Continent. Now Oban would be nice."

"Are you speaking seriously?" asked Cousin JANE. "Scotland never agrees with me, but Cairo would be perfect."



THE TEST OF TRUE GENIUS.

Pictor Ignotus Number One. "YES; I RATHER FLATTER MYSELF THERE ARE PRECIOUS FEW OF MY CONTEMPORARIES WHO CARE ABOUT MY WORK!"

Pictor Ignotus Number Two (not to be beaten). "BY JOVE! I RATHER FLATTER MYSELF I'VE GOT THE PULL OF YOU THERE, OLD MAN! WHY, THERE'S NOBODY CARES ABOUT MINE!"

"Do you think so, my dear girl?" put in Uncle JOHN. "I fancy you are making a mistake. Egypt is very well in the winter, but it is fearfully hot in August. Now they tell me Killarney is simply delightful at this season."

"Ireland! No, thank you!" exclaimed REGINALD. "We have had enough of Home Rule on this side of the Channel to go across to find it on the other. No; give me Spain, or even Russia."

The hands of the clock were close upon the hour, but still there was a minute or so to spare.

"Russia indeed!" snapped out PRISCILLA. "Who ever would go to Russia? But people do tell me that Chicago is well worth seeing, and—"

At this moment the clock struck six.

"Time's up," cried Paterfamilias. "We will all go to Herne Bay."

And they did.

The New Atomic Theory.

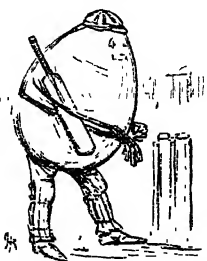
(According to the New Journalism).

MANKIND are debtors to two mighty creditors, Omniscient Science, and infallible Editors.

Nature is summed in principles and particles; The moral world in Laws and Leading Articles!

CRICKET ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

We believe that our lively neighbours, the French, having seen that there is a chance of some alteration being made in the rules of cricket in England, have determined to suggest some changes on their own account. We give the first list of proposals:—



1. The ball in future is to be made of india-rubber.

2. Armour to be allowed to the striker, so as to prevent accidents from the ball.

3. The umpires to be henceforth experienced surgeons, so that their medical services may be available for the wounded.

4. Camp-stools to be permitted to the long-stop, and other hard-worked members of the field.

5. Fielders expected to run after a rapidly-driven ball, to be allowed to follow the object on bicycles.

6. The wicket-keeper to have a small portable fortress in front of him to keep him out of danger.

7. The bats to be made of the same materials as those used in lawn-tennis.

8. The game to commence with the "luncheon interval," to be employed in discussing a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

9. The uniform of the cricketer in future to consist of a horn, a hunting-knife, jockey-cap and fishing-boots, in fact the costume of the earliest French exponent of the game.

10. The outside to have the right to declare the game closed when fatigued.

11. A band of music to be engaged to play a popular programme. A flourish of trumpets to announce the triumph of the striker when he succeeds in hitting the ball.

12. Those who take part in the great game to be decorated with a medal. All future matches to be commemorated with clasps, to denote the player's bravery.

Should these reforms be adopted by the M. C. C., there seems little doubt that the national game of England will receive a fresh lease of popularity in the land that faces Albion.

THE LATEST CRISIS.

[Mr. BARTLEY protested in the House of Commons against Mr. W. O'BRIEN's conduct in dining in the House with strangers at a table reserved for Members. Mr. O'BRIEN explained that Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN had taken a table which he (Mr. O'BRIEN) had previously reserved. The question is under the consideration of the Kitchen Committee.]

A CRISIS! A crisis! The man is a fool Who desires at this moment to talk of Home Rule. Though we know that in Egypt a something is rotten, The intrigues of young ABBAS are straightway forgotten; And we think just as much of the woes of Siam As we care for that coin of small value—a *dam*. For a crisis has come, and the House is unable To detach its attention from questions of table. Their tongues and their brains all the Members exhaust in Discussing the rights of O'BRIEN and AUSTEN. They debate in an access of anger and gloom As to who took from which what was kept, and for whom. The letters they wrote, the retorts they made tartly Are detailed—gracious Powers preserve us—by BARTLEY, Who can bend—only statesmen are formed for such feats—

His mind, which is massive, to questions of seats, And discuss with a zest which is equal to TANNER's, The absorbing details of a matter of manners. Mr. BARTLEY you like to be heard than to hear Far more, but, forgive me, a word in your ear. Though we greatly rejoice when all records are cut By your steam-hammer mind in thus smashing a nut, Yet we think it were well if the Kitchen could settle In private this question of pot *versus* kettle. And in future, when dog-like men fight for a bone, Take a hint, Mr. BARTLEY, and leave them alone.

LATEST FROM THE NATIONAL BOXING SALOON (with the kind regards of the SPEAKER).—"The nose has it, and so have the eyes!"

SAINT IZAAK AND HIS VOTARIES.

Mr. Punch's Tercentenary Tribute to the Author of "The Compleat Angler."

[August 9th this year is the 300th anniversary of the birth, in the ancient house at Stafford, of IZAAK WALTON.]



GOOD IZAAK of the diction quaint,
 The calendar holds many a fellow
 Less worthy to be dubbed a saint
 (For gentle heart and wisdom mellow)
 Than thou, the Angler's genial guide
 By wandering brook and river wide.

"I care not, I, to fish in seas," [singer,
 So chirped WILL BASSE, thy favourite
 "Fresh rivers best my mind do please."
 Bard-loving quoter, brave back-bringer
 Of England's pastoral scenes and songs,
 All England's praise to thee belongs.

Thy Book bewitches more than those
 Who are sworn "Brothers of the Angle."
 Scents of fresh pastures, wilding rose,
 All trailing flowers that intertangle
 In England's hedgerows, seem to fill
 Its pages and our pulses thrill.



GUESSES AT TRUTH.

Mr. Laidlaw. "HANDSOME WOMAN OUR HOSTESS—DON'T YOU THINK? BY THE BYE, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HER AGE IS?"
Miss St. Cyr. "WELL, I SHOULD FANCY, WHAT THE ILLUSTRATED BIOGRAPHIES CALL 'PRESENT DAY!'"

We see the stretch "up Totnam Hil,"
 Toward the "Thatcht House" that fresh
 May morning;
 We hear VIATOR praise the skill
 That he was first inclined to scorning;
 We mark the Master's friendly proffer
 Change him to votary from scoffer.
 Those "many grave and serious men,"
 He chid as "men of sower complexions,"
 If they resist his graphic pen,
 His pastorals sweet, his quaint reflections,
 Must have indeed mere souls of earth,
 To beauty blind, untuned to mirth.
 The "poor-rich-men" he pitied so
 All Anglers, and wise hearts, must pity.
 His song's queer "trollie lollie loe,"
 Sounds cheerily as the blackbird's ditty,
 To men in populous city pent,
 Who know the Angler's calm content.
 And even those who know it not,
 Nor care—poor innocents!—to know it,
 Whom ne'er the Fisher's favoured lot
 Has thrilled as sportsman, fired as poet,
 May love to turn the leaves, and halt on
 The quaint conceits of honest WALTON.
 The man whose only "quill" 's a pen,
 Who keeps no rod and tackle handy,
 May hear thy "merry river" when
 "It bubbles, dances, and grows sandy."
 May sit beneath thy beech, and wish
 To catch thy voice, if not thy fish:
 May love to sit or stroll with thee,
 Amidst the grassy water-meadows;
 The culverkeys and cowslips see,
 Dancing in summer's lights and shadows;

And watch yon youngster gathering stocks
 Of lilies and of lady-smocks:
 To hear thy milkmaid, MAUDLIN, troll
 Choice morsels from KIT MARLOW sweetly;
 And MAUDLIN's mother,—honest soul,
 Whose "golden age" has fled so fleetly!—
 Respond with RALEIGH's answering rhyme
 Of wisdom past its active prime:
 To take a draught of sound old ale—
 What tippie wholesomer or sweeter?—
 At the old ale-house in the vale,
 With CORYDON and brother PETER;
 And share the "Musick"'s mellow bout,
 As they at supper shared the trout.
 Then to that cleanly room and sweet—
 After a gay good night to all—
 Lavender scent about the sheet,
 And "ballads stuck about the wall,"
 And fall on sleep devoid of sorrow,
 With fair dreams filled of sport to-morrow.
 What wonder WALTON's work has charmed
 Three centuries? That his bait has cap-
 tured
 The grey recluse, the boy switch-armed,
 The sage, the statesman, bard enraptured,
 Gay girl—are fish her only spoil?—
 And grave Thames-haunting son of toil!
 Thy votaries, good Saint IZAAK, are
 "All who love quietness, and vertue."
 Is there on whom such praises jar?
 Well, join for once—it scarce can hurt
 you—
 In *Punch's* Tribute; fortune wishing
 To gentle souls who "go a-fishing!"

"HERE'S TO THE CLIENT."

HERE's to the client who makes his own
 will,
 And here's to his friends who dispute it;
 Here's to the case which is drawn up with
 skill,
 And the time that it takes to refute it.
 Here's to the felon whose crimes are a
 score,
 And here's to the wretch with but one,
 Sirs;
 Fraudulent trustees, directors galore,
 And the various things that they've done,
 Sirs.
 Here's to the costs which will mount up
 apace,
 When the action comes on for a hearing,
 "Retainers," "refreshers," and all of their
 race,
 Which they lavish on us for appearing.
 Here's to the Law, with its hand just and
 strong,
 Which has grown from the earliest
 ages;
 And here's to this lay, which we hope's not
 too long
 For *Punch* to put into his pages.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SAYING (adapted
 for exclusive swells who cannot enjoy even a
 Sport when it becomes "so common, don't-
 cha!").—What is Everybody's pleasure is
 Nobody's pleasure!

TO A SWISS BAROMETER.

Oh, optimistic instrument,
No other ever seeks
To raise one's hopes—benevolent
You always show *Beau fixe*!

Though meteorologic swells
Predict wet days for weeks,
Your well-intentioned pointer tells
Of nothing but *Beau fixe*.

How sweet, when in the dewy
morn—
So dewy!—up the peaks
We start through drizzle all for-
lorn,
To read again *Beau fixe*.

It makes us think of sunny lands,
Where weather has no freaks,
To see, they're always so, your
hands
Both point to that *Beau fixe*.

And though we're sodden to the
skin, [breeks,
Through coat and vest and
You did not mean to take us in
In spite of your *Beau fixe*.

We tramp, expecting soon to see
In that grey sky some streaks;
Ah no, it's fixed as fixed can be,
As fixed as your *Beau fixe*.

No matter, we get used to rain,
And mop our streaming cheeks,
Quite sure, when we get home
again,
You cannot say *Beau fixe*.

At last, all soaked, we stagger
in—
One's clothing simply leaks—
And still you say, through thick
and thin,
Unchangeably *Beau fixe*.

We change, although you don't;
no thread
Is dry on us; small creeks



AN AUTHORITY ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE
OF THE "BUFFER STATE"!!

Form where we stand, all drenched
from head
To foot. Blow your *Beau fixe*!
This beastly weather might have
riled
The philosophic Greeks;
It makes us simple Britons wild,
Combined with your *Beau fixe*.

We tell the landlord we must
go—
Poor man, he rather piques
Himself upon the weather, so
Incessantly *Beau fixe*.

"Ah, non, ça va changer ce
soir!"

Thus hopefully he speaks,
"Si Monsieur voulait bien voir
Le barometre—*Beau fixe*!"

Adapted.

(To the Unionist Needs of the
Moment.)

OTHER men have many faults,
Mr. GLADSTONE has but two;
There's nothing wise that he can
say, and nothing right that
he can do.

IN a recent case, Mr. LANE,
the magistrate, is reported to
have informed an inquiring
husband, "If your wife turns
you out she is not bound to find
you a home; but if you turn
your wife out you are bound to
find her a home." This suggests
a new Charity, "The Home for
Turned-out Wives." These ladies
would be seen driving out in
well-appointed traps, and gain
a new status in Society as being
"uncommonly well-turned-out"
wives.

ANOTHER SCENE AT THE PLAY.

(That never should be tolerated.)

SCENE—Auditorium of a Fashionable Theatre. Vast majority of
the audience deeply interested in the action and dialogue of an
excellent piece. Enter a party of Lady Emptyheads into a
Private Box.

First Emptyhead (taking off her wraps). I told you there was no
necessity to hurry away from dinner. You see they are getting on
very well without us.

Second Empty. (seating herself in front of the box). Yes. And it's
so much pleasanter to chat than to listen. This piece, they tell me,
is full of clever dialogue—so satisfactory to people who like that sort
of thing.

Third Empty. (looking round the house with an opera-glass). Why
scarcely a soul in the place we know. Well, I suppose everybody is
leaving town. Stay, is that Mrs. EVERGREEN TOFFY?

Fourth Empty. (also using her glasses). Why, yes. I wish we
could make her see us.

First Empty. Haven't you noticed that you never can attract
attention when you want to? Isn't it provoking?

Second Empty. Oh, terribly; and there is Captain DASHALONG.
Why, I thought he was at Aldershot.

Third Empty. Oh, they always give them leave about this time of
the year.

Rest of Audience (sternly). Hush! S-s-s-h-s-h!

Fourth Empty. I wonder what's the piece about.

Third Empty. Oh, it doesn't in the least matter. Sure to be
sparkling. Do you like that woman's hair?

Fourth Empty. Scarcely. It's the wrong shade. How can people
make such frights of themselves!

First Empty. I wonder if this is the Second Act, or the First!

Third Empty. What does it matter! I never worry about a
piece, for I know I shall see all about it afterwards in the
papers.

Rest of Audience (with increased sternness). Hush! S-s-s-h-s-h!

Second Empty. I always come to this theatre because the chairs are

comfortable. What is the good of going to the play unless you can
enjoy yourself?

Third Empty. Quite so. And it's much better fun without one's
husband, isn't it?

First Empty. Of course. I never bring mine, because he always
goes to sleep! So disrespectful to the actresses and actors!

Second Empty. Yes. Of course, one ought to listen to what's going
on, even if you don't care what it's all about.

Fourth Empty. Quite so. Not that it isn't pleasant to look round
the house.

Rest of Audience (angrier than ever). Hush! S-s-s-h-s-h!

Third Empty. Yes, I often think that this side of the curtain is
quite as amusing as the other.

Fourth Empty. I wonder what they are doing on the stage? Oh, I
see that the Act is nearly over! Well, I daresay it has been very
amusing.

Rest of Audience (furious). Hush! Hush! Hush!

First Empty. There descends the curtain! By the way, what a
noise those people in the pit have been making! I wonder what it
was all about?

Second Empty. I haven't the faintest notion. However, when the
play begins again, I hope they won't make any more noise. It is so
disrespectful to the Audience.

First Empty. And the Company. Why can't people behave them-
selves in a theatre?

Second, Third, and Fourth Empty. (in chorus). Ah yes! Why
can't they?

[Scene closes in upon a renewal of chatter upon the raising of the
Curtain on another Act.]

"GIVE A DAY A BAD NAME AND—."—It is stated that the day
of the disgraceful Donnybrook in the House of Commons has been
nicknamed "Collar Day," because Mr. HAYES FISHER seized
Mr. LOGAN by the collar, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "collared"
Mr. O'BRIEN's table in the dining-room. This is all very well in
its way, but would not "Choler Day" be more appropriate and
intelligible?

A DREAM-BOOK

For Would-be Travellers.

If you dream of—

Antwerp. Remember the Reubens and forget the passage over.*Boulogne.* Remember the Casino and forget the Port.*Calais.* Remember the Restaurant at the station and forget the dull surroundings.*Dieppe.* Remember the Plage and forget the occasional gales.*Etretat.* Remember the sands and forget the prices.*Florence.* Remember the pictures and forget the heat.*Genoa.* Remember the lake and forget the city.*Heidelberg.* Remember the castle and forget the climbing.*Interlachen.* Remember the Jung Frau and forget the tourists.*Japan.* Remember the interesting associations and forget the length of the journey.*Lisburn.* Remember that it is little known and forget that it is not worth seeing.*Madrid.* Remember that you can get there in two days and forget that you will regret the time you spend upon the trip.*Naples.* Remember that you should see the Bay and forget that you are expected to die immediately afterwards.*Paris.* Remember that it is always pleasant and forget that the exception is during August.*Quebec.* Remember it's in Canada and forget that it's the least pleasing place in America.*Rome.* Remember its objects of interest and forget its fever.*Strasbourg.* Remember that it has a Cathedral and forget that the clock is a fraud.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Blenkinsop (on a Friend's Yacht) soliloquises. "I KNOW ONE THING, IF EVER I'M RICH ENOUGH TO KEEP A YACHT, I SHALL SPEND THE MONEY IN HORSES."

Turin. Remember that it might be quite worth the journey and forget that it isn't.

Venice. Remember its canals and forget its odours.

Vichy. Remember that there is a good hotel and forget that you have been there a dozen times before.

Wiesbaden. Remember the glories of its past and forget the sadness of its present.

Zurich. Remember that it is completely abroad and forget that there's no place like home.

ONLY THEIR PLAY!

ABNORMAL natures, morbid motives! Yes!

These things, upon the stage, perhaps impress.

Monstrosities, not true men's hearts, nor women's.

Trolls, with a touch of the *delirium tremens*,

Neurotic neurospasts, puppets whose wires

Are pulled by morbid dreams and mad desires;

Not men and women 'midst our world's temptations,

But fevered phantasy's bizarre creations.

Despite *Solness* and *Mrs. Tanqueray*,

"People don't do these things" —except in play!

AS IN A GLASS DARKLY.—Grubby and grovelling "Realists" boast that they only "hold the mirror up to Nature." Perhaps! But when their particular "mirror" happens to be—as it commonly is—dirty and distorting, Nature, like the victim of a bad looking-glass at a country inn, is taken at a disadvantage. There are mirrors which make a man look a monster, but then the monstrosity is not in the man but the mirror.

TIMON ON BIMETALLISM.

(Adapted from Shakspeare.)

"He advocates bimetalism with the passionate ardour of a prophet promulgating a new revelation. On most subjects he is cool, analytical, and perhaps a little cynical; but on this subject he is an enthusiast."—*The Times on Mr. Balfour's Speech about Bimetalism.*

Timon of London, loquitur:—

THE learned pate Ducks to the golden fool; all is oblique; There's nothing level in our currency But monometallism! Gold doth lord Great lands, societies, and throngs of men. That the sun rounds the earth, that earth's a disc, Are foolish fads that TIMON much disdains As duping dull mankind. But will they rank

My fad—Bimetalism—along with such? I seek a dual standard; gold alone Is a most operant poison! What is here? Gold? yellow, precious, glittering gold?

No, gods, I am no aureate votarist. Silver seems

To me, and to wise WALSH, a fair twin-standard

Fit to set up, that variable values May find stability in dual change, With a fixed ratio, which the world must find,

Or our one standard, like a pirate's flag, Will lead us to disaster. Monometallism Is—Monomania. This yellow slave Will break, not knit, our Commerce. I can le'

Cool, analytical, even cynical On trifles—such as Separatism's sin, Or County Council Crime; but this thing stirs

My tepid blood, e'en as Statistics warm The chilly soul of GOSCHEN. Come, curst gold,

Thou common ore of mankind, that putt'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee Take thy right place! Thou mak'st my heart beat quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,

Orthodox keepers of thee cannot stand Against a passionate prophet's promulgation

Of a new economic revelation.

"Put up your gold!" But put up silver, too,

(As WALSH, and GRENFELL, and Sage CHAPLIN urge),

Or banded Europe—some day—shall smash up Our City to financial chaos. Aye!

I may talk lightly about trivial things, And cynically smile on twaddle's trifles,—

Union of hearts, optimist ecstasies, Fervours, and faiths, the brecks of prisoned Pats,

Coercion's bondage and such bagatelles— But on this Titan theme—Bimetalism—

TIMON is in hot earnest!

A Short Way with Wasps.

A PLAGUE of wasps infests the South

In consequence of the hot season!—

Humph! Is it torrid heat and drouth

Deprive our Commons of cool reason?

A plague of wasps infests the House:

Its managers the matter mull, for

They have not (like poor HODGE) the nous

To smoke pests out with (moral) sulphur!

To check HAYES FISHER'S style, or TIM'S tone, MELLOR tries treacle; he needs brimstone.



A LESSON.

Father (on receiving Bill for Luncheon at one of our very modern London Restaurants). "HALLO! WHAT!! OVER TWO GUINEAS FOR MERELY——! WHY, HANG IT——!"

His Son (small Etonian). "OH, WELL NEVER MIND, FATHER. IT'S A THING TO DO ONCE, AND WE WON'T DO IT AGAIN!"

THE STORMY PETREL.

"This bird has long been celebrated for the manner in which it passes over the waves, pattering with its webbed feet and flapping its wings so as to keep itself just above the surface. It thus traverses the ocean with wonderful ease, the billows rolling beneath its feet and passing away under the bird without in the least disturbing it."

—Wood's Popular Natural History.]

ONLY a Petrel, I,
Telling the storm is nigh;
Fleet o'er the waves I fly,
When skies look stormy.
When things are calm and slow,
I 'midst Brum rocks lie low;
But when wild breezes blow
Men may look for me.

Lured from my Midland home,
When gales begin to roam
Proudly I skim the foam,
Flapping and pattering!
I with the airiest ease
Traverse the angriest seas
Round the wild Hebrides
Bellowing and battering.

But the wild Irish coast
Suits my strong flight the most.
Breeze-baffling wings I boast,
Nothing disturbs me.
Cool 'midst the tempest's crash,
Swift through the foam I dash,
Wind flout or lightning flash
Scares not, nor curbs me.

Sea-birds are silly things,
Squat bodies, stunted wings.
Where is the bard who sings
Penguin or puffin,

Grebe, guillemot, or gull?
Oh, the winged noodles, null,
In timid flocks and dull,
Squatin' and stuffin'!

I, like the albatross,
Love on the winds to toss,
Where gales and currents cross
My fodder finding.
Let Gulls and Boobies rest
Safe in a sheltered nest,
I 'm bold the breeze to breast
Tamer fowl blinding.

Only a Petrel, I,
Calm in a calm I lie,
But when 'neath darkening sky
Strife lifteth her face,
When the red lightnings glare,
Then, from my rocky lair
Darting, I cleave the air,
Skimming sea's surface.

Some swear the storm I raise;
That 's superstition's craze;
But on tempestuous days,
Wild, wet, and windy,
Herald of storm I fly.
Only a Petrel, I,
But when my form you spy,—
Look out for shindy.

"BENEFITS FORGOT."—This is the title of a serial in *Scribners'*. Many over-strict persons will not read it, being under the impression that the story is essentially theatrical. A natural mistake. Nothing in an actor's life could give occasion for more bitter reflection than the memory of "Benefits Forgot," especially after they had been got up and advertised at great personal expense.

TO A FINE WOMAN.

(By a Little Man.)

"CAN my eyes reach thy size?"
Asked the Lilliputian poet,
As I 've read. Can my head
Reach your shoulder? It's below it.

Women all are so tall
Nowadays, but you're gigantic;
One so vast, sweeping past,
Makes my five feet four feel frantic.

Each girl tries exercise,
Rows, rides, runs, golf, cricket, tennis,
Games for an Olympian—
Greek Olympia, not "Venice."

Stalks and shoots, climbs in boots
Like a navvy's not a dandy's,
Ice-axe takes, records breaks—
If not neck—on Alps or Andes.

Alps in height, girls affright
Men, like me, of puny figure;
They are too tall, but you
Are preposterously bigger.

At this dance, if I glance
Round the room, I see I'm smallest;
You instead are a head
Over girls and men, you're tallest.

As a pair, at a fair,
Any showman might produce us;
Dwarf I'd do, giant you—
What! They want to introduce us?

Can I whirl such a girl?
Calisthenics could not teach it.
I, effaced, clasp your waist?
I'll be hanged if I can reach it!



THE STORMY PETREL!

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cunnin Toil.)

No. I.—THE BISHOP'S CRIME.

I was sitting alone in my room at 10.29 on the night of the 14th of last November. I had been doing a good deal of work lately, and I was tired. Moreover, I had had more than one touch of that old Afghan fever, which always seemed to be much more inclined to touch than to go. However, we can't have everything here to please us; and as I had only the other day attended two bankers and a Lord Mayor for measesles, I had no real cause to complain of my prospects. I had drawn the old armchair in which I was sitting close to the fire, and, not having any bread handy, I was occupied in toasting my feet at the blaze when suddenly the clock on the mantelpiece struck the half hour, and PICKLOCK HOLES stood by my side. I was too much accustomed to his proceedings to express any surprise at seeing him thus, but I own that I was itching to ask him how he had managed to get into my house without ringing the bell. However, I refrained, and motioned him to a chair.

"My friend," said this extraordinary man, without the least preface, "you've been smoking again. You know you have; it's not the least use denying it." I absolutely gasped with astonishment, and gazed at him almost in terror. How had he guessed my secret? He read my thoughts, and smiled.

"Oh, simply enough. That spot on your shirt-cuff is black. But it might have been yellow, or green, or blue, or brown, or rainbow-coloured. But I know you smoke Rainbow mixture, and as your canary there in the corner has just gone blind, I know further that bird's-eye is one of the component parts of the mixture."

"HOLES," I cried, dropping my old meerschaum out of my mouth in my amazement; "I don't believe you're a man at all—you're a devil."

"Thank you for the compliment," he replied, without moving a single muscle of his marble face. "You ought not to sup—" He was going to have added "pose," but the first syllable seemed to suggest a new train of thought (in which, I may add, there was no second class whatever) to my inexplicable friend.

"No," he said; "the devilled bones were not good. Don't interrupt me; you had devilled bones for supper, or rather you would have had them, only you didn't like them. Do you see that match? A small piece is broken off the bottom, but enough is left to show it was once a lucifer—in other words, a devil. It is lying at the feet of the skeleton which you use for your anatomical investigations, and therefore I naturally conclude that you had devilled bones for supper. You didn't eat them, for not a single bone of the skeleton is missing. Do I make myself clear?"

"You do," I said, marvelling more than ever at the extraordinary perspicacity of the man. As a matter of fact, my supper had consisted of bread and cheese; but I felt that it would be in extremely bad taste for a struggling medical practitioner like myself to contradict a detective whose fame had extended to the ends of the earth. I picked up my pipe, and relit it, and, for a few moments, we sat in silence. At last I ventured to address him.

"Anything new?" I said.

"No, not exactly new," he said, wearily, passing his sinewy hand over his expressionless brow. "Have you a special *Evening Standard*? I conclude you have, as I see no other evening papers here. Do you mind handing it to me?"

There was no deceiving this weird creature. I took the paper he mentioned from my study table, and handed it to him.

"Now listen," said HOLES, and then read, in a voice devoid of any sign of emotion, the following paragraph:—"This morning, as Mrs. DRABLEY, a lady of independent means, was walking in Piccadilly, she inadvertently stepped on a piece of orange-peel, and fell heavily on the pavement. She was carried into the shop of Messrs. SALVER and TANKARD, the well-known silversmiths, and it was at first thought she had broken her right leg. However, on being examined by a medical man who happened to be passing, she was pronounced to be suffering from nothing worse than a severe bruise, and, in the course of half-an-hour, she recovered sufficiently to be able to proceed on her business. This is the fifth accident caused by orange-peel at the same place within the last week."

"It is scandalous!" I broke in. "This mania for dropping orange-

peel is decimating London. Curiously enough I happen to be the medical man who—"

"Yes, I know; you are the medical man who was passing."

"HOLES," I ejaculated, "you are a magician."

"No, not a magician; only a humble seeker after truth, who uses as a basis for his deduction some slight point that others are too blind to grasp. Now you think the matter ends there. I don't. I mean to discover who dropped that orange-peel. Will you help me?"

"Of course I will, but how do you mean to proceed? There must be thousands of people who eat oranges every day in London."

"Be accurate, my dear fellow, whatever you do. There are 78,965, not counting girls. But this piece was not dropped by a girl."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Never mind; it is sufficient that I do know it. Read this," he continued, pointing to another column of the paper. This is what I read—

"MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.—A great conference of American and Colonial Bishops was held in Exeter Hall this afternoon. The proceedings opened with an impassioned speech from the Bishop of FLORIDA—"

"Never mind the rest," said HOLES, "that's quite enough. Now read this"—

"The magnificent silver bowl to be presented to the Bishop of FLORIDA by some of his English friends is now on view at Messrs. SALVER and TANKARD'S in Piccadilly. It is a noble specimen of the British silversmith's art." An elaborate description followed.

"These paragraphs," continued HOLES, in his usual impassive manner, "give me the clue I want. Florida is an orange-growing country. Let us call on the Bishop."

In a moment we had put on our hats, and in another moment we were in a Hansom on our way to the Bishop's lodgings in Church Street, Soho. HOLES gained admittance by means of his skeleton key. We passed noiselessly up the stairs, and, without knocking, entered the Bishop's bedroom. He was in his night-gown, and the sight of two strangers visibly alarmed him.

"I am a detective," began HOLES.

"Oh," said the Bishop, turning pale.

"Then I presume you have called about that curate who disappeared in an alligator swamp close to my episcopal palace that I killed him. He—"

"Tush," said HOLES, "we are come about weightier matters. This morning at half-past eleven your lordship was standing outside the shop of SALVER and TANKARD looking at your presentation bowl. You were eating an orange. You stowed the greater part of the peel in your coat-tail pocket, but you dropped, maliciously dropped, one piece on the pavement. Shortly afterwards a stout lady passing by trod on it and fell. Have you anything to say?"

The Bishop made a movement, but HOLES was before-hand with him. He dashed to a long black coat that hung behind the door, inserted his hand deftly in the pocket, and pulled out the fragmentary remains of a large Florida orange.

"As I supposed," he said, "a piece is missing."

But the miserable prelate had fallen senseless on the floor, where we left him.

"HOLES," I said, "this is one of your very best. How on earth did you know you would find that orange-peel in his coat?"

"I didn't find it there," replied my friend; "I brought it with me, and had it in my hand when I put it in his pocket. I knew I should have to use strong measures with so desperate a character. My dear fellow, all these matters require tact and imagination."

And that was how we brought home the orange-peel to the Bishop.

Ben Trovato.

A PENNY-A-LINER heard—with a not unnatural cholera—

That he of all invention was apparently bereft;

And so he up and told them that a smart left-handed bowler,

"Manipulates the leather with the left!"

That's very chaste and novel, and alliterative too;

As a sham Swinburnian poet we should think that man might do!



"The Bishop was in his night-gown, and the sight of two strangers visibly alarmed him."



EDUCATED.

(From a Yorkshire Moor.)

Keeper (to the Captain, who has missed again, and is letting off steam in consequence). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR! IT'S HAWFUL TO SEE YER MISSIN' OF 'EM, SIR; BUT"—(with admiration)—"YE 'RE A SCHOLARD I' LANGWIDGE, SIR!"

CRICKET CONGRATULATIONS.

843! Well done! Well played! Well hit!
It opens *Mr. Punch's* eyes a bit
To see our friends of the Antipodes
Pile up their hundreds with the utmost ease.
BRUCE leads the way, and shows Blues—Dark and Light—
Left-handed men may play the game aright.
Then BANNERMAN, safe as a GUN is he,
Exceeds the Century by thirty-three,
While five more than a hundred runs are due
To TRUMBLE, whom his friends call simply "HUGH."
Well played, Australia! Banks may fail—they do,
And, truth to tell, you *have* lost one or two,
But this at any rate's a clear deduction—
Your Cricket Team can need no reconstruction

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 31.—No one who chanced last Thursday to see HAYES FISHER and LOGAN engaged in controversy on Front Opposition Bench would suspect them of essentially retiring disposition. This conclusively proved to-night. Decided on further consideration that something must really be done in direction of modifying effects of Thursday's riot. Someone must apologise. This put to HAYES FISHER, who delighted WALROND with swiftness, even enthusiasm, of acquiescence.

"Right you are, dear boy," he cried. "I have thought so from the first. Indeed I have publicly placed the matter in its true light. Daresay you read my little affidavit written within an hour of what I quite agree with the SPEAKER in alluding to as 'the regrettable incident.' Here's what I said: 'To put a stop to his (LOGAN's) aggressive conduct, I immediately seized him by the neck and forcibly ejected him on to the floor of the House. That began the scrimmage.' Then I go on to point the moral, though indeed it points itself. This is where you and I particularly agree. 'In my opinion the responsibility for the discreditable scene rests even more with Mr. GLADSTONE than with Mr. LOGAN.' Yes, WALROND, you

are quite right in what you are about to say. I have shown clearly that Mr. G. was at the bottom of the whole business, and he should apologise. Don't you think he'd better be brought in at the Bar? And if he spent a night or two in the Clock Tower it would have most wholesome effect, vindicate dignity of House, and prevent recurrence of these regrettable scenes."

WALROND's face a study, whilst HAYES FISHER, carried away by enthusiasm of moment, rubbed his hands and smiled in anticipation of the scene.

The Opposition Whip had tough job in hand. To FISHER's logical mind the proposal that he should apologise was a *non sequitur*. Why, what had he done? As he told House later, seeing LOGAN come up and sit down on bench below him, he thought he was going to strike him. Natural attitude for a man meaning to let out straight from the shoulder at another is to sit down with back turned towards intended victim. FISHER's quick intelligence taking whole situation in at glance, he promptly proceeded to take in as much as his hands would hold of the back of LOGAN's neck, with intent to thrust him forth. That, as he wrote, "began the scrimmage." In other words, Mr. GLADSTONE was responsible for the whole business, even more so than LOGAN, who had wantonly brought the back of his neck within reach of FISHER's hand.

However, there were reasons of State why the guilty should go unpunished. Not the first time Innocency has been sacrificed that Guilt might stalk through the land unfettered. FISHER would apologise; but here again the untameably logical mind asserted itself. LOGAN must apologise first. It was he who had been forcibly ejected. On Thursday night FISHER had come up behind him; *argal*, he must follow him now. Thus it was settled, or so understood. But when critical moment arrived, House waiting for someone to speak, hitch occurred. FISHER waited for LOGAN; LOGAN, in excess of politeness, hung back. Awkward pause. SPEAKER observed he had certainly understood something might be said by the two gentlemen. Another pause. LOGAN and FISHER eyed each other across the floor.

Lord CHATHAM, with his sword drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir RICHARD STRACHAN;
Sir RICHARD, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of CHATHAM.

At length PRINCE ARTHUR interposed; gently, but firmly, drew



"THE HAPPY FAMILY."

(By Our Artist in Fret-Work.)

the coy FISHER to the front. His apology followed by one from the lingering LOGAN. Scene ended amid mutual tears.

"Yes, it's all very well," said FISHER, wringing his pocket-handkerchief and glaring angrily at Mr. G. "But, after all, the real criminal has escaped, and logic, as applicable to events of daily life, has received a staggering blow."

Business done.—ACLAND explained English Education Estimates in speech admirable alike in matter and manner.

Tuesday.—Some men are born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. Of these is WILLIAM O'BRIEN. It would seem that fate had

the almanack this is so; according to appearances an eternity and a hemisphere divide the two scenes.

In Committee on Vote on Account; average attendance from twenty to thirty. Orders bristle with amendments; papers read in support of them; occasionally a Member follows with observations on topic suggested; sometimes he doesn't; then next gentleman who has prepared paper takes the floor; the audience turns over; goes to sleep again; wakened by Chairman putting question "that Amendment be withdrawn." Isn't even vigour sufficient to induce a division.

Only person free from somnolent influence of hour is Mr. G. Has nothing to do in this galley; looks on wistfully whilst LOWTHER (not JIMMY) talks about Vitu and the Pamirs; JIMMY (*lui même*) is sarcastic on subject of Board of Trade engaging in experiments in journalism; and DICKY TEMPLE wants to know all about reported modifications in constitution of St. Paul's School by the Charity Commissioners. Mr. G. liked to have offered few remarks on one or all these subjects. TOMMY BOWLES nearly succeeded in drawing him. Dropping lightly out of Siam, *via* Morocco, upon question of Collisions at Sea, TOMMY brought MUNDELLA into full focus and fairly floored him with a problem.

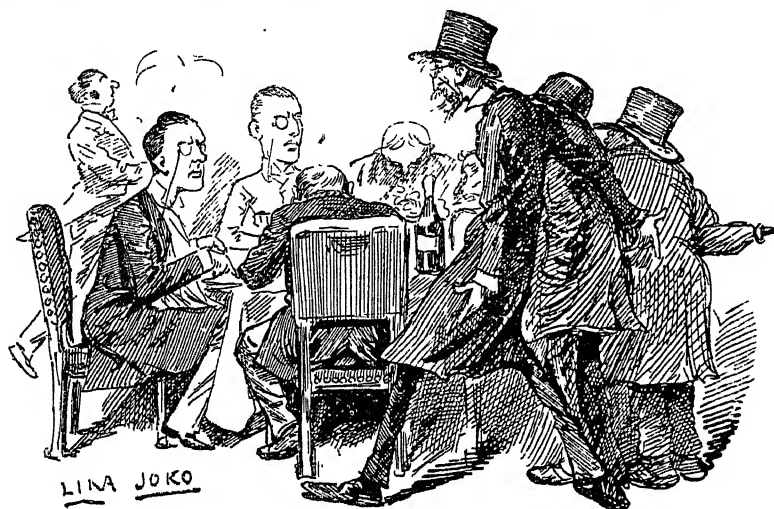
"Suppose," he said, "the right hon. gentleman were at sea, and the whole fleet bore down upon him on the weather bow. What would he do?"

MUNDELLA nonplussed. Mr. G. knew all about it; would have answered right off and probably silenced even TOMMY with proposition of counter manœuvre. But MAJORIBANKS kept relentless eye on him. Vote on Account must be got through Committee to-night. The less speaking the better; so with profound sigh Mr. G. resisted the temptation and composed himself to listen to LENE's paper on the prohibition of importation of live cattle from Canada. Here was opportunity of learning something which Mr. G. gratefully welcomed. Gradually, as the new knight went on reading extract after extract in level voice, remorse-

lessly deliberate, Mr. G.'s eyes closed, his head drooped, and in full view of the crowded Strangers' Gallery he fell into peaceful, childlike slumber.

Business done. Vote on Account passed Committee.

Friday.—Morning sitting devoted to miscellaneous talk around Ireland. Evening, a long SPOREY about iniquities of House of Lords. The evening and the morning a dull day. Had time to look over Mr. G.'s letter about retention of Irish Members. "What do you think of it?" I asked the Member for Sark. "Haven't read it," he said. "When I saw it was a column long, I knew



Another Injustice to Ireland.

expended its malignity when PRINCE ARTHUR deprived him of his breeches. Now JOSEPH has appropriated his dinner-table. The lynx eye of BARTLEY detected the irregularity which disclosed existence of this fresh outrage. BARTLEY favourably known in House as guardian of its honour and dignity. From time to time spirit moves him suddenly to rise and point fat forefinger at astonished Mr. G., whom he has discovered in some fresh design upon stability of the Empire or symmetry of the Constitution. At stated hours, formerly on Thursdays ten o'clock now generally on stroke of midnight, he is seen and heard shouting "Gag! gag!"

"Odd," says Member for Sark, "how phrases change in similar circumstances though at different epochs. When Closure first invented, put in motion by dear OLD MORALITY, and supported by BARTLEY, HANBURY, JIMMY LOWTHER, and the rest, it used to be spoken resentfully as 'pouncing.' Now it is 'gagging.' But it is precisely the same, inasmuch as the minority of the day, against whom it is enforced, denounce it as iniquitous, whilst the majority, who took that view when they were on other side of House, now regard it as indispensable to conduct of public business. BARTLEY having lived through both epochs is useful illustration of this tendency. When OLD MORALITY pounced on Irish members his lusty shout of approval used to echo through House with only less volume than now his roar of anguish goes up to glass roof when OLD MORALITY's original thumbscrews are fitted on him and his friends. A quaint, mad world, my TOBY."

To-night BARTLEY not so well-informed on subject as usual. Thought it was JOHN DILLON, who, acting the part of AMPHITRYON, piloted his guests within preserves of members' private dining-room. Turned out it wasn't DILLON at all, but WILLIAM O'BRIEN, who in most tragic manner tells how, having secured in advance a table for his guests, found when the dinner-hour struck JOSEPH and his Brethren seated thereat, merrily profiting by his forethought. Straightway O'BRIEN led his guests to the table in members' room which Unionist Leaders have marked for their own. This he appropriated, and there, regardless of surprised looks from ex-ministers at adjoining table, he truculently dined.

"Well, at any rate," said TIM HEALY, that Man of Peace, "I'm glad it wasn't mere English or Orangemen who were thus treated. If JOSEPH had appropriated SAUNDERSON's table, the Colonel would have taken him in his arms, dropped him outside on the Terrace, and, returning to his seat, ordered a fresh plate of soup." *Business done.*—BARTLEY adds fresh dignity to Parliamentary debate.

Thursday.—Was it this day week the House was in volcanic upheaval, with HAYES FISHER—or was it Mr. GLADSTONE?—clutching LOGAN by the back of the neck, a mad mob mauling each other round the white waistcoat of EDWARD OF ARMAGH? According to



Reading the G. O. M. to sleep.

Mr. G. didn't want to say anything that would be understood. When he does, a few lines suffice; when he doesn't, nothing less than a column of print will serve."

Business done.—Vote on Account through Report Stage.

FRANCE AND SIAM.—The situation at Bangkok will probably result in further Devellopments.

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG. "BLAZY BILL; OR, THE BICYCLE CAD."

AIR—"Daisy Bell; or, a Bicycle made for Two."

"THE churl in nature up and down" is perennial and ubiquitous. Like the god Vishnu, he has many avatars. Every new development of popular pastime (for instance) develops its own particular species of "Cad." LEECH's "Galloping Snob" of a quarter of a century ago has been succeeded by that Jehu of the "Bike," the Cycling Cad, to whose endearing manners and customs in the Queen's highway, and elsewhere, the long-suffering pedestrian is persuaded a laggard Law will shortly have to find its attention urgently directed. Mr. Punch, who is of the same opinion, adapts Mr. HARRY DACRE's popular song to what he is convinced will be a popular purpose.

Perturbed Pedestrian sings:—

There is a fear within my heart,
BLAZY! BLAZY!
Planted one day with a demon
dart,
Planted by BLAZY BILL.
Whether he'll kill me, or kill me
Smash me or only spill, [not,
Little I know, but I'd give a lot
To be rescued from BLAZY BILL.

Chorus—

BLAZY! BLAZY!
Give me a chance, Sir, do!
I'm half crazy,
All for the fear of you.
You haven't a stylish way, Sir,
I can't admire that "blazer"
(Which you think sweet).
The curse of the street
Is the Bicycle Cad—like you!



You rattle along as though for your life,
BLAZY! BLAZY!
Pedalling madly, with mischief rife,
Blundering BLAZY BILL!

When the road's dark we need
Argus sight,
Your bell and your lamp do nil
But dazzle our eyes and our ears
affright,
Blustering BLAZY BILL!

Chorus—

BLAZY! BLAZY!
Bother your "biking" crew!
I'm half crazy,
All for sheer dread of you.
I can't afford a carriage,
If I walk—in Brixton or
Harwich—
The curse of the street,
I am sure to meet
In a Bicycle Cad like you!

Why should we stand this wheel-
bred woe?

BLAZY! BLAZY!
Yes, your vile bell you will ring,
I know,
Suddenly, BLAZY BILL,
When you're close on my heels,
and a trip I make,
And, unless I skedaddle with
skill,
I'm over before you have put on
the break,
Half-fuddled BLAZY BILL!

Chorus—

BLAZY! BLAZY!
Turn up wild wheeling, do!
I'm half crazy,
All in blue funk of you.
The Galloping Snob was a curse,
Sir,
But the Walloping Wheelman's a worsen.
I'd subscribe my quid
To be thoroughly rid
Of all Bicycle Cads like you!

SHOOTING THE CHUTES.

(After Southey.)

A VISION OF EARL'S COURT.

HERE they go hurrying,
Up the steps scurrying,
Pushing and jostling,
Elbowing, hustling,
Squeezing and wheezing they rush to the top.
Puffing and panting,
Tearing and ranting,
(First-rate for Banting,) onward they climb.
Up on the landing,
Scarce room for standing,
Man is commanding, "There you must stop!
Don't cross the railing,
Keep to the paling;
Place for two more, Sirs,
Go on before, Sirs;
List to the roar, Sirs—ain't it sublime!
Tuck in the mackintosh.
Hold tight, Sir!" "Oh, what bosh!"
Side by side seated,
Breathless and heated,
Freezing and sneezing,
Down the Chute shooting,
Yelling and hooting,
'ARRY and 'ARRIET, Princess and Peer,
White man and black man and Injun to steer.
"You're sure there's no danger?" "There's
nothing to fear."
"Are babies admitted?" "O no, mum, not
'ere."

And waving and raving,
And beaming and steaming,
And laughing and chaffing,
And thumping and bumping,

And plumping and jumping,
And spinning and grinning,
And chattering and clattering,
And blushing and gushing and rushing and
flushing,
And bawling and sprawling and hauling
and calling,
And foaming, bemoaning a bonnet dropped
off,
Not hearing the jeering of people who scoff,
The peril of spilling delightfully thrilling,
Tho' incivil devil's instilling cavilling;
And screaming, not dreaming of being
upset,
And splashing and dashing and dripping
with wet,
And screeching and reaching for hat blown
away,
Excited, affrighted, delighted, benighted,
And calling and bawling Hurrah and
Hurray!
"And so never ending but always
descending
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are
blending;"
All at once all is o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And drenched and bedraggled they land on
the shore.

"LET THE HAD PASSED HER LIPS."—Mrs. R.
had often come across the name of this
classic stream in the course of her reading.
She pronounced it as one syllable, and said
that "as this celebrated river was in Scotland
—she knew the name quite well—what she
wanted to know was, why weren't these
waters bottled by a Company?"

AT THE SEASIDE CHURCH PARADE.

(A Conversation à la Mode.)

He. So very glad to see you. *(Aside.)*
Hope she won't shut me up, she's so sharp!
She. Quite pleased to have met. *(Aside.)*
Can't stand much of him, he's so stupid!
He. I suppose when you were in town you
went to the Academy?
She. Yes, and saw all the pictures—and
didn't like them.
He. And went to the Opera?
She. Yes, every night—and am tired of
talking about it.
He. And of course you went to Henley?
She. Yes, and to the Eton and Harrow
Match, and to Ascot, and to Wimbledon to
see the Lawn Tennis finals.
He. But perhaps you never went to the
House of Commons?
She. Oh, yes, I did—on the Terrace, and
also to the Ladies' Gallery. The rows were
most amusing—saw them all.
He. And did you go to many parties?
She. To every party of any consequence,
and all the really nice dinners.
He. Were you at the Royal Wedding?
She. Oh, don't talk of that. The subject
is quite exhausted. *(After a pause.)* Pray,
have you no conversation?
He. Well, I don't know. I suppose you
went to church this morning, and heard the
Dean preach?
She. Oh, I really must beg your pardon.
If you can't find anything better to talk
about on a Sunday than the points of a ser-
mon you had far better say nothing at all.
[Scene closes in upon an unbroken silence.]

NEW KING COAL.

(A new Mining-Capitalist Version of an old Nursery Rhyme, dedicated and commended to the thoughtful consideration of the colliers on strike in Northumberland and Durham.)



[PUTTING it in the form of a conundrum, Mr. Punch would ask the Colliers who may read this rhyme the following question, the answer to which may throw a light upon the meaning of New King COAL's jubilant doggerel ditty:—

“When prices rise—even in the midst of the Dog Days—and the output of first-class coal falls, who reaps the advantage of the enhanced value and readier sale of accumulated stocks of small and slaggy ‘rubbish’?”]

O our New King COAL
Is an artful old soul,
And an artful old soul is he;
And a jolly good Strike
Is a game he must like—
When it pulls in the £ s. d.

He calls for his "weed" and
he calls for his "fizz,"
And he calls for his—Fiddle-
de-dee!
Every fiddler has his own
little fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle has he.
"£ s. d., £ s. d.," sings King
COAL, "Fiddle-de-dee!
Oh! an opportune Strike is
the thing for me!"
O, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King COAL and his
Fiddle-de-dee!

ROBERT AT GILDALL.

AN, wot a change has sud-
denly cum over the hold Cop-
peration! From sitch recep-
shuns of Kings and Queens,
and Princes and Princesses,
and Royal Dooks and Dutch-
esses, and Zarrowitches and
setter, and all in their werry
best clothes, too! as I never
witnessed before nor since, to
cum suddenly upon nuffin but
Gog and Magog, is a strikin
fac indeed. As the Rite
onerabel LORD MARK werry
properly said, "Ah wot a
fall is here my Country-
men!"

And what a blooming stag-
gerer it was to finish off with
the King and Queen of DEN-
MARK! of all people in the
World! Why I has allers
been tort to bleeve, from what
I have seen at the Play, that
neether on em wornt not werry
great things as regards be-
haviour to the poor *Prince
Hamlet*, but BROWN says as
that's all over long, long ago,
and isn't to be spoke of no



AN UNEARNED INCREMENT.

Our Irish Curate (persuasively). "Now, DOCTOR DEAR, HERE'S THE
VERY THING. YE'VE BEEN GIVING A TENTH OF YOUR INCOME, LIKE A MAN.
WELL, NOW, TIMES ARE BAD. DOUBLE IT, AND GIVE A TWENTIETH!"

more, no, not for ever! and
so we must drop it. I think,
upon the hole, as I likes the
Prince of WALES the best of
all on em, he does allers seem
to enjy himself so much.

We had him in the City
wunce at Church, and twice at
Gildall to dinner, all in about
a munth, and that ain't so
bad for a near apparrent.
And he does seem allers so
much atome. Why I acshally
overherd him say to our
Blushing Town Clark, after
dining the King of DENMARK,
"How well you have dun it
all, but you allers do it well
at Gildall!"

I wonder how many hundred
sentries it will be before he
says ditto to the Cheerman
of the Country Counsel, poor
feller! after sitch a dinner to
sitch a company? Praps about
another 700! ROBERT.

OFF AND ON.—She had been
longing for a new dress. At
last the extra money was saved,
and she bought it. "It's off
my mind now," she exclaimed,
"and, which pleases me more,
it's on my body."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.
—The advertisement of an
hotel in Germany concludes,
after praising everything
highly, with this sentence
—"Accomplished drinks, cap-
tivating meats."

FRENCH TRANSLATION OF
AN OLD PLAY CALLED "LOVE'S
LAST SHIFT."—"La dernière
Chemise de l'Amour."

THE TOUR THAT NEVER WAS.

(By an Undecided Man.)

BETWEEN now and my holidays there but remain two solid days,
And thinking where I'll spend my "vac" has driven me wild
with worry;

In vain have I surveyed acres of plans and maps and Bædekers,
And purchased a small library of "Handy Guides" of MURRAY.

Shall I, for want of better, say I'll view the Vierwaldstättersee,
Or watch the Staubbach fall in mist like web of an arachnid?
Or else, the dawn to see, get up o'ernight upon the Right-top—
But no, I feel that Jödel-land is now a trifle hackneyed!

For a flutter at *chemin-de-fer* I might (the place is handy) fare
To Trouville, and along the *plage* a "Milor" on the spree be;
I could in Teuton *musikhaus* (till I of WAGNER grew sick) souse
In "Hofbräu," and essay to flirt with each *biergarten* Hebe.

But then, if I to Norway turn, as Ibsenite I'd more weight earn—
And salmon-fishing mid the Kvæns is certainly high-class sport;
Or rumble in a tarantass o'er Russia? No, an arrant ass [port!
I were, to go where night and day you're badgered for your pass—

I'd like (my programme's large), a panoramic glimpse of far Japan
From Fuji, and round Biwa Lake I'd in a jinrickshaw go;
Or even—for a hasty bet—I'd (like Miss TAYLOR) pace Thibet,
Or "blue" my surplus cash at what the Yankees call "Shecawgo."

Look here! I'll have to sham a tour (though but a humble amateur
At yarnng), as this sort of thing is giving me the fidgets!
I'll—since I've eased my intellect by tripping thus in print—elect
To stay at home and twiddle (for the sake of rhyme) my digits!

THE PLACE FOR LAWN TENNIS.—"Way down in Tennessee."

THE TWO POTS.

(A Morality for Mammon.)

WHEN Mammon in commerce has "made a big pot,"
He is free to "retire upon what he has got."
And what need he care for the children of toil
Who have helped in their hundreds that "big pot" to boil?
Pot! Pot! Gushers talk rot;
But Demas "retires upon what he has got."

How did he get it, that pot full of gold?
That is a story that's yet to be told.
Children of Gibeon helped, 'tis well known,
At filling his pot—barely boiling their own!
Pot! Pot! How to keep hot—
That is the problem—the poor man's pot!

Poor pot-au-feu! 'Tis to keep you a-boil
Hewers and Drawers so ceaselessly toil;
But when they've filled Wealth's big pot full of gold,
What does he care if their pot becomes cold.
Pot! Pot! Let the poor go—to pot.
Mammon—"retires upon what he has got!"

MRS. R.—She is very tender-hearted. "Of course," she says,
"it's very nice of what they call 'The Forsters' parents—though
why 'Forster' I don't know. But certainly, even when they're
brought up as one of the family of the Forsters, yet it does make
me feel very sad when I see an adapted child."

MORAL AND SOCIAL QUERIES.—When a man has lost his own
character, is he justified in taking away anybody else's? At a
party if somebody has taken away your hat, aren't you justified in
taking somebody else's?

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cunnin Toil.)

No. II.—THE DUKE'S FEATHER.

Two months had passed without my hearing a word of HOLES. I knew he had been summoned to Irkutsk by the CZAR of Russia in order to help in investigating the extraordinary theft of one of the Government silver mines, which had completely and mysteriously disappeared in one night. All the best intellects of the terrible secret police, the third section of the Government of the Russian Empire, had exhausted themselves in the vain endeavour to probe this mystery to the bottom. Their failure had produced a dangerous commotion in the Empire of the CZAR; there were rumours of a vast Nihilist plot, which was to shake the Autocracy to its foundations, and, as a last resource, the CZAR, who had been introduced to HOLES by OLGA FIASKOFFSKAIA, the well-known Russian Secret Agent at the Court of Lisbon, had appealed to the famous detective to lend his aid in discovering the authors of a crime which was beginning to turn the great white CZAR into ridicule in all the bazaars of Central Asia. HOLES, whose great mind had been lying fallow for some little time, had immediately consented; and the last I had seen of him was two months before the period at which this story opens, when I had said good-bye to him at Charing-Cross Station.

As for myself, I was spending a week in a farmhouse situated close to the village of Blobley-in-the-Marsh. Three miles from the gates of the farmhouse lay Fourcastle Towers, the ancestral mansion of Rear-Admiral the Duke of DUMPSHIRE, the largest and strangest landowner of the surrounding district. I had a nodding acquaintance with His Grace, whom I had once attended for scarlatina when he was a midshipman. Since that time, however, I had seen very little of him, and, to tell the truth, I had made no great effort to improve the acquaintance. The Duke, one of the haughtiest members of our blue-blooded aristocracy, had been called by his naval duties to all parts of the habitable globe; I had steadily pursued my medical studies, and, except for the biennial visit which etiquette demanded, I had seen little or nothing of the Duke. My stay at the farmhouse was for purposes of rest. I had been overworked, that old tulwar wound, the only memento of the Afghan Campaign, had been troubling me, and I was glad to be able to throw off my cares and my black coat, and to revel for a week in the rustic and unconventional simplicity of Wurzelby Farm.

One evening, two days after my arrival, I was sitting in the kitchen close to the fire, which, like myself, was smoking. For greater comfort I had put on my old mess-jacket. The winter wind was whistling outside, but besides that only the ticking of the kitchen clock disturbed my meditations. I was just thinking how I should begin my article on Modern Medicine for the *Fortnightly Review*, when a slight cough at my elbow caused me to turn round. Beside me stood PICKLOCK HOLES, wrapped in a heavy, close-fitting fur *moujik*. He was the first to speak.

"You seem surprised to see me," he said. "Well, perhaps that is natural; but really, my dear fellow, you might employ your time to better purpose than in trying to guess the number of words in the first leading article in the *Times* of the day before yesterday."

I was about to protest when he stopped me.

"I know perfectly well what you are going to say, but it is useless to urge that the country is dull, and that a man must employ his brain somehow. That kind of employment is the merest wool-gathering."

He plucked a small piece of Berlin wrosted—I had been darning my socks—off my left trouser, and examined it curiously. My admiration for the man knew no bounds.

"Is that how you know?" I asked. "Do you mean to tell me that merely by seeing that small piece of fancy wool on my trousers you guessed I had been trying to calculate the number of words in the *Times* leader? HOLES, HOLES, will you never cease from astounding me?"

He did not answer me, but bared his muscular arm and injected into it a strong dose of morphia with a richly-chased little gold instrument tipped with a ruby.

"A gift from the CZAR," said HOLES, in answer to my unspoken thoughts. "When I discovered the missing silver-mine on board the yacht of the Grand Duke IVANOFF, his Imperial Majesty first offered me the Chancellorship of his dominions, but I begged him

to excuse me, and asked for this pretty toy. Bah, the Russian police are bunglers."

As he made this remark the door opened and Sergeant BLUFF of the Dumshire Constabulary entered hurriedly.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said, addressing me, with evident perturbation; "but would you step outside with me for a moment. There's been some strange work down at—"

HOLES interrupted him.

"Don't say any more," he broke in. "You've come to tell us about the dreadful poaching affray in Hagley Wood. I know all about it, and tired as I am I'll help you to find the criminals."

It was amusing to watch the Sergeant's face. He was ordinarily an unemotional man, but as HOLES spoke to him he grew purple with astonishment.

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir," he said; "I didn't know about no—"

"My name is HOLES," said my friend calmly.

"What, Mr. PICKLOCK HOLES, the famous detective?"

"The same, at your service; but we are wasting time. Let us be off."

The night was cold, and a few drops of rain were falling. As we walked along the lane HOLES drew from the Sergeant all the information he wanted as to the number of pheasants on the Duke's estate, the extent of his cellars, his rent-roll, and the name of his London tailor. BLUFF dropped behind after this cross-examination with a puzzled expression, and whispered to me:

"A wonderful man that Mister HOLES. Now how did he know about this 'ere poaching business? I knew nothing about it. Why I come to you, Sir, to talk about that retriever dog you lost."

"Hush," I said; "say nothing. It would only annoy HOLES, and interfere with his inductions. He knows his own business best." Sergeant BLUFF gave a grumbling assent, and in another moment we entered the great gate of Fourcastle Towers, and were ushered into the hall, where the Duke was waiting to receive us.

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" said his Grace, with all the courtly politeness of one in whose veins ran the blood of the Crusaders. Then, changing his tone, he spoke in fierce sailor-language: "Shiver my timbers! what makes you three stand there like that? Why, blank my eyes, you ought to—"

What he was going to say will never be known, for HOLES dashed forward.

"Silence, Duke," he said, sternly. "We come to tell you that there has been a desperate poaching affray. The leader of the gang lies insensible in Hagley Wood. Do you wish to know who he was?" So saying, he held up to the now terrified eyes of the Duke the tail-feather of a golden pheasant. "I found it in his waistcoat pocket," he said, simply.

"My son, my son!" shrieked the unfortunate Duke. "Oh ALURED, ALURED, that it should have come to this!" and he fell to the floor in convulsions.

"You will find Earl MOUNTRAVERS at the cross-roads in Hagley Wood," said HOLES to the Sergeant. "He is insensible."

The Earl was convicted at the following Assizes, and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. His ducal father has never recovered from the disgrace. HOLES, as usual, made light of the matter and of his own share in it.

"I met the Earl," he told me afterwards, "as I was walking to your farmhouse. When he ventured to doubt one of my stories, I felled him to the earth. The rest was easy enough. Poachers? Oh dear no, there were none. But it is precisely in these cases that ingenuity comes in."

"HOLES," I said, "I admire you more and more every day."

JOKE FOR JOKE.—A ruffian at Walsall, "for a joke," dropped a little boy over the bridge into the river. The inhabitants of that town took the cowardly brute to the same bridge, and dropped him over in the same place. Bravo men (and women) of Walsall! If the *lex talionis*, in the same spirit of impartial jocularity, could be applied as efficaciously to all "practical jokers," civilised Society might soon be rid of one of its most intolerable pests.

"So much depends on *how you take things*," as the thief remarked after a dexterous performance while the policeman's back was turned.

BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF A COMIC BALLET D'ACTION.—"Too funny for words."

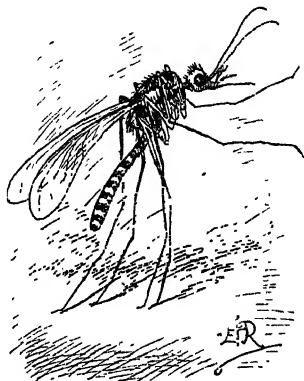


"Beside me stood Picklock Holes, wrapped in a heavy, close-fitting fur *moujik*."

THE SCHOPENHAUER BALLADS.

No. II.—THE MOSQUITO.

I AM a restless Mosquito,
Well hated by the world, I know,
For faults that are not mine;



I bite to live (some live to bite),
I sting from sheer necessity, not spite,—
I would my lot were thine.

I'd take thy bites, you'd love my sting,
And bear the petty pains they bring
Just like a Hindoo Saint;
I would not blame you, 'bottle fly,
You have to live the same as I—
A beauty without paint.

We cannot all be butterflies,
Or larks that carol in the skies,—
Take life for what it's worth;
We've all our wretched aches and pains,
Our losses now—and now our gains—
A little while on earth.

And when we get our final call—
Mosquito, pole-cat, skunk, and all
The vermin meek or bold—
We shall not for the verdict quake,
We've lived our lives for Nature's sake,
And done what we were told.

CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that some of your contemporaries have got up a "Press Band" which plays on the Thames Embankment between one and two o'clock every day (save Saturday) for the benefit of compositors out for their dinner-hour. I must confess that I think the idea excellent, but could it not be extended? A newspaper consists of more than "setters up at case." Could not some entertainment be contrived for the amusement of editors, theatrical critics, and city correspondents?

For instance, there are generally a number of ladies and gentlemen hanging about Fleet Street in the vain hope of obtaining interviews with the powers that are in the world journalistic. A really talented would-be contributor (especially if a lady) might "get at" an editor when he was most at his ease and least on his guard.

I will suppose that the *Rédacteur en chef* of the *Imperial Universe* is seated beside the Fountain in the Temple, quietly smoking his cigar. The authoress of "*Tiger Songs*" (adapted from the original Norwegian) may see the Editor from afar off, and come dancing towards him with the airy gaiety of a *Morgiana*. She executes a *pas de fascination*, and, when he is completely captivated by the exquisite grace of her movements, causes him to seize a bundle of MS. When she has retired, and the Editor gradually resumes his normal composure, he discovers that the authoress of "*Tiger Songs*"

has left him an article upon "Voyages to the North Pole." Subjugated by the poetry of motion, and further moved (almost to tears) by the soft, sweet strains of the Press Band, he reads the contribution, and accepts it.

Then recreation, combined with instruction, might be found for special correspondents by erecting steam roundabouts on the Thames Embankment. The "special" might mount his wooden steed, and career round and round until he has done a good twenty miles. Then he would be prepared to give his experiences, which should (if written in the proper spirit) be of exceptional value as "copy."

A thousand details will occur to those who take an interest in the matter, and may be filled in at leisure. I merely throw out the idea, leaving its development to others more worthy of the task than one who signs himself, in all humility, A PEN PLUS A LYRE.

THE WALKING ENGLISHWOMAN ON THE ALPS.

You who look, at home, so charming—
Angel, goddess, nothing less—
Do you know you're quite alarming
In that dress?



Such a garb should be forbidden;
Where's the grace an artist loves?
Think of dainty fingers hidden
In those gloves!

Gloves! A housemaid would not wear them,
Shapeless, brown and rough as sacks,
Thick! And yet you often tear them
With that axe!

Worst of all, unblacked, unshiny—
Greet them with derisive hoots—
Clumsy, huge! For feet so tiny!
Oh, those boots!

THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

O "ENGLISHMAN in Paris," do not think
That I refer to your amusing book;
I write of those who do not care "a tink-
-er's cuss" for look!



Not you who dress in Paris as at home,
Because the Frenchman is as good as you,
Top-hat, frock-coat—in fact do all in Rome
As Rome would do.

But you, attired in such eccentric ways,
Who travelled here with tickets which you
Perhaps from enterprising Mr. GAZE, [took
Or Mr. COOK.

And from some stupid, slow, suburban spot,
Or prim provincial parish, come arrayed
In clothes which your own gardener would
not Wear for his trade.

Oh why offend the Frenchman's cultured
sight
With such a 'ARRY's outin' sort of air?
Do you consider knickerbockers quite
The thing to wear?

The Frenchman, just as sensible as we,
Calls "toppers" hateful, horrid, heavy,
In Paris, as in London, still you see [hot;
The chimney-pot.

A linen collar hygiene abhors.
And yet he wears it. You don't care a rap;
You sport your flannel-shirt, and, out of
doors, Your tourist cap.

Magnificent contempt for foreign lands!
"Frog-eating Frenchy dress!" you say,
and smile,
"He imitates, but never understands
True London style."

Unconquered Briton, you are right no doubt!
Descendant of the woad-clad ones, that's
And yet he never imitates a lout, [true!
A cad, like you.

HER PARLIAMENTARY KNOWLEDGE.—Mrs. R. is an intelligent student of the Parliamentary Reports in the *Times*. On Tuesday, in last week, her niece read this aloud—"8.30. On the return of the SPEAKER, after the usual interval"—"That," observed the worthy lady, interrupting, explaining it to her niece, "is the interval allowed for refreshment—ten minutes I believe,—go on, my dear." Then her niece continued—"Sn T. LEA, who was interrupted by a count"—"Stop, my dear!" exclaimed our old friend, indignantly. "What I want to know is how did that Count come there? Was he in the Strangers' Gallery? And if he interrupted why wasn't he at once turned out of the House? On second thoughts," she added "he must have been a foreigner, and so they made some excuse for him."



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN.

Country House Hostess. "SO GLAD YOU COULD COME, MR. VANDYKE! I'M AFRAID YOU 'LL FIND US RATHER DULL. WE'RE QUITE A SMALL PARTY!" *Mr. Vandyke.* "OH NO. I SHALL BE OUT NEARLY ALL DAY, YOU KNOW!"

"A SAIL! A SAIL!"

(Extracts from a New (Parliamentary) Version of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.")

An Ancient Mariner meeteth a sorely-pressed M.P. hurrying to a Division, and stoppeth him.

It is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth an M.P.
"By thy scant white hair and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The lobby doors are open wide,
And if I don't get in,
But give the slip to our stern Whip,
Just won't there be a din!"

He holds him with his skinny hand.
"There was a Ship!" quoth he.
The Member pressed he beat his breast,
Suppressing a big, big D!

He holds him with his glittering-eye;
The Member pressed stands still.
And listens, though exceeding wild—
The Mariner hath his will.

The Member pressed sits on a post,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus speaks out that Grand Old Man,
The bright-eyed Mariner—

The Ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop,
Laden with many a blessed Bill
From kelson to orlop.

The Sun of hope had left the left,
Out in the cold they be.
But it shone bright on the (SPEAKER'S) right
When we put forth to sea.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his opposing wings,
And set our course all wrong.

The sorely-pressed M.P. is spell-bound by the eye of the Grand Old Seafaring Man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The Mariner tells how the good ship *H.M. Government* sailed for Ireland with a good wind and fair weather till she reached a certain Line.

Where the Ship is driven by a storm (of Opposition) toward the Poll.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the coat-tail of his foe
And feeleth for his head,
The Ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And Winterward we fled.

At length did cross an Albatross:
Through fog and frost it came;
A noisy, rude, Obstructive bird;
Devoid of sense or shame.

Day after day it blocked our way,
As round and round it flew.
In spite of it, by patient wit,
Our helmsman steered us through.

When a fair wind sprang up behind,
The Albatross did follow,
And every day hindered our way,
Despite the Mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud it strove to shroud
Our course athwart the brine,
Night after night it led to fight,
And kicking up of shine.

"God help thee, Ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
What did'st thou do?" With my closure—
I shot the Albatross!!! [bow

Now round and red, like a Scotchman's
The glorious Sun uprist: [head,
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That brought the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the gag-saved crew,
Were from Obstruction free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea!

Till a great lolloping, hindering, inopportune sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality—by our opponents.

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of ill-omen, impeding the progress of the Ship in most aggravating fashion.

The Ancient Mariner incontinently killeth the bird of ill-omen.

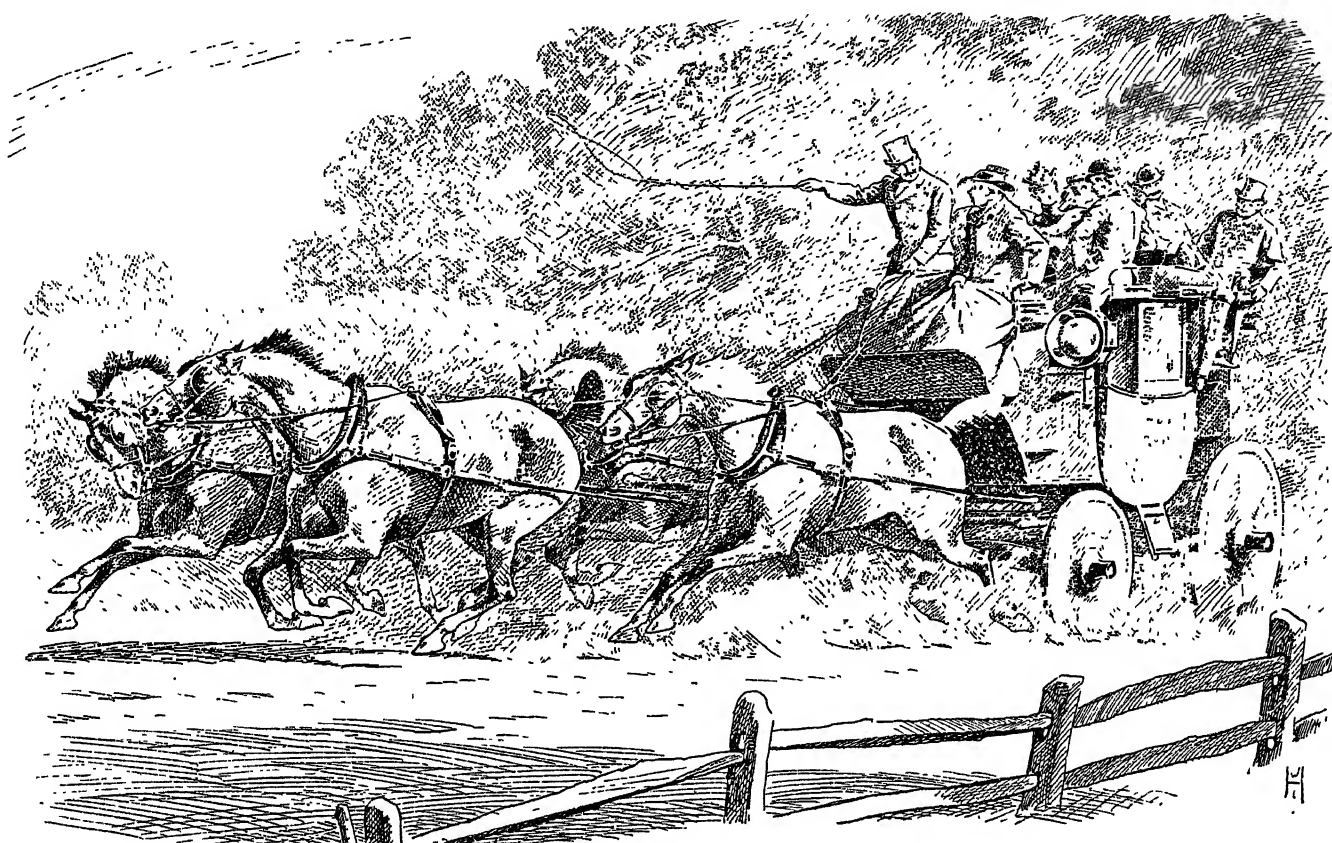
When the fog cleared his shipmates justified the same, and thus make themselves accomplices therein.

The fair breeze continues; the Ship enters the Sea of Silence by the Straits of Gag.



“A SAIL! A SAIL!”

(“*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.”)



JUSTIFIABLE DECEPTION.

Nervous Old Party (who has been making himself rather a nuisance all the way). "A—A—SURELY, MY DEAR SIR, THIS GALLOPING UP THESE HILLS IS EXTREMELY A—A—TO SAY THE LEAST, RECKLESS!"

Jack Highflyer (Proprietor and Coachman, who has been spurring his Team up several short rises). "GALLOP! CALL THIS GALLOPING? BY GEORGE, JUST YOU WAIT TILL RETURN STAGE—SEE ME GO DOWN 'EM! GREASED LIGHTNING A FOOL TO IT!"

[Result as desired. Old Gentleman clears out shortly, for purpose of writing to "Times," and so makes way for Fair Passenger behind.]

The Ship is suddenly becalmed, and findeth that enforced silence means not peaceful progress.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
With flopping sail of what avail
The silence of the sea?

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

The Spirit of Obstruction had followed in spook-like silent, sub-marine secrecy.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us,
From the land of mist and snow.

If this be so, my shipmates said,
What use that bird to shoot?
We make no way, no more than if
We were shackled hand and foot.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, are tempted to throw the blame on the Ancient Mariner.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
My gain seemed loss, the Albatross
Around my neck was hung.

II.

The Ancient Mariner beholdeth a long-hoped-for sign in the element afar off.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a dreary time!
(Devoted to "Supply.")
When, looking westward, I beheld
A Something in the sky!

It groweth and assumeth substantial shape.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape I wist!
And still it neared and neared:

As if it dodged some awkward question
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
We scarce could laugh or wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my tongue—it did me good—
And cried "A Sail! A Sail!!!"

At its nearer approach it seemeth to him to be a ship, bearing the hopeful name of *Autumn Session*.

With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
Agape they heard me call.
Gramercy! They for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were whistling all.

A flash of joy among his shipmates,

Our fierce foes' faces went aflame,
They felt that they were done!
Their thoughts were of the western main,
Of moor, and dog, and gun,
When that strange shape drave suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And of anger amidst their foes.

* * * * *
*Ah, Member pressed, I'll leave the rest
Until—say next December!
Whether that Sail did bring us aid,
Or with my shipmate's wishes played;
Whether it made them welcome Autumn,
Or Tales of Hope to question taught 'em;
Whether (as spook) that Albatross
Appeared again our path to cross;
If it portended gain or loss
(Uncertain these, as pitch-and-toss!)
I'll tell you when again we meet,
On this same post, in this same street—
Oh, Member pressed—remember!*

The Ancient Mariner postponeth the sequel of his strange story to a more convenient occasion.

THE BRITISH ATHLETE'S VADE-MECUM.

Question. What is the *specialité* of a Briton?

Answer. That given him by belonging to a race of born athletes.

Q. Can any member of the human family outside the British Isles do anything in the shape of sport?

A. Only imperfectly. However, Australians are good at cricket, and Americans have been known to adequately train racehorses.

Q. Can you give any reason for their partial success?

A. Yes. Australians are our first-cousins, and Americans our first-cousins once removed.

Q. Then you consider them of the same stock as the true Briton?

A. Quite so. Hence their prowess in the field.

Q. What do you think of foreigners?

A. That they are typified by "Moosoo."

Q. When you speak of "Moosoo," to whom do you refer?

A. To the average French duffer, who has about as much knowledge of sport as a baby in arms.

Q. Are all foreigners duffers?

A. All; without exception.



DECIDEDLY PLEASANT.

Genial Youth. "I SAY, GUBBY, OLD CHAP, IS THIS REALLY TRUE ABOUT YOUR GOING TO MARRY MY SISTER EDIE?"

Gubbins. "YES, TOMMY. IT'S ALL SETTLED. BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?"

G. Y. "OH! ONLY BECAUSE I SHALL HAVE SUCH A JOLLY SLACK TIME NOW! YOU KNOW I'VE PULLED OFF NEARLY ALL HER ENGAGEMENTS SO FAR, ONLY YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE WHO'S BEEN A REAL STAYER!"

Q. How do they go out shooting?

A. With a horn, a *couteau de chasse*, a toy game-bag, and a decorated poodle.

Q. Can they row at all?

A. Not seriously. They can paddle a little, but have no more idea of pulling than the man in the moon.

Q. And yet, did not a Paris crew beat a Thames Eight, on the Seine, early in the present year?

A. Yes; but that was because there was some good reason or other for the English defeat.

Q. It could not have been, of course, because the French Eight was better than their visitors?

A. Certainly not.

Q. But is not that the view you would adopt if you were dealing with two English crews?

A. Why, certainly; but this was a race between Britons and Frenchman, and the former could not naturally be beaten by the latter on their own merits.

Q. Why not?

A. Because, as a matter of fact, they couldn't.

Q. And so your opinion of the superiority of Britons over foreigners is unalterable?

A. Of course. I should not be a Briton if it were not so.

A DECAYED INDUSTRY.

(From the Note-book of Our Prophet-Reporter.)

THE HOME SECRETARY was seated in his room awaiting the arrival of the Deputation:—

"Well, I suppose I was right to allow them to interview me," he murmured. "The submerged Tenth have not the franchise to-day. Ah! but they may have it to-morrow!"

The HOME SECRETARY'S exclamation was caused by the appearance of a

number of half-starved ragamuffins, who had lounged into the room, and were now standing respectfully before him.

"Beg pardon, Sir," said the spokesman of this strange-looking deputation, "but are you the HOME SECKER-TERRY?"

"That is my position," replied the Cabinet Minister. "And now that you are here, what do you want?"

"Well, Guv'nor, truth to tell, we are out of employment. Our trade has gone to the dogs. Our business was a removin' of superfluous cash from the pockets of the more inattentive of the public."

"Burglars!" exclaimed the HOME SECRETARY, in some alarm, and he hastily approached the handle of the bell communicating with the Messenger's Room.

"Stow it!" cried the spokesman roughly, then hurriedly lowering his tone, he apologised, and said he spoke from force of habit. "Twenty years ago our purfession was worth something. We could

make a tidy living out of silk pocket-handkerchiefs, and sich like. But nowadays it's all changed. It wants capital, Guv'nor; that's where it is, it wants capital!"

"What wants capital?" queried the Minister.

"Why, our purfession, to be sure. Nowadays everything's done on scientific principuls. A burglar must know something of chemistry, and be up in things generally. Besides, all the real good things are worked by syndicates. Unless you can put in a 'underd pounds or so, why, you are nowhere. What are we to do?"

The HOME SECRETARY sat in deep thought.

"Look 'ere, Guv'nor," continued the spokesman, "'ere's a noshun. As we can't afford to be thieves, and haven't sufficient education to become burglars, why shouldn't we assist the Civil Power? Make us Peelers, Sir, you know—Coppers."

A month later the Police received some new recruits, and the title of the Force was officially changed to "The Unemployed."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 7.—House brisked up to-day on approaching Report Stage Home-Rule Bill; over three hundred Members present, including JOSEPH, fresh from Birmingham; on whole, a melancholy gathering. At outset every appearance of collapse. Influence of Bank Holiday over it all. Ministers who should have been in places to answer questions not arrived. Worse still when Home-Rule Bill reached, and new Clauses called on. Turned out PRINCE ARTHUR was still dallying at Dulwich, HENRAGE 'appy at 'Ampstead, WOLMER tarrying by the giddy swing on Peckham Rye. BARTLEY, ever ready to sacrifice himself in interests of Empire, proposed to move new Clauses for absentees, but SPEAKER wouldn't have it; so passed on to PARKER SMITH. P. S., as sometimes happens in correspondence, proved most important part of letter. He had quite a cluster of Clauses; moved them in succession through long and dreary night.

Incidentally provided TIM HEALY with opportunity for making speech quite in old (of late unfamiliar) form. One of P. S.'s clauses designed for appointment of Boundary Commissioners, with view of



HOLIDAY TIME—AS SHOWN BY MEMBERS' DRESS IN THE HOUSE.

what T. W. RUSSELL described as "ojus jerrymandering." TIM declared that scheme proposed by Bill would give Unionists a much larger representation than they were entitled to, leaving them, with exception of disfranchisement of Dublin University, in very much same numbers as they now stand. Demonstrating this, TIM cited in detail the constituencies affected. Totted them up to reach the total he had affirmed—certainly eighteen, possibly twenty-one.

"There's Armagh two," he said, "and Antrim four. Four and two are six," he added, turning with defiant look upon the placid figure of T. W. RUSSELL. Paused for a moment to give full opportunity for anyone getting up to deny this proposition. No response; TIM proceeded; "Very well, six. There's Belfast four. Six and four are ten!" he shouted triumphantly, looking across at JOSEPH. "Very well, ten," he added, in low growl; evidently disappointed at lack of spirit in camp opposite. "Down—North, East and West Down you'll have, I suppose? That's three. Three and ten's thirteen. Thirteen!" he shouted, turning with quick flush of hope in direction of seat of EDWARD OF ARMAGH. But Colonel not there. In fact not been seen in House since he went out after the great fight, holding bunch of keys to his bruised cheek.

Things looking desperate; still TIM plodded on. Surely age of chivalry not so finally gone that there was not left in an Irish bosom sufficient courage to deny to a political adversary that two and two made four? Perhaps TIM had been piling on the units too high. He would continue on a lower scale. "Very well, that's thirteen. Now North Fermanagh's one. Thirteen and one's fourteen." No pen can describe the acrimony TIM threw into this proposition. Still the craven blood did not stir. "Londonderry, North, South, and City—I suppose you expect to collar them all? That's three; fourteen and three are seventeen."

It was terrible. The SPEAKER, fearing bloodshed, interposed, ruling TIM out of order; only just in time. One could see by flush on MACARTNEY's cheek that one step more would have been fatal, and that the proposition "Seventeen and two are nineteen" would have led to outbreak beside which the "regrettable incident" would have been meretriciously mild.

Business done.—Took up Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—The Squires had regular set-to to-night. He of Blankney began it; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, never loath for a tussle, cheerfully stepping into the ring. Order of the day was Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill. Members, though in languid mood, prepared once more to tread the dreary round, to pass a summer night

In dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.

SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY ordered matters otherwise. Has for some time had by him paper on Bimetallism, which he desired to read to House. Thought event might have come off on Vote on Account; ruled out of order; would fit in equally well on Indian Budget.



"Bimetallism."

But when will Indian Budget be taken? GORR and Echo answer "When?" SQUIRE, whilst willing to sacrifice all personal considerations on the altar of public interest, feels that duty to his Queen and country call him away for an interval of rest. He might leave his paper for DICKY TEMPLE to read; or he might have it printed and circulated with the votes. Whilst pondering on these alternatives, happy thought came to him. Why not move adjournment of House, and so work off speech? Of course wouldn't do to

put the matter bluntly, and "ask leave to move the adjournment for the purpose of discussing a definite matter of urgent public importance, namely, HARRY CHAPLIN's desire to get out of town." But for "HARRY CHAPLIN's desire," &c., substitute "the closing of the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver," and there you are.

There we were indeed. Opposition didn't show up with the enthusiasm that might have been expected in such a cause. Question was indeed raised whether the necessary forty Members had risen to support application for leave. SPEAKER said it was all right, so SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY brought out his treasured manuscript and reeled off his speech. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD exceedingly angry that he should have occupied nearly an hour for the purpose.

So angry that he took almost precisely same time in replying. Drew a lurid picture of the other Squire going about "endeavouring to make mischief in Hindustan." The poor SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY! No such fell design had filled his manly breast. He was guilty of no more direful purpose than that of availing himself of forms of the House to read a paper on Bimetallism prepared for a lapsed occasion, which might have been out of date had he kept it in his drawer till he came back from his holiday. It led to appropriation of four hours of the sitting; but if they had not been wasted in this way, they would have been squandered in some other, and House would have lost spectacle of this set-to between the MALWOOD MAULER and the BLANKNEY PET.

Business done.—None to speak of.

Thursday.—Seems BRODRICK didn't say at Farnham those naughty things about Mr. G. 'Tis true he had referred to failure of a popular local donkey to win a race owing to increasing infirmities, adding "it is quite time some of us should be turned out to grass." But he was not thinking of Mr. G. Of whom then was the Young Man thinking? Could it have been —? But no, a thousand times no.

Certainly nothing in Mr. G.'s appearance to-night suggestive of desire or necessity for knocking-off work. Others may tire and turn fondly to contemplation of moor, river, or sea. Mr. G. thinks there's no place like London in mid-August, no scene so healthful or invigorating as House of Commons. Plunged in to-night on one of the interminable Amendments. A difficult job in hand. Had to accept Amendment which SOLICITOR-GENERAL and ATTORNEY-GENERAL had an hour earlier been put up to show was impossible. Began by pummelling PRINCE ARTHUR; proceeded to make little of HENRY JAMES; turned aside to pink JOSEPH with sarcastic reference to inveterate love with which he is cherished in the bosom of his new friends the Tories; finished by throwing over ATTORNEY-GENERAL with grace and dexterity that made experience rather pleasant than otherwise; and at a quarter to eight accepted an Amendment that had been moved at a quarter to six.

It was in conversation round this Debate that SOLICITOR-GENERAL, accused by CARSON of knowing all about a certain point of law, delighted House by taking off wig, pitching it ceiling-high, deftly catching it, and observing with a wink at SPEAKER, "No, I'm hanged if I do."

Business done.—Report Stage Home-Rule Bill.

Friday Night.—Grouse to-morrow, Home-Rule Bill to-night. As BORTHWICK says, Home-Rule Bill is like partridge, at least to this extent, that, in course of a few months, its daily appearance on the table leads to sensation of palled palate. Truly, *toujours perdrix* is endurable by comparison with Always Home Rule. Members who remain bear up pretty bravely, but glance wistfully at the door through which have disappeared so many friends and companions dear, bound Northward. The holiday, even when it comes for us—the mere residuum, tasting grouse only from the bounty of our friends, who are not dead but gone before—will be but an interval in a prodigiously long Session. "I suppose you find the Autumn Session very popular," I said to MARJORIBANKS, who still wears a smile. "Yes," he said; "more especially with Members who have paired up to Christmas."

Business done.—Still harping on Home Rule.



The Government Humorist.

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By *Cunwin Toil.*)

No. III.—LADY HILDA'S MYSTERY.

A DAY or two after the stirring events which I have related as taking place at Blobley-in-the-Marsh, and of which, it will be remembered, I was myself an astonished spectator, I happened to be travelling, partly for business, partly for pleasure, through one of the most precipitous of the inaccessible mountain-ranges of Bokhara. It is unnecessary for me to state in detail the reasons that had induced me once more to go so far a-field. One of the primary elements in a physician's success in his career is, that he should be able to guard, under a veil of impenetrable silence, the secrets confided to his care. It cannot, therefore, be expected of me that I should reveal why his Eminence the Cardinal DACAP, one of the most illustrious of the Princes of the Church, desired that I should set off to Bokhara. When the memoirs of the present time come to be published, it is possible that no chapter of them will give rise to bitterer discussion than that which narrates the interview of the redoubtable Cardinal with the humble author of this story. Enough, however, of this, at present. On some future occasion much more will have to be said about it. I cannot endure to be for ever the scape-goat of the great, and, if the Cardinal persists in his refusal to do me justice, I shall have, in the last resort, to tell the whole truth about one of the strangest affairs that ever furnished gossip for all the most brilliant and aristocratic tea-tables of the Metropolis.

I was walking along the narrow mountain path that leads from Balkh to Samarcand. In my right hand I held my trusty kirghiz, which I had sharpened only that very morning. My head was shaded from the blazing sun by a broad native mollah, presented to me by the Khan of BOKHARA, with whom I had spent the previous day in his Highness's magnificent marble and alabaster palace. As I walked I could not but be sensible of a curiously strained and tense feeling in the air—the sort of atmosphere that seems to be, to me at least, the invariable concomitant of country-house guessing-games. I was at a loss to account for this most curious phenomenon, when, looking up suddenly, I saw on the top of an elevated crag in front of me the solitary and impassive figure of PICKLOCK HOLES, who was at that moment engaged on one of his most brilliant feats of induction. He evinced no surprise whatever at seeing me. A cold smile lingered for a moment on his firm and secretive lips, and he laid the tips of his fingers together in his favourite attitude of deep consideration.

"How are you, my dear POTSON?" he began. "What? not well? Dear me, dear me, what can it mean? And yet I don't think it can have been the fifth glass of sherbet which you took with the fourteenth wife of the KHAN. No, I don't think it can have been that."

"HOLES, you extraordinary creature," I broke in; "what on earth made you think that I drank five glasses of sherbet with the KHAN's fourteenth wife?"

"Nothing simpler, my dear fellow. Just before I saw you a native Bokharan goose ran past this rock, making, as it passed, a strange hissing noise, exactly like the noise made by sherbert when immersed in water. Five minutes elapsed, and then you appeared. I watched you carefully. Your lips moved, as lips move only when they pronounce the word fourteen. You then smiled and scratched your face, from which I immediately concluded you were thinking of a wife or wives. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, I do, perfectly," I answered, overjoyed to be able to say so without deviating from the truth; for in following his reasoning I did not admit its accuracy. As to that I said nothing, for I had drunk sherbert with no one, and consequently had not taken five glasses with the fourteenth wife of the KHAN. Still, it was a glorious piece of guess-work on the part of my matchless friend, and I expressed my admiration for his powers in no measured terms.

"Perhaps," said HOLES, after a pause, "you are wondering

why I am here. I will tell you. You know Lady HILDA CARDAMUMS?"

"What, the third and loveliest daughter of the Marquis of SASSAFRAS?"

"The same. Two days ago she left her boudoir at Sassafras Court, saying that she would return in a quarter of an hour. A quarter of an hour elapsed, the Lady HILDA was still absent. The whole household was plunged in grief, and every kind of surmise was indulged in to account for the lovely girl's disappearance. Under these circumstances the Marquis sent for me, and that," said HOLES, "is why I am here."

"But," I ventured to remark, "do you really expect to find Lady HILDA here in Bokhara, on these inhospitable precipices, where even the wandering Bactrian finds his footing insecure? Surely it cannot be that you have tracked the Lady HILDA hither?"

"Tush," said HOLES, smiling in spite of himself at my vehemence. "Why should she not be here? Listen. She was not at Sassafras Court. Therefore, she must have been outside Sassafras Court. Now in Bokhara is outside Sassafras Court, or, to put it algebraically,

in Bokhara = outside Sassafras Court.

Substitute 'in Bokhara' for 'outside Sassafras Court,' and you get this result—

'She must have been in Bokhara.'

Do you see any flaw in my reasoning?"

For a moment I was unable to answer. The boldness and originality of this master-mind had as usual taken my breath away. HOLES observed my emotion with sympathy.

"Come, come, my dear fellow!" he said; "try not to be too much overcome. Of course, I know it is not everybody who could track the mazes of a mystery so promptly; but, after all, by this time you of all people in the world ought to have grown accustomed to my ways. However, we must not linger here any longer. It is time for us to restore Lady HILDA to her parents."

As HOLES uttered these words a remarkable thing happened. Round the corner of the crag on which we were standing came a little native Bokharan telegraph boy. He approached HOLES, salaamed deferentially, and handed him a telegram. HOLES opened it, and read it without moving a muscle, and then handed it to me. This is what I read:—

"To HOLES, Bokhara.

"HILDA returned five minutes after you left. Her watch had stopped. Deeply grateful to you for all your trouble. SASSAFRAS."

There was a moment's silence, broken by HOLES.

"No," he said, "we must not blame the Lady HILDA for being at Sassafras Court and not in Bokhara. After all, she is young and necessarily thoughtless."

"Still, HOLES," I retorted, with some natural indignation, "I cannot understand how, after your convincing induction, a girl of any delicacy of feeling can have remained away from Bokhara."

"I knew she would do so," said my friend, calmly.

"HOLES, you are more wonderful than ever," was all that I could murmur. So that is the true story of Lady HILDA CARDAMUMS' return to her family.

DANGER!

In our London streets, for native or stranger,
We ought to have notice-boards warning of "Danger!"
Like those on the Thames near the weirs and locks.
When Premiers collide, and when Princes get shocks,
In cabs or in carriages, King Street way driving,
'Tis time that street warnings the wise were contriving.
For now it is clear that you might as well try
To steer a balloon through a thundery sky,
Or take a stroll near the setting of sun
In a suburb where cads upon bicycles run;
Or command—or serve in—an ironclad fleet,
As—take a drive down St. James's Street!



"Holes opened it, and read it."

THE LITTLE OLD (PARLIAMENTARY) WOMAN, HER (NEWCASTLE PROGRAMME) SHOE, AND HER IMPORTUNATE CHILDREN.

(An old Nursery Rhyme Re-adopted.)



THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN HER SHOE,
SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO;
SO SHE GAVE THEM SOME BROTH WITHOUT ANY BREAD,
THEN "WHIPPED" THEM ALL UP, AND—SENT THEM TO BED!

["Inspired, as it may be presumed, by the more or less remote prospect of the termination of the Home-Rule debate, the political creditors of the Government are vying with one another in urging their respective claims to priority of payment."—*Morning Post*.
"Their bills are the promises of the Newcastle Programme."—*Times*.]

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

MY ANGELINA once enjoyed
The mild lawn-tennis all the day,
And did not scorn to be employed
In croquet's unexciting fray;
O truly happy seasons, when
I think of you, I wish you back,
For ANGELINA had not then
Become a golfing maniac!
But now of none of these she thinks,
All such pursuits she reckons "slow,"

And spends the days upon the links,
Where nevermore I mean to go:
For I recall the heartless snubs,
Which those enchanting lips let
fall,
When I demolished several clubs,
And lost my temper, and the ball.
To-day the fickle maid prefers
With young MACDUFF to pass her
time,
Because his "putting," she avers—
Whatever that be—"is sublime;"

And when I get a chance to state
The deep affection felt by me,
She interrupts me to relate
How well she did that hole in three!
I love my ANGELINA still,
Yet he who chose her as a wife
Would be expected to fulfil
A caddie's duties all his life;
So, if I turn away instead,
You will not hold me much to blame?
How can I woo her? She is wed
Already—to this awful game!



EXPERTO CREDE.

Corporal M'Taggart, of the Nairn and Elgin Highlanders (to Photographer). "HECH MON, YE'LL NEEVER HIT US THAT GAIT,—YE'RE NO ALLOWIN' FOR WINDAGE!"

CROQUET.

O FEEBLEST game, how strange if you should
To favour, *vice* tennis superseded! [rise
And yet beneath such glowing summer skies,
When wildest energy is invalidated,
Mere hitting balls through little hoops
Seems work enough. One merely stoops,
And lounges round, no other toil is needed.

Upon a breezy lawn beneath the shade
Of rustling trees that hide the sky so sunny,
I'll play, no steady game as would be played
By solemn, earnest folks as though for
money—
For love is better. Simply stoop,
And hit the ball. It's through the hoop!
My partner smiles; she seems to think it
funny.

My pretty partner, whose bright, laughing eyes
Gaze at me while I aim another blow; lo,
I've missed because I looked at her! With
I murmur an apologetic solo. [sighs
The proudest athlete here might stoop,
To hit a ball just through a hoop,
And say the game—with her—beats golf
and polo.

TRUMPS FOR TRAMPS.

(From the Story of a Much-considered Nothing.)

THE Tramp was distinctly one of the Un-employed. He had no money, no friends, no home. He had obtained some work a short while since. The labour, of course, had been unskilled, and then there had come a strike, and the Tramp and his mates had turned out

with the rest. The Tramp was a little annoyed, as he had been fairly satisfied to earn bread and butter and meat, and above all, and before all, beer. But the leaders of the strike had



satisfied him that it was entirely for his benefit. That as the Tramp could not work up to their standard, it was their duty to work down to his—and yet get paid at the same rate of

wages belonging to the higher scale. This seemed to the Tramp pleasant enough. But while he waited, he starved; so he was not sure that the notion of the strike was so excellent after all. But then his brain might have been clearer—it had not been fed (in common with the rest of his body) for several days.

So the Tramp—worn, ragged, and tanned—wandered to the spot where Labour was holding her Congress. The last meeting had been held, and the final squabble settled when he reached his destination. There were a couple of well-fed, healthy-looking men, dressed in good strong broad-cloth, standing outside the meeting-place. They regarded the Tramp with some surprise.

"Surely not a Member?" said the first.

"And of course not a Delegate?" hinted the second.

The tramp shook his head. He knew nothing about Members and Delegates.

"I thought not," said Number One. "All our Members and Delegates are quite of respectable appearance."

"Got nothing to do," replied the Tramp, laconically.

"Why don't you try the Colonies?" asked Number Two. "There has been an immense fall in the value of land in Australia. You would get it cheap just now. Why not emigrate? Why not acquire some land?"

"I don't want land, I want food!" returned the Tramp.

"Well, when we have a vacancy, you shall become one of us. We eat, drink, and talk; but we don't work. It's the best employment out." And the Tramp found it so.

'ARRIET ON LABOUR.

DEAR POLLY,—These are pooty times, and don't you make no horror. They gives *me* twists, though I am called the Tottenham Court Road Terror.

Along of quantities of pluck, and being such a dasher; But now the papers bring hus news as spiles yer mornin' rasher.

"Labour is looking up, you bet!" So sez SAM JONES, our neighbour. "I'm glad to 'ear it, SAM," sez I. "But, SAMMY, wot is Labour?"

SAM gives his greasy curl a twist, and looks seven ways for Sunday.

Bit bosky, SAM, thick in the clear, as usual on Saint Monday.

"Labour!" I sez, "Oh, shoo fly, SAM! You 'orny-'anded codgers—

Your palm's as soft as putty, SAM—are reglar Artful Dodgers. Yer Labour, with a capital L, looks mighty fine in print, SAM. But *work* with a small w—ah! I see yer takes the 'int, SAM."

That shut *him* up, the lolloper! He know'd I'd took his measure,

And squelching 'umbugs always do give me pertikler pleasure.

JONES sorter set 'is cap at me; I earn good money I do;

But love as follows L.S.D.'s all fol-der-riddle-dido!

"Bashing a knobstick's ripping fun, no doubt—for them as bashes;

But this here new petroleum game won't work." Here JONES's lashes—

They're stubby, ginger, sly-fox ones—got kinder tangle-twinkle.

I 'ad my eye on 'im, the worm, while working out my wrinkle.

(I'd got a pennorth in a bag; they're things to which I'm partial.)

"We must bust up Mernopoly," sez SAM, a-looking martial.

"The 'Oly Cause o' Labour can't be stayed by trifles, 'ARRIET! JUDAS must 'ang, 'twere weakness to show mercy to ISCARIOT!"

"Bit o' yer platform gag," sez I. "You keep it for the club, SAM."

'Twon't comfort me, nor your old mother toiling at the tub, SAM.

The 'Oly Cause o' Labour, SAM's, a splendid thing to spout about, But it's a thing as skulkers makes *the* most tremenjous rout about."

I'm only just a work-girl, POLL, one of the larky drudges

As swarm acrost the bridge at night and 'omeward gaily

trudges, A tootling "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay,"

a chaffing of the fellers,

And flourishing their feathered 'ats bright reds, and blues and yellors.

As vulgar as they make 'em, POLL. Leastways the chaps whose trade is

To write and dror in Comics, call hus "anythink but ladies."

Ladies? O lor! On thirteen bob a week, less sundry tanners

For fines, it's none so easy, POLL, to keep up style and manners.

But work-girls *work*, and that is more than SAM and 'is sort—drat 'em!

When I see shirks platforming, POLL, I'm longing to get at 'em.

When Women's Rights include the charnoe of gettin' a fair 'earin' For Women's Wrongs—wy then there'll be less bashing and less beering.

As for the Vote—well, I dunno. It seems pertikler curious That politics makes a man a hass, they drives the fellers furious.

If Votes sets women by the ears, as they does men, my winky! I guess 'twill make domestic life even more crabbed and kinky.

Wy *my* young man—you know 'im, POLL—whose temper's real milky,

Whose 'art is soft as 'is merstarche—and that is simply silky—Got that rouged up on polling day, along of a young Tory As called him names. I 'ad to 'ug 'im off to stop the gory.

The chap was in the 'atting line, and thought BALFOUR a 'ero; Whereas my MICK 'as Hirish blood, and calls 'im "Niminy Nero."

I don't a bit know what they meant, but if them votes should send *hus*

As fairly off our chumps as men, the shine *will* be tremendous!

We *shall* 'ave a fair beano then!

Well, I'm not nuts on voting.

Your 'ARRIET's lay is—better pry! *That's* not wot they're promoting.

Them spouting Labour Candidates. Of women's work they're

jealous;

They light the fire to warm *hus*?

Bah! they're only good at bellows!

Their Eight 'Ours Day, and such-like rot, gives me the 'ump, dear POLLY—

Wouldn't some women like it, though? Well, 'oping for it's

folly,

Like longing for a seal-skin *sweet*, or a Marquise for a lover.

Man's work may be too long sometimes, a woman's *never* over.

Leastways, a *married* woman's, POLL. MICK's 'ot on me to "settle."

But eighteen bob a week—his screw—ain't much to hile the kettle;

And I ain't 'ad my fling, not yet. MICK's reglar smart and sparky,

But—when a woman's fairly spliced, it's U. P. with the larky.

And oh my, POLL, I *do* love larks! Theaters, 'ops, and houtings

Warm a girl's 'art—a rare sight more than politics and spoutings.

MICK says he 'as his eye upon a "flat," neat and commojus.

MICK's a good sort, but tied for life to toil—at eighteen? Ojus!

'Ard Labour, and for life, without the hoption! That's a sentence

As 'ot as 'ARRY 'ORKINS's, and no place for repentance.

Ah, POLL, my girl, a woman's work *is* Labour, and no skulking.

It must go on though yer old man's out of a job or sulking.



Mothers can't strike, or unionise, or make demonstrations.

The bloke 'as got the bulge on them. Now girls in situations, Like you and me, POLL, 'as a chance of larky nights and jolly days, Along of arter bizness 'ours, and, now and then, the 'olidays.

But 'twixt the cradle and the tub, the old man and 'er needle, A married woman's tied up tight. Yus, MICK may spoon and wheedle,

But when a woman's got four kids, bad 'ealth, and toke for tiffin, Then marriage *is* a failure, POLL, I give yer the straight griffin.

The goodies slate us shop-girls sharp, say married life or service

Are more *respectabler*. Oh lor! Just look at poor JANE JARVIS!

She were a dasher, JENNY were, 'er fringe and feathers took it,

And now—'er only 'ope's that BILL may tire of 'er and 'ook it.

You know that purple hostrich plume she were so proud of, POLLY! I bought it on 'er for five bob larst week, and it looks jolly

In my new 'at. But as she sat a 'snivellin' o'er that dollar,
Thinks I if this is married life 'ARRIET's not game for collar.

She looked so suety and sad, and all them golden tresses
She was so proud of when it ran to smart new 'ats and dresses,
Was all tight knotted round 'er knob like oakum on a mop, POLL.
Her bright blue eyes in mourning, and—well, there, I couldn't stop,
POLL.

Labour? Well yus, the best of hus must work; yer carn't git
quit of it;

And you and me, POLL, like the rest, must do our little bit of it.
But oh, I loves my *freedom*, POLL, my hevenings hoff is 'eaven;
But wives and slavies ain't allowed even one day in seven.

Jigger the men! SAM spouts and shouts about the 'Onest Worker.
That always means a Man, of course—he's a smart Man, the
shirker!

But when a Man lives upon his wife, and skulks around his
Who is the "'Onest Worker" then?—Yours truly,
'ARRIET 'IGGINGS.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY; OR, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

DASH BLANK was a genius. He had been an immense success at school, and had done admirably at the University. He then came up to town and tried many things. He was a poet, a musician, an artist, an inventor. And everyone he knew, said it was absolutely wonderful, and that he should make a fortune. But just at the moment he had a fair income, which had been left to him by his deceased relative, and there was no occasion to augment his means. On the contrary, if anything, his accomplishments were rather a loss to him than a gain. So the situation existed for a time.

Then came a crash in the City, and poor DASH BLANK found himself penniless. It was then he tried to turn his talents to account, but found that their market value was *nil*, or even less.

But, fortunately, he was "such a genius," and to persons of that class often come what may be termed happy thoughts.

DASH BLANK disappeared—completely, absolutely. His absence remained unnoticed for some time, and then, of a sudden, his death got into the papers. It was copied from one journal to another, until the intelligence was conveyed from one end of the Empire to the other. Then some one made the discovery that DASH BLANK had not been appreciated. Immediately all his brilliant failures were unearthed, and advertised into popularity. His poems on republication realised hundreds, and his pictures thousands; his wonderful invention was patented, turned into a Company of Limited Liability, and quickly realised a fortune. DASH BLANK was a name to conjure with—it was typical of success.

At length a statue was erected to his memory, and the unveiling became an important function. All sorts of smart people were present, and the finest things imaginable were said about his career. When it was all over, the Sculptor was left alone with what had been recently termed his "masterpiece."

"No," said he; "it is not a bit like poor DASH. I never could get his expression."

"It's not bad," observed a man in a cloak, who had come up while he was murmuring, and who now stood beside him; "not at all bad, considering he never gave you a sitting."

"That's true enough," replied the Sculptor; "but how did you know it?"

"Because I happen to be DASH BLANK himself!" and then the man in the cloak threw off that covering, and revealed his identity.

After this came an explanation. The genius noticing that when a clever man dies there is always a run upon his works, died himself. At any rate that was the impression in the minds of everyone save a friendly executor, who collected the money for his estate. Then the friendly executor paid the proceeds to the imaginary deceased.

"And shall you resume work?" asked the Sculptor, after he had recovered from his astonishment.

"Not I. You need be under no alarm that anyone will compare your portrait with the original. I have had enough of work, and



with my recently accumulated capital, shall try my hand at speculation. Good bye, if you are in my neighbourhood, look me up. You will find me anywhere between the Arctic and Antarctic Zones." And then he went over to America, put his money into wooden nutmegs, and promptly became a millionaire.

THE "ONE-HORSE" HOUSEHOLDER.

(A Solemn Social Ditty.)

IN a region where freshly-built suburbs lie ending
'Mid plots of the glum market-gardener's ground,—
Its bare, tenantless frontages gloomily blending

With grime and neglect that are rampant all round,
Runs the street, so forlorn it could not be forlornier,

Where, looking straight down a "no thoroughfare" road,
With the blaze of a new public-house at the corner,
The sad "One-horse" Householder finds his abode!

'Tis a wilderness wild of dread dilapidations,
Where one feeble gas-light illumines the street,

While right over the way
fourteen kitchen founda-
tions

Of houses unfinished the
aching eye greet!

How he first chanced to find
it his friends often wonder.

No omnibus runs within
miles of his door,—

Nor a train, be it either
above-ground or under,

Wakes life with its thrice
welcome whistle and roar.

If you call at that house,
you'll be knocking and
ringing,

Till, with forcible language,
you're leaving the place,

When a slavey, who comes
up the hall gaily singing,

Flings open the door, with
a smut on her face.

You ask "if they're in."
and she looks you all
over,—

It's clear she's quite new
to an afternoon call,—

Praps takes you for *Turpin*,
Bill Sikes, the *Red Rover*;

But she says that she'll
"see," and leaves you in
the hall.



You are ushered upstairs, which a Dutch carpet graces,
To a drawing-room, curtained at threepence a yard,

Where Japanese gimcracks appear in odd places,

Though ASPINALL clearly has proved their trump card;

For here it envelopes a plain kitchen-table,

There a weak wicker lounge which invites not repose;

And at length you are seated, as well as you're able,

On a folding arm-chair that half threatens to close.

But they offer you tea, made with unboiling water,

A syrupy Souchong at tenpence a pound,

Which a simpering, woebegone, elderly daughter,

With stale bread rancid buttered, is handing around.

And you think you'll be off: as your talk halts and flounders,

For you feel most distinctly, *they're not in your line*,

And you say to yourself, "Yes, these JOHNSONS are bounders,"

But before you can go, *you have promised to dine!*

That same dinner will take you some seasons forgetting!

The claret was sour, the "tinned" oysters, Blue Point;

And moreover 'tis really a little upsetting,

For the cook to come up very drunk with the joint!

And when to crown this you are asked to expel her,

And find a Policeman,—that is, if you could.

It may soothe you to hear yourself called "a good feller,"

But can you admit that the dinner was good?

And so when you meet JOHNSON going up to the City,

It somehow to-day does not strike you as odd,

That with feelings of scorn not unmingled with pity,

You hurry on fast with a stiff little nod.

Be his craze "speculation," "a crush," "a small dinner,"

A christening, marriage, a death or a birth,—

There's a limpness of purpose that shows, though no sinner.

Why the dim "One-horse" Householder cumbers the earth!



A LIVELY PROSPECT.

Jones (who has come, for the first time, to spend a week at Prigglesly Manor). "SMITH, OF BALLIOL, WAS HERE; WASN'T HE, MRS. PRIGGLESLEY?"

Mrs. Prigglesley. "YES; FOR A WEEK. HE'S JUST LEFT. HE WAS QUITE NICE. BUT I ASSURE YOU I DON'T FEEL A BIT THE WISER OR THE BETTER FOR ANY SINGLE THING HE SAID THE WHOLE TIME!"

[Jones wishes himself anywhere else.]

MAKING THEM USEFUL.

SEE in the papers that school-children at Whissendine and elsewhere are taught gardening. Excellent idea, this. Small Holdings for Small Boys! Decide to try it at my "Select Academy for the Sons of Gentlemen," as kitchen garden certainly *does* want attending to, and I can't afford a gardener. Tell the boys about it. They want to know if the hour a day which I purpose to devote to Agriculture is to take the place of *Bradley's Latin Exercises*. On hearing that it is, boys seem relieved, and SMITH JUNIOR pronounces the scheme a "jolly lark." I confess I am pleased to find this appreciation of my new arrangement on the part of the most troublesome urchin in the school.

Next Day.—All the boys are now provided with separate plots, spades, rakes, and hoes. Youth, in fact, is at the Plough, and Myself at the Helm, so we ought to get on all right. I purchase for them some young cabbage-plants and cucumber-seeds, which will go down as "extras" in the bills at the end of Term. Boys very active first day. SMITH JUNIOR breaks his spade, and gets fifty lines. JONES astonishes me by talking about "Three Acres and a Cow." Find that his father is a strong Radical. Must be careful what I say to JONES. The general opinion seems to be that Gardening is better than *Bradley's Exercises* "by long chalks." Encouraging.

Week Later.—In order to gain my prize for best cabbages, boys have been stimulating their growth with a guano made of chopped

bones, slate-pencil dust, and ink! Surprisingly fine specimens in young DODGER's allotment. Too good to be true. Go out to inspect, take up one of his cabbages, and find it has no roots. DODGER admits that he bought them from village greengrocer. I remark humorously to boys—"This is DODGER's plot!" Boys cheer me, and, being indignant at DODGER's cheating, make him—so I hear afterwards—"run the gauntlet" in the dormitory the same evening. Hope it will do the little sneak good. SMITH JUNIOR tries to do circus trick on garden roller. Nearly killed. Two hundred lines, and a page of *Bradley's Exercises*. Hear him saying that "he wishes Old SWATS (that's me) would do his gardening himself, and see how *he* likes it!" No, thanks.

End of the Experiment.—Kitchen garden a wreck! There has been a battle royal between FLASHBOYITES and SMITH JUNIORITES. FLASHBOY stole all the spades, and entrenched himself in an earthwork, which the other side stormed. SMITH JUNIOR bleeding but triumphant. Says "gardening is much better far than *Bradley's Exercises*." Cucumbers (bought as missiles) and potatoes lying all about. Several have got through school-room windows! Letters arrive from parents. Thought they would like the new agricultural departure as teaching their boys something really useful. But they don't. Quite indignant. Say their sons are "not intended for market-gardeners." SMITH JUNIOR's parent says his boy is "meant for the Church." Didn't know this before. SMITH JUNIOR will be an ornament of the Church Militant at any rate. Drop the gardening, and go back to *Bradley*.

"THE USUAL CHANNEL."

To what snug refuge do I fly
When glass is low, and billows high,
And goodness knows what fate is nigh?—
My Cabin!

Who soothes me when in sickness' grip,
Brings a consolatory "nip,"
And earns my blessing, and his tip?—
The Steward!

When persons blessed with fancy rich
Declare "she" does not roll, or pitch,
What say—"The case is hardly rich"?—
My Senses!

What makes me long for *real* Free Trade,
When no Douaniers could invade,
Nor keys, when wanted, be mislaid?—
My Luggage!

What force myself, perhaps another,
To think (such thoughts ~~we~~ try to smother)
"The donkey-engine is our brother"?—
Our Feelings!

And what, besides a wobbling funnel,
Screw-throb, oil-smell, unstable gunwale,
Converts me to a Channel Tunnel?—
My Crossing!

COOKED AT HEREFORD.

THE strongest always rule the roast.
Yes! we believe it fully;
So what's the natural result,
When COOKE's opposed by PULLEY?
Vain contest—vain the gallant fight!
The winner's safely booked,
And forty-four good witnesses
Affirm the *poulet's* cooked.



THE POOR VICTIM!

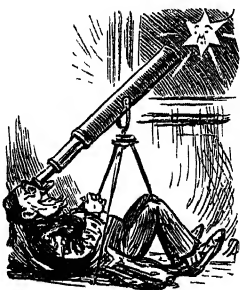
JOHN. "HM! GOOD; MIGHT BE BETTER!"

JONATHAN. "HM! BAD; MIGHT BE WORSE!"

THE SEAL. "THREE MONTHS' CLOSE-TIME! HM! MIGHT HA' MADE IT TWELVE!"

ONLY FANCY!

ONLY fancy if the Earth were flat—
As most of those who live upon it are—
And you went too near the edge of it, and
toppled from the ledge of it,
And landed on a distant star!



And you under-
stood the lingo
which the people
speak and sing,
oh,
Who dwell upon
a distant star!
Only fancy, only
fancy, what a
lot of things
there are
Very likely to be
met with on a
distant star.

A goodish many things would prove
Not exactly quite the same as here, I guess;
P'raps the ladies *all* are pretty, and the men
all smart and witty,
And marriage an unqualified success.
P'raps, like WASHINGTON, they cannot tell
a lie,
And gossip is excluded from their talk;
P'raps with them a thing of course is that
beef isn't made of horses,
And the milkmen haven't even heard of
chalk!

Only fancy, &c.

Perhaps they 've no occasion for police,
Though they may keep just a few to spoon
the cooks;
If they do, no doubt they 're wary whom they
make Home Secretary,
And the Chief Commissioner's chosen for
his looks.
Very likely, if they ever play a farce,
It contains a pretty moral for the young,
And perhaps their panorama has a mission,
and their drama
To the tune of the Old Hundredth's "said
or sung."

Only fancy, &c.

Very likely they have guns that will not
burst,
And machinery that won't get out of gear;
P'raps they 've even ammunition in respect-
able condition,
And vessels that are guaranteed to steer.
And it's possible they have Vestries who
refrain [meet]
From swearing at each other when they
And, though *this* isn't probable, they may
have Boards "unjobable,"
And Contractors who will neither bribe
nor cheat.

Only fancy, &c.

A Parliament perhaps they may require,
But its Members very likely don't obstruct,
And each Government proposition just
delights the Opposition,
And anyone who makes a noise is "chucked."
Very possibly they do not care for speech,
But if indeed they 've got a Grand Old Man
In whom the fancy lingers, why, he talks
upon his fingers,
And they answer on the self-same plan!
Only fancy, &c.

Mrs. R. says there is such a scare now
about typhoid, that she always takes a tin
of dis-connecting fluid about with her. She
also says, a bottle of automatic vinegar is
very refreshing in church.

MY GARDENERESS.

[“Lady CARLISLE is training an entire staff of
women gardeners, who, she hopes, will keep the
grounds of her Yorkshire home in as perfect a
condition as their male predecessors have done.”—
Fall Mail Gazette.]

COME into the garden, MAUD,
Why has not the grass been mown?
Come into the garden, MAUD,
Those seeds have never been sown;
I fear you've been taking your walks abroad—
You blush like a rose full-blown.

When the early snail first moves,
Before the sun is on high,
Beginning to gnaw the leaves he loves
On the beds, you should always try
To pick him off with your garden gloves,
And stamp on him—he must die.

You can't touch snails? Let that pass,
I will smash each one in his shell;
But when it rains you can roll the grass,
When dry can water it well.
You say you can't wet your boots—alas!—
Nor work when it's warm, *ma belle*?

And yet your wages you claim;
I should like to know what you do.
In truth I can't bear to blame
Such a sweet pretty girl as you;
So stop as my gardener all the same—
I'll be master and workman too.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Rough work should never be done
By delicate hands as white as pearls,
You only began for fun;
So sit, with your parasol over your curls,
Whilst I dig like mad in the sun



IMPROVED COSTUME FOR THE METRO-
POLITAN POLICE DURING THE GREAT
HEAT OF 1893.

WHO IS IT?

*A Political Enigma. Compounded from the
Press of the Period.*

HE's hopeless of heaven, he's too bad
for —,
(So say Unionist bards, and they ought to
know well.)
He is JUDAS-cum-CAIN with a *soupeon* of
OATES,
An imperious despot,
who grovels for
votes;
A mean truckling
tyrant, an auto-
crat slave;
A Knave who plays
King, and a
King who plays
Knave.
A haughty Com-
mander, the tool
of his troops,
A swayer of "items,"
nose-led by his
dupes;
A Dog-despot, wagged by the tip of his
tail,
A Conspirator potent, whose plot's bound to
fail;
The land's greatest danger, because such a
dolt;
As ruler a scourge, because breeding revolt;
As political guide ever banefully strong,
Because the majority sees he is wrong.
A prolix *Polonius* who proves his senility
By taking the shine out of youth and
ability:
A veteran lagging superfluous, whose age
Puts him "out of it" so, that he fills the
whole stage:
So old that his age gives him every claim,
Save to decent respect, which, of course, is a
shame,
And absurd "fetish-worship." As Lucifer
proud
And imperious, yet supple of knee to the
crowd;
A CORIOLANUS who plays the JACK CADE;
A coward of nothing and no one afraid;
A blundering batsman whom none can bowl
out;
A craven who staggers opponents most stout;
A traitor who gives his whole life to the
State,
Whose zeal proves his spite, and his service
his hate.
A truckler to treason and trickster for
place,
Whose stubbornness oft throws him out of the
race;
A lover of power and public applause,
Who dares to oppose the most popular cause.
A talkative sophist who will *not* explain;
A bad-tempered man, ever bland and urbane:
A casuist no one can half understand,
But whose sinister purpose is plain as your
hand;
A vituperative and venomous foe,
Whose speeches with calm magnanimity
glow.
In short, an old dolt, who inflicts dire defeat
On the smartest young foes he can manage to
meet;
A powerless provoker of dreadful disasters,
A master of slaves whose mere slaves are his
masters;
A voluble sphinx, and a simple chimæra
The Age's conundrum, the *crux* of his era!

Mem. :

If you can't give a guess at the theme of
these rhymes,
Why, peruse all the papers, and move with
the times!

AUSTRALIA THE (WITHOUT) GOLDEN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that, with a view to economy, the Victorian Legislature have cut down the salary of their future Governors to a reasonable sum. Every one will applaud an act inspired by so worthy a motive. Still, as the officials who have been thus deprived of some of their emoluments have a certain state to keep up, I think it would be only fair were that state also to undergo revision. With a view to assisting in so desirable a programme, I jot down a few suggestions.

Uniform.—Future Governors not to be required to wear gold lace. Yellow braid to be sparingly used in decorating their frock-coats. Dirks to be substituted for swords. Cooked-hats no longer to be trimmed with feathers.

Official Entertainments.—Governors no longer to be required to ask Colonials to dinner. Luncheons with chops and steaks and boiled potatoes to be substituted for extensive menus. Balls to be given only occasionally, and guests to be served with the lightest of light refreshments (sandwiches and lemonade); and if dancing be required, dancers to supply their own orchestras.

Attending State Functions.—Governors no longer to be expected to appear in carriage and pair. Their Excellencies to be entitled to use trams, cars, omnibuses, and bicycles. When laying a foundation-stone, the Governors to be permitted to wear double-soled boots, and carry umbrellas.

Miscellaneous.—To avoid expense, salutes will be dispensed with as much as possible. When guns are fired, tubes to be used without cartridges. Flags not to be flown in wet weather, and Chairs of State always to be covered with brown holland. Gaslights to be sparingly lighted, and wax-candles abolished.

There, my dear Sir, this should be a relief both to the goose and the gander. It is quite right to economise, but it is a little strange to find that we get our first hint in this direction from the Antipodes.

Yours truly,

GAY WITHOUT PAY.



A SLIGHT CONFUSION OF IDEAS.

Local Hatter. "I OPE YOU 'LL EXCUSE MY CALLING, SIR GEORGE; BUT I 'EARD AS HER LADYSHIP WAS GOING TO GIVE A PLAY IN THE GROUNDS—A PASTORAL PLAY, THEY TOLD ME—SO I MADE SO BOLD AS JEST TO COME ROUND AND SAY AS I 'D GOT A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF CLERICAL 'ATS, AND THAT I SHOULD BE MOST 'APPY TO PUT 'EM AT HER LADYSHIP'S DISPOSAL!"

Puppet Number Two. Truth is nothing if not respectable.

Puppet Number One. Remember, respectability is an affectation, of cynics, dramatic authors—and other people of no importance generally.

[*Exeunt severally. Curtain.*]

Mrs. R. observes, "it is only too true that Summer pleasures, as the poet says, are nearly always effervescent."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 14.—Quite shocked to see ASHER to-day. Strong constitution and a happy disposition united to make him a picture of buoyant health. Observing him walk up floor of House just now, hardly knew him. Shoulders bowed; arms hanging limp; cheeks sallow; an unspeakable sorrow in his dimmed eyes.

"What's the matter, Mr. SOLICITOR?" I asked, instinctively falling into the whispering tone proper in sick rooms. "Is it the state of Scotch business that weighs upon your mind? or is it true, as whispered, that necessity has been discovered for bringing in Bill amending the Borough Police and Health Act, 1892, with its 435 clauses?"

"No," said ASHER; "I'm thinking of neither. My thoughts tend in quite another direction. My heart is at Deeside, my heart is not here. I have a moor there; you understand me—not a person of dark complexion, who, after much conversation, disposes of his wife with the assistance of a pillow. But a stretch of moorland, gorse-scented, grouse-haunted. I awoke early on Saturday morning

hearing the popping of the guns in far-off Aboyne. Mere fancy, of course. You remember CHARLES LAMB's story about supping with some Scotchmen, and incidentally observing he only wished, to make the joy complete that BURNS were there? One by one the Scotchmen got up and explained to him that BURNS had been dead for ever so many years, and that it was practically impossible in view of the circumstances, that he could have been present; even, one of them added, supposing they knew BURNS, and it had occurred to them to invite him. So you will say that Deeside, being hundreds of miles away, I could not hear the birds on the wing, or the pottering of the guns. In a sense, that is true; but I heard them all the same; worse still, heard them when I was in church yesterday, and should have been hearing something else. I wouldn't mind missing a day, a week, or, in the service of my QUEEN and country, a fortnight. What I see, and what gars me greet, is the endless vista of nights and days we shall spend here. If we get any shooting at all we shall begin with the pheasants.

O my BARTLEY, shallow-pated! O my TOMMY, such a bore!

O, my dear beloved moorland, shall I see thee evermore?"

ASHER's case representative of many; only his despair is the more eloquent.

Business done.—Marking time in Home-Rule debate.

STILL WILDER IDEAS.

(Possibilities for the next O Wilde Play.)

Puppet Number One. Let's come into the garden, MAUDLE. I adore the garden. Don't you know that the book of at least one good play begins with some epigrams in the garden, and ends with—

Puppet Number Two. Recitations—strictly puritanical. Well, let's go into the garden: there's nothing but Nature to look at there, so we will discuss—

Puppet Number One. The picture shows. It seems to me there are two principles in modern art. The first is—give a picture a good name, and they'll hang it.

Puppet Number Two. What's—ahem!—what is in a name?

Puppet Number One. Usually a good deal more than is in the picture.

Puppet Number Two. And the second principle?

Puppet Number One. Art is short, and the life of the average Academician is long.

Puppet Number Two. Ah, well. I suppose I shall have to ask you sooner or later to define Art.

Puppet Number One. Certainly. Art is that which invariably goes one better than Nature.

Puppet Number Two (with a sigh). And what is Nature?

Puppet Number One. Nature is that which is not so natural as it is painted.

Puppet Number Two (with a groan). What about truth in Art then?

Puppet Number One. Ah! Truth is that one infirmity of a noble mind.



FATHER THAMES PURIFIED AND GLORIFIED, AS PROMISED BY L. C. G.

Tuesday.—Just before eight bells, when all hands were piped below, Admiral FIELD turned up in favourite character as the honest British sailor. Rather modelled on transpontine style; a little unnecessarily noisy; too humorously aggressive; hopelessly obvious. But in present circumstances House grateful for anything; gleefully laughed whilst the Admiral shivered his timbers,



Admiral Field as the honest British Sailor.

talked about losing his soundings in a fog, declared against all shams, referred to himself as "honest and modest sailor who believed in straightforward action, and refused to have his eyes blinded by abstract proposals."

That last phrase didn't sound seafaring, but, as another honest sailor was accustomed to say, its bearings lay in the application of it. Motion before House was to eliminate Second Chamber from Home-Rule scheme; brought forward by Radicals; situation difficult for Opposition. If they voted against the Government they would be declaring against principle of House of Lords. If they voted with them they would be approving a proposition of the hated Bill. JOSEPH judiciously got out of difficulty by declining to vote at all. PRINCE ARTHUR elaborately explained that in going into Lobby with the Radicals he was voting against a concrete proposal and in favour of an abstract principle. This too subtle for COURTNEY, who announced his intention of voting with Government who happened to agree with him in approving principle of Second Chamber. It was amid these cross blades that the Admiral, hitching up his trousers, danced a hornpipe. TOMLINSON attempting to bring House back to more serious views, Members with one accord rushed into Lobby, and Government came out with majority of 83.

Business done.—Seventh night in Report Stage Home-Rule Bill.

Thursday.—"Whew!" said the Member for SARK. "I don't know what will become of us if things go on much longer like this. With a PREMIER over eighty, and the thermometer over 90, the situation is at least unusual. Even JOSEPH not able to maintain his favourite attitude, grafted on the iced cucumber. Just now Mr. G. made a passing remark, quite mild compared with JOE's own sly hits. J. C. up on instant, with boding brow and angry plaint that Mr. G. had attempted to slay him with a sneer."

"Yes," said PLUNKET, "times are hot. I don't know what we

should do without TOMMY BOWLES. The spectacle of his white ducks is to me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. They talk about an army of men in the basement working machinery that keeps the temperature ten degrees below what it is marked on the Terrace. Also there is, it seems, a ton and a half of ice melting in ventilating chambers at the taxpayers' expense for our comfort. But I don't think ice is in it with TOMMY'S ducks. Even if they were stationary it would be something. But observe how, coming and going, TOMMY'S brain an argosy of great thoughts, the ducks seem to skim over our prosaic floor, calling up even to the unimaginative mind a vision of deep, tree-shaded, quietly-rippling Broad, over which the wild duck swiftly moves, waving white wings."

Only PLUNKET, I fancy, could evolve poesy out of to-night's scene; hot above precedent, dull beyond endurance.

"PLUNKET'S duck picture cool and refreshing. But," said EDWARD OF ARMAGH, drawing on his military experiences, "what we're doing just now may be much more accurately described as the goose step."

Quite so. We sit all afternoon and far into the night, always talking, sometimes dividing; every appearance of motion, no advance; feet lifted with due sign of walking, but when midnight strikes and parade dismissed we are found posted exactly at the same spot as that on which we took our stand at half-past three in the afternoon.

If Mr. G. means business the sooner he gets about it the better.

Business done.—None.

Friday.—Mr. G. does mean business. Commences on Monday, when Motion will be made to close Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill. Mere reference to it set House bubbling with excitement. Mr. G.'s proposed Resolution not yet drafted. "You know how it is," he said, smiling blandly at PRINCE ARTHUR; "you've had a good deal of experience in drawing Resolutions of this nature." But if Ministers not ready with their Resolution, JOSEPH prepared with Amendment. Read it out amid lively interruption.

Conversation later conducted with much vigour across the Gangway, where, a fortnight ago, GUNTER received an Irish Member (not iced) full in pit of stomach. Once the Blameless BARTLEY signalled out Member for South Donegal, mentioning him by name as respon-



Swift MacNeill refuses to be named.

sible for particular exclamations. "Don't presume to mention my name," said MACNEILL, leaning across gangway.

"Look here, BARTLEY," said TOMMY BOWLES, "if you're going on that tack, you must come and sit at this side. When I saw MACNEILL open his mouth to speak, I confess I thought I was going to be swallowed whole. You sit here; there's more of you."

Business done.—Notice given that business is about to commence.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

TO FAILURE

Ecco iterum! Well, why not? So long as I do not exanimate you with my letters, I remain content. Besides, I have not yet fully-developed all my theories. Let us, therefore, continue to chat together for a little.

I cannot proceed for ever by the negative method. No doubt I might in the end, exhaust the list of those who are not your subjects, but the process would be long, and, I fear, tedious. No; I must come to the point and produce my cases. What shall we say of them, then? Hood declares that—

"There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea."

and so forth; doubtless you remember the sonnet. Not there, however, is the true silence—

"But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena calls,
And owls, that fit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,—
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone."

As with silence, so with failure, say I. The man who has never felt the spur of ambition nor the intoxication of a success, who has travelled always upon the level tracts of an unaspiring satisfaction, on him, surely, failure sets no mark, and disappointment has for him no stings. But the poor souls who soar only to sink, who melt their waxen wings in the fierce heat of the sun, and fall crashing to earth, theirs is the lot for pity. And yet it is not well to be too sure. For in the eyes of the world a man may be cheated of his purpose, and yet gain for himself the peace, the sober, contented joy, which is more to him than the flaunting trophies of open success. And some clasp the goddess in their arms, only to wither and decay in the embrace they sought with so eager a passion. But I tarry, while time creeps on.

From the mist of memory rises a scene. A knot of laughing Freshmen is gathered in the ancient Court outside the lecture-room staircase. It wants a minute or two to the hour. They are jesting and chaffing with all the delightful unconcern of emancipated youth, and their cheerful faces shine brighter in the October sunshine. Some thirty yards away from them a strange figure, in dingy cap and gown, paces wearily along. It is that of a prematurely aged man, his back bent, his head sunk upon his chest. The Freshmen begin to knock one another about; there is what we used to call a "rag," and one of them, seizing a small lump of turf, throws it at a companion. It misses him, and strikes the old, weary figure on the back of the neck. He totters forward with outstretched hands, just saves himself from falling, and turns round. There is a terrible, hunted, despairing look on the face, made more pitiful by the grey, straggling beard. The Freshman has darted forward with an apology. The old man mutters, half to himself, "What was it? Did some one call for me? I am quite alone, and I scarcely remember—" and then shuffles away quickly, without listening to the words of apology. The adventure chills the laughter of the young men, the clock strikes, and they vanish to the lecture-room.

This poor, rambling, distraught wreck of a man, was all that was left in those days of a great and brilliant scholar, whose fame a quarter of a century before had been alive in the mouths of Cambridge men. From the moment that he entered at St. Mark's, HENRY ARKWRIGHT began a glorious career of prize-winning. Scholarships were to him a part of his daily bread. He swallowed them as other men swallow rolls for breakfast. A magic influence seemed to smooth for him the rough and rocky paths of learning. While his comrades stumbled along with bruised limbs, he marched with firm and triumphant step to the summit. And he had other advantages. He was handsome, his manner was frank and winning, he was an athlete of distinction, he spoke with fiery and epigrammatic eloquence at the Union. It is needless to add that his popularity was unbounded amongst his companions. He took the best degree of his year, and was made a Fellow of his College.

There was no lack of glowing prophecies about his future. The only doubt was whether the Lord Chancellorship or the post of Prime Minister would more attract his genius. Nobody supposed that he

would stay on at Cambridge. But he did. A few years after taking his degree he published a monumental edition of a Greek classic, which is still one of the fountain-heads of authority, even amongst the severe scholars of the Fatherland. And after that there was an end of him. Nobody quite knew what had happened to him, and as the years rolled on fewer and fewer cared to inquire. He went to hall, he sat silent in the Combination-room, he withdrew himself gradually from all intercourse with friends. His whole appearance changed, he became dishevelled, his face grew old and wrinkled, and his hair turned grey before his time. And thus dwindling and shrinking he had come to be the pitiable shadow who, as I have related, faded dismally across the College Court before a knot of cheerful Undergraduates on an October morning many years ago. What was the reason? I have often wondered. Did his labours over his book displace by a hair's-breadth some minute particle of matter in his brain? Or was there in his nature a lack of the genuine manly fibre, unsuspected even by himself until he felt himself fatally recoiling from the larger life of which the triumphs seemed to be within his grasp, if only he would stretch out his hand and seize them? I know not. Somebody once hinted that there was a woman at the bottom of it. There may have been, but it is a canon of criticism to reject the easier solution. When he died a few years ago, it appeared to be a shock to all but a few to remember that he had not died ages before.

And as I write this, I am reminded, I scarce know why, of poor Mrs. HIGHFLYER. Poor Mrs. HIGHFLYER! I hear somebody exclaim in astonishment. Why is she poor? Why must we pity her? Is she not rich? Do not the great and the titled throng to her parties during the London Season? Has she not entertained Princes in the country? What lot can be more enviable? Granted, I reply, as to the riches and the parties. But can it be seriously supposed that a life spent in a feverish struggle for recognition, its days and nights devoted to schemes for social advancement, to little plots by which Lady MORTLING, the wife of the millionaire Member of Parliament, shall be outwitted; or Mrs. FURBER, the wife of the returned Australian, shall be made to pale her ineffectual fires; to conspiracies which shall end in a higher rung of the giddy ladder of party-giving ambition—can such a life, I ask, with all its petty miseries, its desperations, its snubs, and its successes no less perilous than desperation, be considered an enviable one? Ask Mrs. HIGHFLYER herself. Visit that poor lady, as she is laying her parallels for her tenth attempt to capture some stout and red-faced royalty for her dance or her country-house, and see for yourself how she feels. She may bear aloft a smiling face, but there is unhappiness in her heart, and all her glories are as nothing to her, because she has read in the *Weekly Treadmill* that Lady MORTLING's latest party was attended

by a Royal Duke, two Ambassadors, and a Kamchatkan Chieftain. There is failure in the meanest shape. Was I right to pity her?

Are there not, moreover, critics and literary celebrities who—but I dare too much, my pen refuses its office, so tremendous is the subject on which I have rashly entered. And with that, farewell.

D. R.

EFFEMINACY OF THE AGE.

MR. JAMES PAYN says that "some boys are really missed at home." Well, Mr. Punch has observed that some fond and foolish parents tog and tittivate their boys till they look behind like girls. But to "miss" them, as though they were maidens or barmaids is too bad. To adapt Ko-Ko's celebrated song, he would say:—

A boy may wear his hair in curls, or bear a pudding face,

Some mothers, as you wist, that folly can't resist!

Of true boy in dress and manners they may leave him scarce a trace,

But he never should be "missed"—he never should be "missed."

Maternal idiots molly-coddle little lads they own,

Till they're girlish in demeanour, and effeminate in tone,

But the *mater* who her "TOMMY" spoils, and dresses like a guy,

Till he doesn't think he crickets, and has no desire to try;

Is a silly, weak anomaly who ought to be well hissed;

Boys never should be "missy," and they never should be "missed."

Mrs. R. is delighted. "My youngest niece," she says, "has lately become engaged to a very illegible young man."



THE DIVER.

(Fragments of a Modern Parliamentary Version. A very long way after SCHILLER.)

"Oh! where is the youth or man so bold
To dive mid yon billowy din?
There's a cup of the purest (Hibernian) gold,
Lo! how the whirlpool has sucked it in!
'Tis a crown of glory, that golden cup,
To the venturesome hand that shall bear it
up!"

They listened, that goodly Company,
And were mute both squire and knight;
For they liked not the look of that wild
(Irish) sea, [strom's might,
And they funk'd a fight with that mael-
And a Voice, for the second time, loudly
spake, [sake?"
"Will no man dive 'for Ould Oireland's

But silently still they gaze and stand,
Till a grey-pate grand and old
Steps lightly forth from the shuddering
band.
Oh, the glances that greet him are stern
and cold!
And a whispered warning around doth pass:
"Now, Grand Old Diver, don't be an ass!"

And lo! as he stands on the uttermost verge,
He sees, in the dark seas rushing,
Obstructive monsters that swell and surge
From the depths of the muttering
whirlpool rushing,
And their sound is the sound of hoot and hiss,
And they leap in foam from the black abyss.

Then quick, ere his fellows were half awake,
That old man grand and grey
Plunged headlong! Ah! it made them quake
As he whirled in the whirling stream away;
And they cried. "'Tis pity the land should suffer
This suicide of the Grand Old Duffer!"

Down! down he shot like a lightning flash!
When lo! from the depth of the rocky ground,
Did a thundering torrent to meet him dash.
Like a child's frail top he span around,
Powerless and pale; for how should he fight
With the double stream in 'its banded might?

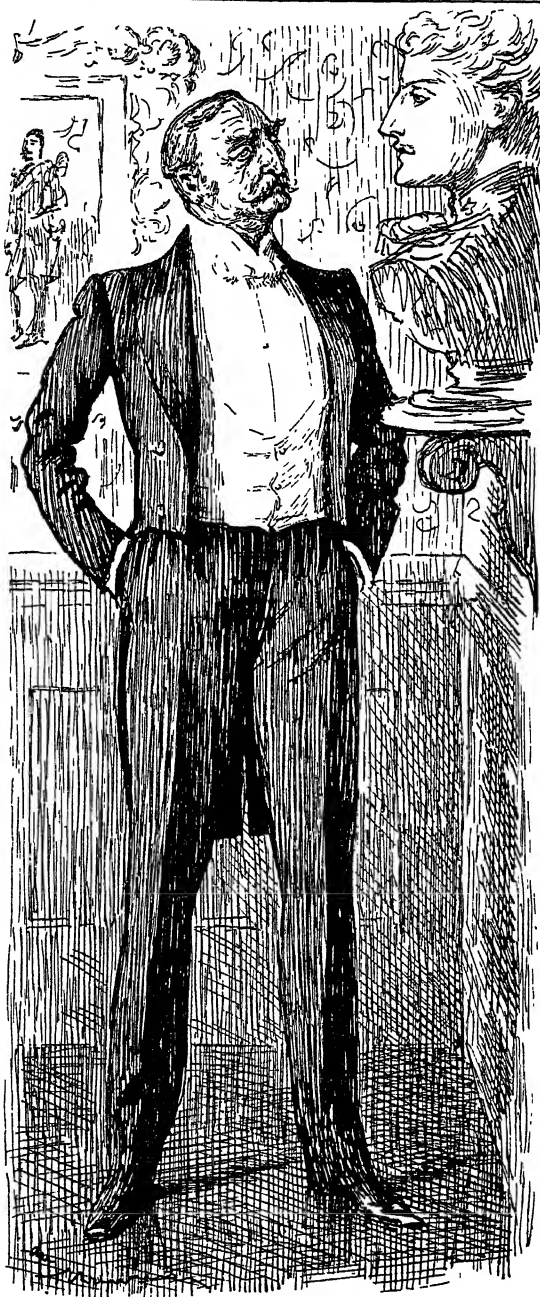
The obstructive darkness of the deep
Lay all beneath him, above, about;
And goggle-eyed monsters that made him creep,
Glared at him there in a menacing rout;
For the dismal depths of those waters
Seemed alive with the kraken, the sword-fish, the shark.

There, there they clustered in grisly swarm,
Curled up into many a labyrinth
The octopus with its horrible arms,
And the sea-snake fierce, with a mouth like a slot;
And the glassy-eyed dog-fish with threatening teeth,
Hyena fierce of the sea beneath.

And the Grand Old Diver he felt half-choked,
And he mused to himself, "*Must I give it up?*"
In ledge and rock-cranny he peered and poked,
Till he caught the glint of that golden cup
Hung on a rock, as though it had grown
In the depth which the sea-snake calls her own.

But see! What shines from the dark flood there
As a swan's soft plumage white?
A thin, wan face, scant, wave-washed hair,
And arms that move with a summer's might.
It is he, and lo! in his left hand high
He waveth the goblet exultingly!

He is breathing deep, he is gasping long,
As he clings to a rock—for his strength half fails.
"By Jove, he has got it!" yelled forth the throng,
"He lives! he is safe!" But he pants, he pales!
The Grand Old Diver the goblet grips!
Will he live to lift it wine-brimmed to his lips?



"SUNT LACHRYMÆ RERUM—NOS ET MUTAMUR IN ILLIS!"

Old Adonis (gazing at his bust, which was done in the early Fifties). "AH! IT NEVER DID ME JUSTICE! AND IT GETS LESS AND LESS LIKE ME EVERY DAY!"

CURE-IOUS!

SAW advertisement to-day, "Wanted, a few hopeless Drunkards," from a person who has a new Patent Remedy for Dipso-mania. Fancy that I answer the description. Why should I not apply? Funds rather low just at present, and I might get the price of a few bottles of gin out of this Anti-Alcoholic Enthusiast. He asks us to "apply by letter." Better to see if it's all a hoax or not. Shall go in person.

Have just made my application. Four other inebriates had also gone in person. They were in the waiting-room when I arrived, in advanced stage of *delirium*

tremens. Scandalous! All of them had fiery serpents coming out of their boots, too, which they set at me directly I appeared. What the police are about in allowing such people at large I cannot understand. Obligated to defend myself against the serpents. I believe a shindy ensued, and I was accused—most unjustly—of being intoxicated, whereas I had purposely abstained from taking more than half a bottle of neat Cognac that morning, in order to have my head quite clear for the interview. However, had a chat with the Enthusiast, who said he thought I would "do very well." Wants me to get a couple of "good testimonials" from my friends, saying that I have "really made a hopeless beast of myself for at least two years past." Rather awkward this, as most of my old chums refuse to see me now. Such is friendship!

Testimonials secured at last. Had to create a slight disturbance outside the houses of my friends before I could get them to do what I wanted. When they *did* really understand what was expected, they gave me the highest character for inebriety. One says that he "has good reason for knowing that I have not been really sober for more than a day at a time for the last five years." The other "willingly certifies" that "a more absolutely besotted specimen of gin-soddened humanity" it would be impossible to find. Sent the replies off to the Enthusiast, who returns me some of the Patent Remedy in a bottle, "to be taken as directed," but no money! What a swindle! Pawnbroker round the corner declines to advance a farthing on the Remedy. Nothing left but to try it!

Have tried it! Awfully good stuff! Must have gin in it, I think. Leave off my nightly potation of spirits, and drink half the bottle instead. Refreshing sleep. Haven't had such a night for ages. Enthusiast calls to see how I am getting on. Immensely pleased. Leaves me another bottle of the Remedy, and—on my threatening to strike unless he gives me some money—half a sovereign. Get in more gin.

Extraordinary thing has happened. Gin seems positively nasty to me now! Forced myself to drink a little. Deadly sick! There must be something very unwholesome about the Remedy. Pitch rest of it out of window.

Glad to say that my taste for gin has come back. Was able to finish half a bottle at a sitting. Go round to Enthusiast's office, to tell him about dangerous effect of his alleged Remedy. He says "the sickness and the distaste for gin was just what he wanted to produce." The inhuman

monster! Give him a little of my mind, and he retreats into an inner room, and his Clerk comes out to try and remove me from the premises. Curiously enough, the Clerk's front teeth all suddenly drop out and turn into green and red dragons, which writhe about the floor. Some sort of disturbance happens—believe Clerk tries to kill me—forget all the rest.

Later.—Appear to be in a Police cell! Why don't they shut up the keyhole to prevent those gamboge-coloured elephants getting through? Why has the Warder fifteen heads? Shall complain to the Home Secretary. Also shall make it hot for that Enthusiast when I get out.

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By *Chummin Toth.*)

No. IV.—THE ESCAPE OF THE BULL-DOG.

I THINK I have mentioned that the vast intellect of my friend HOLES took as great a delight in unravelling the petty complexities of some slight secret as in tracing back to its source the turbid torrent of a crime that had set all Europe ablaze. Nothing, in fact, was too small for this great man; he lived only to unravel; his days and nights were spent in deciphering criminal cryptograms. Many and many a time have I said to him, "HOLES, you ought to marry, and train up an offspring of detective marvels. It is a sin to allow such a genius as yours to remain unreproduced." But he only smiled at me in his calm, impassive, unmuscular, and unemotional manner, and put me off with some such phrase as, "I am wedded to my art," or, "Detection is my wife; she loves, honours, and obeys me—qualities I could never find in a mate of flesh and blood." I merely mention these trifles in order to give my readers some further insight into the character of a remarkable man with whom it was my privilege to be associated on more than one occasion during those investigations of which the mere account has astonished innumerable Continentals.

During the early Summer of the year before last a matter of scientific research took me to Cambridge. It will be remembered that at that time an obscure disease had appeared in London, and had claimed many victims. Careful study had convinced me that this illness, the symptoms of which were sudden fear, followed by an inclination to run away, and ending in complete prostration, were due to the presence in the blood of what is now known as the Proctor Bacillus, so called on account of two white patches on its chest, which had all the appearance of the bands worn by the Proctor during the discharge of his unpleasant constabulary functions in the streets and purlieus of University towns. In order to carry on my investigations at the very fountain-head, as it were, I had accepted a long-standing invitation from my old friend Colonel the Reverend HENRY BAGNET, who not only commanded the Cambridge University Volunteers, but was, in addition, one of the most distinguished scholarly ornaments of the great College of St. Baldred's.

On the evening to which my story relates we had dined together in the gorgeous mess-room which custom and the liberality of the University authorities have consecrated to the use of the gallant corps whose motto of "*Quis jaculatur scarabæum?*" has been borne triumphantly in the van of many a review on the Downs of Brighton and elsewhere. The countless delicacies appropriate to the season, the brilliant array of grey uniforms, the heavy gold plate which loaded the oak side-board, the choice vintages of France and Germany, all these had combined with the clank of swords, the jingle of spurs, the emphatic military words of command uttered by light-hearted undergraduates, and the delightful semi-military, semi-clerical anecdotes of that old war-dog, Colonel BAGNET, to make up a memorable evening in the experience of a careworn medical practitioner who had left the best part of his health and his regulation overalls on the bloody battle-field of Tantia-Tee, in the Afghan jungle.

Colonel BAGNET had just ordered the head mess-waiter to produce six more bottles of the famous "die-hard" port, laid down by his predecessor in the command during the great town and gown riots of 1870. In these terrible civic disturbances the University Volunteers, as most men of middle age will remember, specially distinguished themselves by the capture and immediate execution of the truculent Mayor of Cambridge, who was the prime mover in the commotion. The wine was circulating freely, and conversation was flowing with all the *verve* and *abandon* that mark the intercourse of undergraduates with dons. Just as I was congratulating the Colonel on the excellence of his port the door opened, and a man of forbidding aspect, clothed in the heavy garments of a mathematical moderator, entered the mess-room.

"I beg your pardon, Colonel," said the new arrival, bringing his hand to his college cap with an awkward imitation of the military salute. "I am sorry to disturb the harmony of the evening, but I have the Vice-Chancellor's orders to inform you that the largest and fiercest of our pack of bull-dogs has escaped from his kennel. I am to request you to send a detachment after him immediately. He was last heard barking on the Newmarket Road."

In a moment all was confusion. Colonel BAGNET brandished an empty champagne bottle, and in a voice broken with emotion ordered the regiment to form in half-sections, an intricate manoeuvre, which was fortunately carried out without bloodshed. What might have happened next I know not. Everybody was dangerously excited, and it needed but a spark to kindle an explosion. Suddenly I heard a well-known voice behind me.

"One moment, Colonel," said PICKLOCK HOLES, for it was none other, though how he had obtained an entrance I have never discovered; "you desire to find your lost canine assistant? I can help you, but first tell me why a soldier of your age and experience should insist on wearing a lamb's-wool undervest."

The guests were speechless. Colonel BAGNET was blue with suppressed rage.

"How now, Sirrah?" he replied; "how dare you insinuate that—"

"Tush, Colonel BAGNET," said my wonderful friend, pointing to the furious warrior's mess-waistcoat; "it is impossible to deceive me. That stain of mint-sauce extending across your chest can be explained only on the hypothesis that you wear under-clothing manufactured from lamb. That," he continued, smiling coldly at me, "must be obvious to the meanest capacity." For once in his life the Colonel had no retort handy.

"I am at your orders," he said, shortly. "The man who can prove that I wear lamb's-wool when I am actually wearing silk is the man for my money." In another moment HOLES had organised the pursuit.

"It would be as well," he remarked, "to have an accurate description of the animal we are in search of. He was—"

Here the impatient Colonel interrupted. "A brindled bull, very deep in the chest, with two kinks in his tail; has lost one of his front teeth, and snores violently."

"Quite right," said HOLES; "the description tallies."

"But, HOLES," I ventured to say, "this is most extraordinary. You, who have never been in Cambridge before, know all the details of the dog. It is wonderful."

HOLES waved me off with as near an approach to impatience as I have ever seen him exhibit. Having

done this, he once more addressed the Colonel.

"Your best plan," he said, "will be to scour the King's Parade. You will not find him there. Next you must visit the Esquire BEDDLE, and thoroughly search his palace from basement to attic. The dog will not be there, but the search will give you several valuable clues. You will then proceed to the University Library, and in the fifth gallery, devoted to Chinese manuscripts, you will find—"

As HOLES uttered these words the mathematical moderator again entered. "Sir," he said to the Colonel, "it was all a mistake. The dog is quite safe. He has never been out of his kennel."

"That," said HOLES, "is exactly what I was coming to. In the fifth gallery, devoted to Chinese manuscripts, you will find no readers. Hurrying on thence, and guiding your steps by the all-pervasive odour of meat-fibrine biscuits, you will eventually arrive at the kennel, and find the dog."

"Zounds! Mr. HOLES," said the admiring Colonel, in the midst of the laugh that followed on HOLES's last words, "you are an astounding fellow." And that is why, at the last Cambridge Commencement, the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa* was conferred on PICKLOCK HOLES, together with a Fellowship at St. Baldred's, worth £800 a year. But my friend is modesty itself. "It is not," he said, "the honorary degree that I value half so much as the consciousness that I did my duty, and helped a Colonel in the hour of his need." And with these simple words Dr. PICKLOCK HOLES dismissed one of his finest achievements.



"How now, Sirrah?" he replied; "how dare you insinuate that—"

THE LAY OF THE "ANCIENT."

As I sit in my chambers, old and bare,
That look on the busy street,
And hear the roar of the town below,
And the tramp of hurrying feet,
I think, as I smoke my well-worn pipe,
Ensnconed in my old arm-chair,
Of the days that have passed, like the sigh
of the blast,
When the world was fresh and fair.



Of the joyous time when I joined the inn,
Nearly forty years ago,
When the fire of youth was in my veins,
Where the blood now runs so slow.
'Twas well in that far off happy time,
That I could not see before,
When we flirted and gambled, and some-
times worked,
In the student days of yore.

When all was common to him in need,
And nothing we called our own.
Gone are those days, and can never return—
We reap the crop we have sown.
Each of us thought that we should succeed,
Though others of course might fail;
And we went with the tide in our youthful
pride,
Like a ship without a sail.

Where are they now all these friends of our
youth?
Scattered abroad o'er the earth.
Some few are famous and some are dead,
And the world knew not their worth.
Some, like myself, are still found in "Hall,"
Pitied by those we meet,
And who pray that their end it may never be
To sit in the ancients' seat.

NO GOT!

REICHEMBERG and GOT declare
La Maison de Molière
They'll resign and leave for ever.
Ah! SUZANNE, the sparkling, clever,
Long the *Comédie's* pride and pet,
Don't desert your votaries—yet.
Try a quarter-century longer,
Years but make you brighter, stronger;
And GOT's "go" we can't spare. No,
Chaos comes if GOT should go!

PEDESTRIAN POETRY.—"The pleasures that
lie about our feet"—Comfortable slippers
after a long walk.

HAUNTED!

THE quarter where I linger,
My square, is Fashion's acme;
I'm conscious that the finger
Of scorn may well attack me;
At number six a Viscount
Resides, in proper season;
No wonder, then, that I count
As vulgar now, with reason.
To stay in London, here too!—
This neighbourhood majestic!
Oh! what must it appear to
A nobleman's domestic?
I feel, I can't help stating,
Each morn I feel (it tries me),
His Lordship's lords-in-waiting
Both pity and despise me.
His blinds are drawn sedately;
Mine blazon low disaster;
How desolate, how stately,
That mansion mourns its master!
His Lordship is at Como—
At least so folks are saying;
His Lordship's Major-Domo
Reproaches me for staying.
But, prowling, like a Polar
Bear, up and down the pavement
Last eve, and grinding molar
Teeth over forced enslavement,
A miracle I noted,
A "spook," deserving quires
Of commentaries quoted
By "psychic" Mr. MYERS.
Upon his Lordship's hinges
Revolved his Lordship's portal,
Till thence, with stealthy twinges,
Emerged what seemed a mortal;
A lamp was nigh to show him,—
I'd not been quaffing toddy,—
I'm privileged to know him,—
It was—His Lordship's *Body*.



Now, if his Major-Domo
Told truth—and who can doubt him?
His Lordship was at Como,
And number six without him.
His Lordship, I reflected,
Can earthly trammels o'erstep,
And, "astrally projected"
From Como, reach his doorstep
'Twas very odd—I know that;
But then the "spook" deriding
Must undertake to show that
His Lordship was in hiding;

That London still detained him—
Him one of Britain's leaders!
And frank avowal pained him.—
Well, you must judge, my readers.

HER SAILOR HAT.



OH, AMARYLLIS, in the shade
Of Rotten Row, with ribbons, feather,
And wide-spread brim your hat is made!
Down by the sea, in windy weather,
A sailor hat,
So small and flat,
Is far more natty altogether.

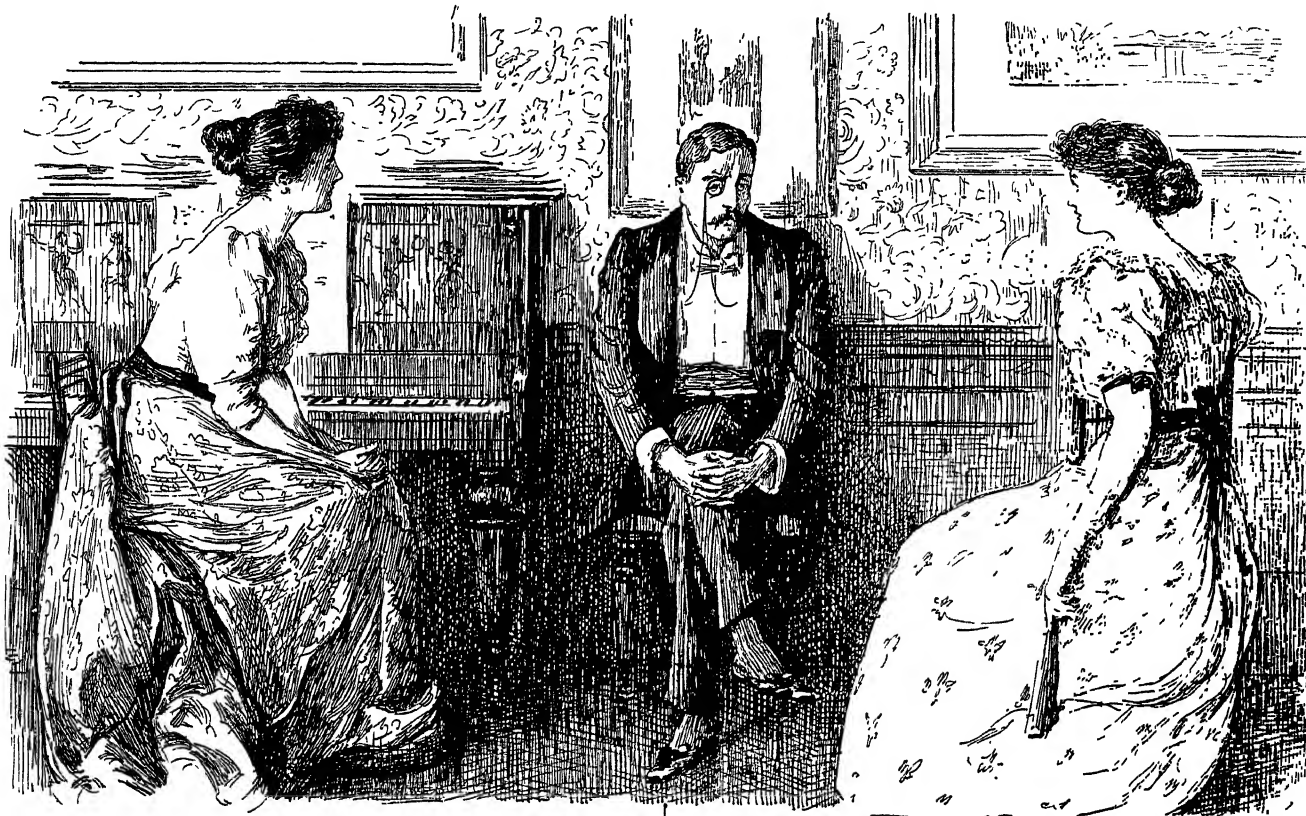
Down by, or on, the waves where swim
The tribes which poets christen "finny,"
This hat might not, with narrow brim,
Become a spinster sear and skinny—
Some say "old cat"—
Nor one too fat,
Nor little brat, small picaninny.

But, with it fixed upon your hair,
When breezes blow your flapping dresses,
You look, if possible, more fair;
There's one beholder who confesses
He dotes on that
Sweet sailor hat,
When gazing at those sweeter tresses.

BALFOUR'S BOON.

(By an admiring M.P.)

AFTER hours of dullard, rasper, ranter,
Sweet an interlude of BALFOUR's banter!
JOSEPH's venom, HARCOURT's heavy clowning,
Tired us, in a sea of dulness drowning;
When, hillo! here is PRINCE ARTHUR chaffing
Mr. G. and all the House is laughing!
Never were such light artistic rallery,
Nothing spiteful, naught played to the
gallery;
Finished fun, *ad unguem*, poignant, polished.
Fled fatigue, and dulness was demolished.
Even the great victim chortled merrily.
That short speech should be "selected,"
verily,
For the next edition of the *Speaker*.
No coarse slogger, and no crude nose-tweaker
Is PRINCE ARTHUR. GLADSTONE first is
reckoned
At gay chaff, but BALFOUR's a good second.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Miss Bessy. "WON'T YOU SING SOMETHING, CAPTAIN BELSIZE?"

Captain Belsize. "OH! I NO LONGER SING NOW. DO I, MISS CAROLINE?"

Miss Caroline. "I'M AFRAID YOU DO, CAPTAIN BELSIZE!"

TRYING HER STRENGTH.

"The one certain result of the elections will be to give increased stability to the Republic."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Madame La République loquitur :—

OUT! What a pull! Who said my muscularity
Was dwindling? It is truly Amazonian!
Ma foi! Phraseurs are not all blessed with clarity,

Even when their eloquence is Ciceronian.
How now, MILLEVOYE? How now, mad DÉROULEDE?

And what of the grim prophecies you made?

Both out of it—as prophets and as Strong-Men!

Discredited, disqualified, defeated!
The *Ralliés* too! Results prove them the wrong men.

How the *Gazette de France* has blared and bleated!

What lots of foes have I left in the lurch!—
Thanks largely to "the attitude of the Church"!

"*Cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi!*" Non!
That phrase, oft-quoted, comes not now so readily.

Perennially beautiful as NIXON,
I've proved my claim to power of pulling steadily;

Just like my rowing lads upon the Seine,
Who've shown big BULL that strength can go with brain.

From Revolution round to firm Stability!!
Upon my word, I think that pull is splendid.

Les dames, long pooh-poohed, now display ability

To do—most things as well as ever men did.
Because I'm *gai* and witty, fools—of course—
Fancied me destitute of sinewy force.

Ah, DELAHAYE, DRUMONT, and ANDRIEUX,
verily

You've found the game was hardly worth
the—scandal!

My firebrand foes played up that game right
merrily;

Against me *anything* would serve as handle;
Yet, after WILSON, Panama, (and Siam),
They find that if there is an athlete, I am.

Babblers of "British Gold," *canard-con-*
coctors,

Reactionaries, *Ralliés*, Rowdies, Royalists—
All who would act as my exclusive doctors—

You find the Voters are the real loyalists,
And, spite of partial failures in the past,
I've pulled this State Machine right round—
at last!

BRUTUS OF BRUMMAGEM.

ON a "False Foe" my venom I may spend,
But what of my "Right Honourable
Friend"?

Ask "the ironic fiend." He'll give an
answer,

Neatly combining Scorpio with Cancer.
As "Right" I'll prove him ever in the
wrong;

As "Honourable," trickiest of the throng;
While as "my friend," well there, I would
not swagger,

But CÆSAR sharpest found the "friendly"
dagger!

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!

(By an Unpaired M.P., who has "Sat it Out.")

M.P.'s gagged? Why, tongues have wagged
Seventy days, or eighty.

Little said on any head
Has been wise or weighty.

Gag's all hum! How shall we sum
Seven long weeks' oration?—

Polyphrasticcontinomemegalondulation!
BARTLEY, BOWLES—loquacious souls!—

HANBURY and RUSSELL,
Have kept going, seldom "slowing"
In the talky tussle.

SAUNDERSON went sparring on,
Joe pursued jobation.—

Polyphrasticcontinomemegalondulation!

Righteous causes, wicked clauses,
All meant bleats and blethers.

Beaming BOLTON had to moul on,
Gone his old Rad feathers.

"Yaller Jaunders" seized on SAUNDERS.
All drew "explanation!"—

Polyphrasticcontinomemegalondulation!

Grim MACGREGOR—dogged beggar.—
Had "ideas"—and told them;

So had bores in tens and scores,
Why should they withhold them?

What result from all this cult
Of roundaboutation?—

Polyphrasticcontinomemegalondulation!

With composure I the Closure
Welcome—our sole saviour

From the gabble of the rabble,
And their bad behaviour.

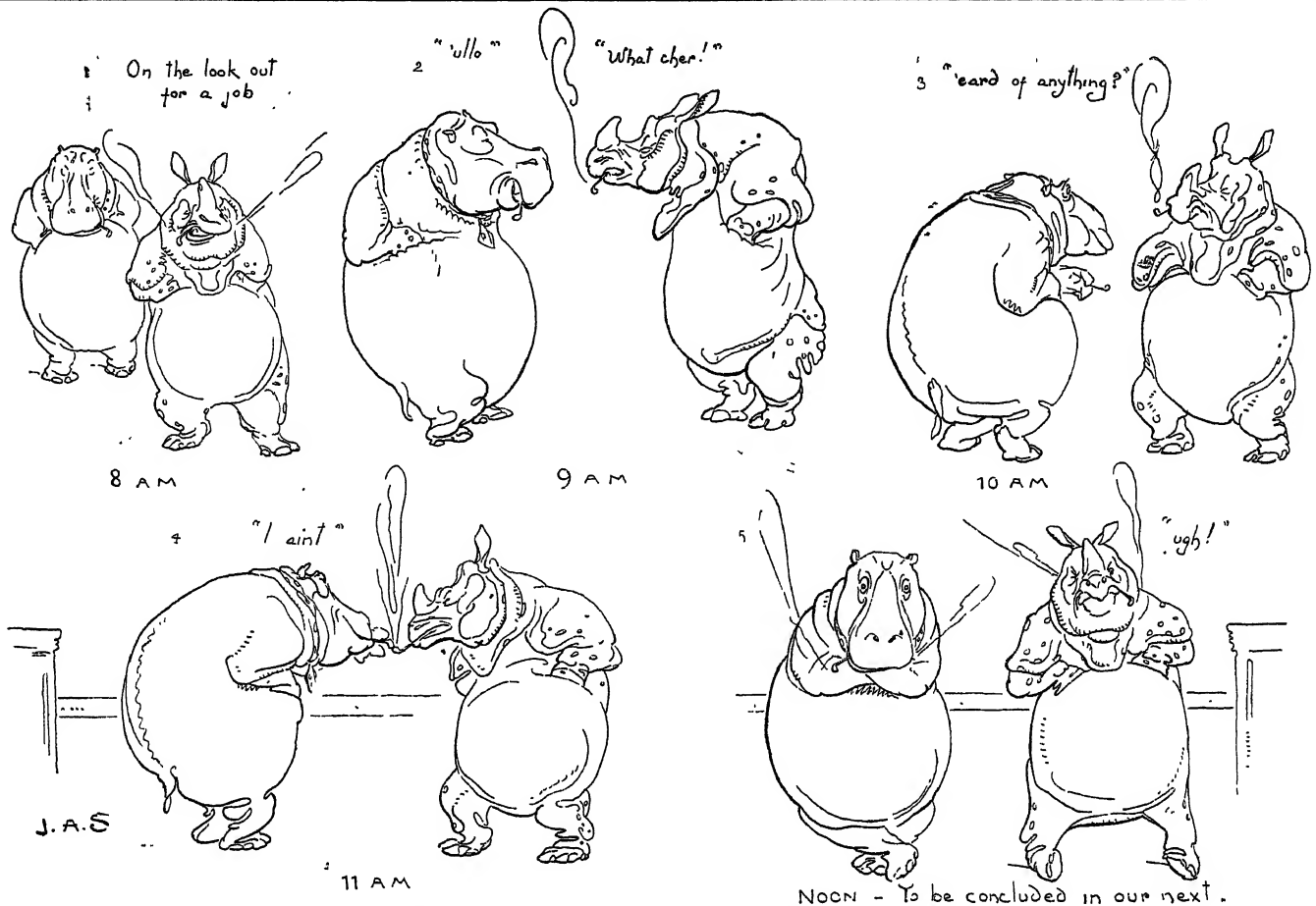
The Front Benches? Well, one blanches
E'en from their "oration"—

Polyphrasticcontinomemegalondulation!



TRYING HER STRENGTH.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE. "AHA!—I HAVE PULLED 'IM NOW—AT LAST!!".



THE LOWER CREATION—SEEKING FOR A JOB.

MEETING OF THE ANTI-BIOGRAPHERS.

(From Notes supplied by Superhuman Reporters.)

A MEETING was recently held in the early dawn to consider "Biographies in General, and the lives of British Celebrities in Particular." The site chosen for the gathering was so indefinite, that it is impossible to give it accurate geographical expression. There was a large number of shades present, and Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON was unanimously voted to the chair.

The President, in thanking those who had done him the favour of thus honouring him, observed that, although he appreciated the compliment that had been bestowed upon him, he could not express any particular esteem for the intelligence of those who had been the cause of his occupying his present position. (*Laughter.*) He did not understand the reason which had prompted merriment as a fitting recognition of his remarks. If they were satisfied, he was content. He had been called to take the chair, he supposed, because he had nothing to do with his own biography. That had been written by a Scottish gentleman, with whom he had no sympathy.

Mr. BOSWELL: I hope, Sir, you do not mean what you say.

The President (with great severity): Yes, Sir, I do. I think that the man who would write the life of another without his sanction is unworthy—(*Cries of "Agreed."*) The learned Doctor continued. He did not wish to force his sentiments upon any one. No doubt his opinions were considered behind the time. Everything had changed nowadays, and even his Dictionary was, more or less, superseded by an American Lexicon. He called upon the Emperor NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE to move the first resolution.

The Emperor NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE expressed his satisfaction that he should have been allowed to take the lead in this matter. It reminded him of old times, when he took the lead in everything. (*"Hear, hear."*) He represented, he supposed, "Biographies in General,"—as he had not much sympathy with British worthies. He wished by-gones to be by-gones (*"Hear, hear"*), but he must say that the conduct of Sir HUDSON LOWE was — (*Interruption.*) Well, he did not wish to press the matter further. (*"Hear, hear."*) There was no doubt that unless a man wrote his autobiography he was always misrepresented. (*Cheers.*) It was high time that some control should

be put upon the publication of the lives of those who had joined the majority. He had much pleasure in proposing the following resolution: "It is the opinion of this meeting of Shades assembled in council in Elysium that steps should be taken to prevent the dissemination of false information about their prior existences."

Sir WALTER SCOTT said that it gave him great pleasure to second a resolution moved with such admirable discretion by his imperial and heroic friend the last speaker. He had the greater satisfaction in doing this as it might lead to a new and amended edition of his own "*Life of Napoleon.*"

A Shade, who refused to give either his name or address, begged to oppose the motion. In his opinion modern biographies were a great deal better than work of the same kind of an earlier date. (*"No, no."*) But he said "Yes, yes." It was now quite the fashion to whitewash everyone. He would testify that he recently read a biography of himself without recognising the subject. Since then his self esteem had increased a hundred fold. (*Laughter.*) He thought it would be a great mistake to interfere. They had much better leave things as they were.

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (who was received with applause) asked permission to offer a practical suggestion. Although he was a poet, he was also a man of business. (*Laughter.*) He spoke smarting under a personal grievance. It was common knowledge that only a short while ago the bulk of his works was declared to have been written by Bacon. (*Cries of "Shame."*) However, it was no use to pass resolutions unless they could carry them into effect. He would therefore move an amendment to the resolution already before them, to the following effect: "That to carry out any arrangement that may be considered necessary, those present pledge themselves to subscribe a crown a piece." He proposed this under the impression that, granted the requisite funds, it would be possible to communicate with the mundane authorities.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON had much pleasure in seconding the amendment. He might add, that it was quite within the resources of science to do all that was required. He would explain in detail how it could be done.

The learned gentleman then began a lecture, with the effect that the meeting rapidly dissolved. After he had been speaking for an hour and a quarter, he discovered that he had no auditors.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Ernest. "I SEE YOU ARE GETTING ON, FOREMAN." Foreman. "YES, SIR; WE SHALL HAVE THE WALLS PLASTERED TO-MORROW."
 Agatha. "OH, ERNEST, DON'T LET'S HAVE PLASTER! YOU NEVER SEE IT NOW; EVERYBODY HAS WALL-PAPERS, AND YOU CAN GET LOVELY ONES QUITE CHEAP!"

"BALLADE JOYEUSE."

(Not by Théodore de Banville.)

THOUGH you're pent up in town
 While you pant for the breeze
 Upon moorland and down,
 For the whispers of trees,
 And the hum of the bees
 Winging home to the hive,
 Drain your cup to the lees—
 Aren't you glad you're alive?
 Though you miss the renown
 Yonder dolt wins with ease,
 And you're mocked by the clown
 You've a fancy to squeeze.
 Though your blood boil and freeze
 When folk say he will wive
 With the maid you would please—
 Aren't you glad you're alive?
 Though with pout, or with frown,
 Or in shrillest of keys,
 Madam seek a new gown,
 And no less will appease,
 While your creditors tease,
 Or by dozens arrive,
 And behave like Pawnees—
 Aren't you glad you're alive?
 Though your argosies drown
 In the deepest of seas,
 And you lose your last crown,
 Not to say bread and cheese;
 Though you cough and you wheeze
 Till you barely survive,
 At existence don't sneeze—
 Aren't you glad you're alive?

Envoi.

O my friends, paying fees,
 The physicians still thrive,
 For your motto is "spes"—
 Aren't you glad you're alive?

TEA AND TWADDLE.

[“A somewhat mawkish sentimentalism, of which Germany is still the fountain-head in Art, and perhaps also in Letters.”—*Illustrated London News*, in obituary notice of Professor Carl Müller of the Düsseldorf School.]

A FOUNTAIN-HEAD—of weak and tepid tea,
 Æsthetic catlap, “bleat”—infused Bohea!
 A strange Pierian Spring for the stark
 Teuton!
 God Phœbus cannot play the German flute
 on.
 MARS-BISMARCK, TITAN-WAGNER, stalwarts
 these,
 Who would not twaddle at “Æsthetic
 Teas;”
 HERACLES-VIRCHOW is a valorous slayer,
 And JOVIAN GOETHE proves a splendid
 stayer;
 But the mild, mawkish, modern German
 muse
 Olympian nectar will for “slops” refuse.
 Submerged in sentimentalism utter,
 Asked for Art-bread she proffers—Bread-
 and-butter!

“HEAVY MARCHING ORDER” (IN AUGUST).
 —“Shirt-sleeves and Sherbet.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 21.—
 Some excellent speaking to-night. SQUIRE
 OF MALWOOD in fine form. Opportunity made
 to his hand. With JOSEPH, friend and ally of
 Conservative Ministry that had invented and
 applied Guillotine Closure, indignantly pro-
 testing against the “gag,” there was room
 for obvious remark. Then there was J. C.’s
 article in monthly magazine of so recent date
 as 1890, in which, in his forcible manner, he
 had, with circumstance, demanded applica-
 tion of gag not only to successive stages in
 important measures, but to Supply.

“Oh that mine enemy would write an
 article in the *Nineteenth Century*!” exclaimed
 GEORGE CURZON. “Anyone could make a
 speech with such opportunity as the SQUIRE
 has.”
 “Exactly,” said the Member for SARK;
 “but perhaps they mightn’t do it so
 well.”

Another good speech from unexpected
 quarter was WHITEBREAD’S. WHITEBREAD is
 the Serious Person of the Liberal Party.
 Whenever Mr. G. gets into difficulties on
 constitutional questions or points of Parlia-
 mentary practice, WHITEBREAD solemnly
 marches to front, and says nothing particular
 with imposing air that carries conviction.
 To-day came out quite in new style; almost
 epigrammatic, certainly pointed. Quite a
 model of Parliamentary speech of the old
 stately, yet flexible style now little known.



THE TOURIST SEASON. HOTEL BRIGANDAGE.

Best of all, PRINCE ARTHUR. Never heard him to greater advantage. As a former Leader once said, the House of Commons, above all things, likes to be shown sport. PRINCE ARTHUR showed the way to-night, crowded House merrily following. It was ticklish ground, for he was chaffing Mr. G. Not a good subject upon which to expend wit or satire. The PRINCE did it so daintily, with such



Prince Arthur the Jester.

light, graceful touch, such shining absence of acerbity, such brimming over with contagious good humour, that the cloud vanished from the brow of Jove. Beginning to listen with a frown, Mr. G. presently beamed into a laugh. As for his colleagues on either hand, their merriment was as unrestrained as it was on remoter benches. Only MUNDELLA managed to keep a Ministerial countenance. The play was good, but the theme too sacred to be lightly handled. To him, seated on the left, Mr. G. gratefully turned in earlier stages of the speech and whispered his scathing comment. MUNDELLA behaved nobly. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who had his share in the genial roasting, might roar with Homeric laughter. MUNDELLA gravely shook his head in response to Mr. G.'s whispered remarks. Fancy, however, he was grateful when Mr. G. began to laugh and the President of the Board of Trade was

free to smile. Speech as useful as it was delightful. Showed to whom it may concern that venerable age may be criticised without discourtesy, and high position attacked without insolence.

Business done.—Settled that Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill shall close on Friday.

Wednesday.—"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir. One or two ideas occur to me." It was the voice of MACGREGOR uplifted from back bench, where a retiring disposition (he retired from medical practice some years ago) leads him to take his seat. Moment critical; debate long proceeding on Amendment moved by NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY, which had called down on Imperial head a fearsome whack from hand of Mr. G.; House growing impatient for Division; SPEAKER risen to put question, when THE MACGREGOR interposed. Evidently in for long clinical lecture. Hand partly extended, palm downwards; eyes half closed; head thrown back, and the voice impressively intoned.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, a few ideas have occurred to me."

THE MACGREGOR got no further; a shout of hilarious laughter broke in upon his reverie. Opened his eyes, and looked hastily round. He, DONALD MACGREGOR, First Prizeman in Chemistry and Surgery; Second Prizeman in Physiology and Midwifery; Licentiate of both the Royal Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons, Edinburgh; practised at Penrith, Cumberland, and in London; formerly Medical Officer and Public Vaccinator for Penrith and district; Resident Physician at the Peebles Hydropathic Institute; Medical Superintendent of the Barnhill Hospital and Asylum, Glasgow—yes, all this, and House of Commons was laughing at him!

"What—what," he gasped, making motion as if he would feel the SPEAKER's pulse. "I don't understand. I very rarely speak; have said nothing before on this Bill. Now, when something occurs to me hon. members laugh."

House touched by this appeal; generously cheered. Doctor, resuming his oratorical attitude, proceeded.

"I think," he remarked, with hand again outstretched, eyes half closed, and head thrown back as before, "it was SYDNEY SMITH who said, When doctors differ who shall decide."

The Doctor was awakened out of his oratorical trance by another shout of laughter. What on earth was the matter now? Perhaps if he kept his eyes open he would see better where the joke came in. Took the precaution, but had not proceeded more than two minutes before SPEAKER down on him; after which he thought it best to resume his seat.

"I give it up, TOBY," he said; "as ASQUITH yesterday gave up that conundrum I put to him as to why, if repeated breaches of

the vaccination law justify the remission of penalties, the same practice should not apply in case of breaches of the land laws. The House of Commons for pleasure, I suppose; but for ordinary sanity give me Peebles and its Hydropathic Institute."

Business done.—Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill



"All's well that ends well."

Thursday.—"Been up to see Fulham," said Member for SARK, hurrying in just in time to miss Division. "The place fascinates me. No lions there, and no necessity for getting up a lamp-post; so would not interest GRANDOLPH. But HAYES FISHER is Member for Fulham, and he, you know, is the man who discovered, after (as he said) he had taken LOGAN by the scruff of the neck and 'so begun the scrimmage,' that Mr. G. was more criminally responsible for what followed 'even than LOGAN.' That is delightful. Fulham not to be outdone by its Member. Last night indignation meeting held in Town Hall to protest against conduct of HAYES FISHER and 'proceedings in House of Commons on Thursday, July 27.' Hall crowded; indignation seething; gentlemen of Fulham could hardly contain themselves in contemplation of iniquity of a man who, differing from another on matter of opinion, took him by the coat-collar and shook him. Meeting summoned at instance of Fulham Liberal and Radical Association. Seemed at first that all in room were good Radicals. As evening advanced, presence of one or two gentlemen of another way of thinking manifested. One called out, 'Three cheers for Fisher!' and what, my TOBY, did these men of Fulham do—these gentlemen met in solemn conclave with avowed object of denouncing physical outrage and clearing fair name of Fulham from slur brought upon it by athletic proceedings of HAYES FISHER? Why, they up and at the Fisherites, with the result, as I read in the papers, 'that a struggle ensued, one man being seized and violently hustled from the Hall.' After this the meeting settled down, and unanimously passed a resolution expressing its condemnation of 'the disorderly and disgraceful scene in the House of Commons on Thursday, July 27.' Don't know how it strikes you. But to me that is most delightful incident in the day's news. Felt constrained to make pilgrimage to Fulham, to see a place where Member and Constituency are so rarely matched. Don't suppose I've missed much here?"

No. nothing; just filling up time; waiting for to-morrow night, and Closure to come.

Business done.—None.

Friday midnight.—Report Stage Home-Rule Bill just agreed to; a dull evening till the last quarter of an hour, when TIM HEALY took the floor and thoroughly enjoyed himself. Everyone concerned, more especially those concerned in prolonging debate, glad it's over. DONALD CRAWFORD so excited at prospect of approaching holidays that on first Division he got into wrong Lobby; voted against one of JOHN MORLEY's new Clauses, reducing Ministerial majority to 36. On two subsequent Divisions was carefully watched into right Lobby, and majority maintained at 38.

Business done.—Report Stage Home-Rule Bill passed.

GREAT FALL IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.—The dropping of the Guillotine.

A BROWN STUDY IN
AUTUMN TINTS.*(Being a Fragment from a
Matter-of-fact Romance.)*

AND he walked along the deserted streets and could see no one. Here and there would be a pile of stones and wooden blocks, telling of an impeded thoroughfare, but the place itself was empty. There were seemingly no inhabitants in this deserted city. They had vanished into thin, or, rather, murky air.

Then he looked at what appeared to be a playhouse. The doors were closed, and the bill-boards were pasted over with blue paper. Evidently the portals of the theatre had not been open for weeks, perchance for months.

And it was the same in the parks. Only the leaves moved, and then only when the wind agitated them. There were a few sparrows in the trees, but they seemed to be ashamed of themselves, and chirruped (so to speak) with bated breath. Oh it was indeed a scene of desolation.

And the shops, too! Many of them were closed, and those which were open seemed to be tenantless. There were no customers; no counter attendants. Trade seemed to be as dead as the proverbial door-nail.

And the hoardings too! Even they had suffered. Old posters, manifestly out of date, fluttered in tatters; it had been no one's business to restore the rotting paper, and it had gone the way of other grass. The placards were worse than useless; they could not be deciphered.

And yet again he marched on. There were exhibitions, and no one to see them; museums, and no visitors to inspect them; and churches, and no one to fill them. At length he came upon a guardian of the public peace who was lazily gazing into the sluggish river over the parapet of an embankment.

"Good sir," said he, "can you tell me if this dreadful, lonely, deserted place is the City of the Dead?"

"Go along with you!" cried the policeman, good-humouredly; "it's only London in September!"

And then he felt that he had been deceived by appearances!

History Repeats Itself Again.

["The alleged unemployed who assemble on Tower Hill are becoming worse even than mountebanks. One of the speakers declared yesterday that 'The secret societies of London are going to-night to wait on Mr. GLADSTONE, to ask what he is going to do. If the PRIME MINISTER does not give a definite reply, they will take him on their backs and throw him into the Thames.'"]—*The Daily Telegraph, Sept. 1.*

THE *genius loci* haunts
Historic Tower Hill,
For, judging by their vaults,
Men lose their heads there still.



THE MINOR ILLS OF LIFE.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN ATTEMPTING TO REGAIN HIS TENT AFTER THE
MORNING BATH.

JABEZWOCKY.

["In the House of Lords a Bill strengthening the power of making Directors liable in respect of misconduct or neglect in the winding-up of Companies passed its second reading."—*Daily Paper.*]

'Twas Ruin! And the Small Invest-
-Ors gyred and gimbled in despair;
Common as dirt were Shareholders,
But assets very rare!

"Beware the Jabezwock, my Lord!
The jaws that bite, the claws that dig;
Beware the Hobbs-hobbs bird, and shun
The saintly Guinea-pig!"

The Peer set out, his Bill in hand;
He had to be extremely leary
In tackling such an artful foe,
Whose weapon was *Suppressio Veri*!

And as he mused o'er blighted lives,
The Jabezwock, as yet unfloored,
Came snuffing piously to join
A meeting of its Board.

One, two! One, two! And through and
through

All stages passed the Bill like winking;
And this is what the Peers just then
Most probably were thinking.—

"And have we scotched the Jabezwock,
And spoiled him of his false Prospectus!
O frabjous day! What Rad will say
That from this House he'd now eject us?"

'Twas Ruin rained! And the dupes
Quite chortled such a sight to see;
The smug Director brought to book
Near to the Dividend Tree!

NEW NURSERY
RHYME.*(By a Sporting M.P.)*

["Official opinion will be, and indeed has been, brought to bear upon Mr. HANBURY and his small knot of obstructionists to avert an unreasonable discussion of the Estimates."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

AUTUMN Session? Of course!

Isn't HANBURY cross
To see the Grand Old Man
So ride the high horse?
But why should we linger
Afar from the grouse,
To help the obstructives
Discredit the House?

BARNETT OF BRISTOL
CITY.*A Song of St. Jude's.*

[The Rev. S. A. BARNETT, late Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, has been promoted to the Canonry of Bristol.]

AIR—"Nancy of Bristol City."

BARNETT is Canon of Bristol City!

Pass the news around,
my boys!

To leave Whitechapel
seems half a pity;

Sorrow will go round,
my boys!

St. Jude's, and thy great
Hall, Toynbee,

Some right good Christians
doubtless see;

But they're all small
shakes along o' he!

Pass his health around,
my boys!

BARNETT! BARNETT!

Well did he "arn" it—

That Bristol Canonree!

And when he gets to Bristol City,
Pass the cheers around, my boys!

He'll draw the wise, the kind, the pretty;
They must gather round, my boys.

The slum he sweetened in London's east,
With Charity's boon, and Fine Arts' feast,

Will miss this good, sage, gentle priest;
Pass his health around, my boys!

BARNETT! BARNETT!
Your loss we'll larn it.

You were the Man for we!
Your health, where'er you be!

NOUS AND NERVES.

[It is said by some of his friends that Dr. CHARCOT, lately dead, who spent a considerable part of his life in the study of neurosis, found this disease everywhere at last, especially in the naturalistic school of French writers.]

If this Neurosis,
As some suppose, is
The *causa causans* of Naturalism,
The spring ubiquitous
Of aught iniquitous
That puts 'twixt genius and sense a schism;
Then must we pray
For the dawn of a day
When the Glorious Gift that the world so
serves
May cut chlorosis,
And shun neurosis;
In fact, that Genius may have no "nerves."

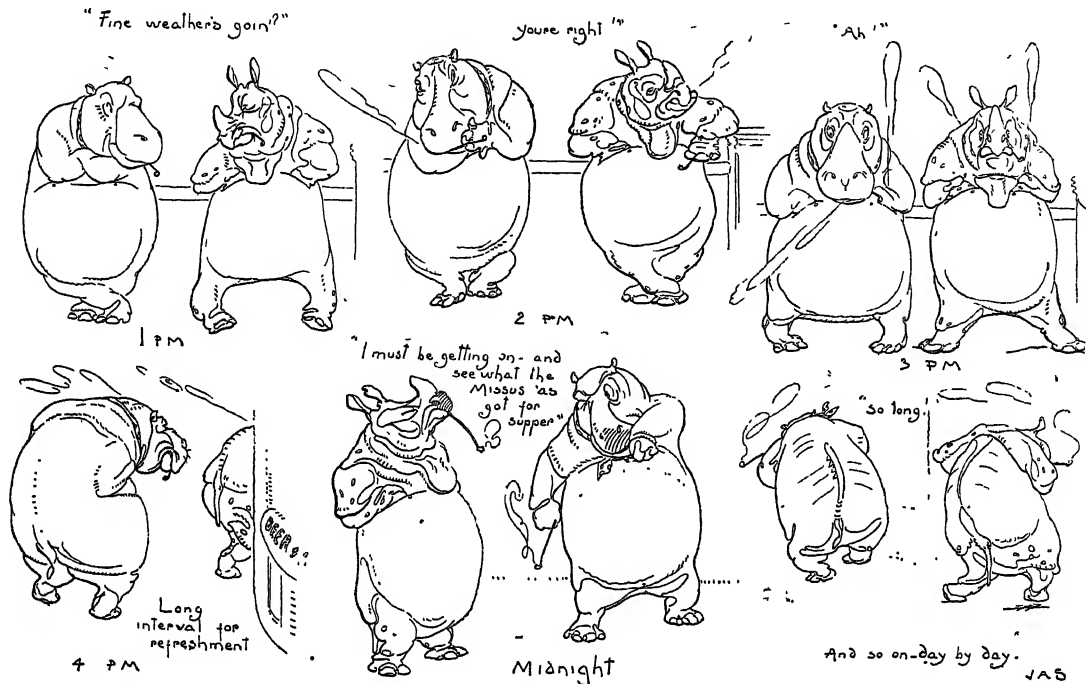
"READY, AYE READY!"

(A Sailor Song Up to Date.)



Master John Bull. 'JUST YOU WAIT TWO OR THREE YEARS, TILL I MAKE HER SWIM,—THEN I'LL SHOW YOU!'

[Sir EDWARD REED said that with the armoured citadel intact, and an unarmoured end destroyed, the ship is in imminent danger of upsetting. The *Victoria* was bound to capsize with the injury she received. There were other ships that were equally bound to capsize, when they were injured in the same manner; the reason being that instead of the armed citadel being the major part of the structure, and the unarmoured ends the minor portion, we had chosen to make the unarmoured ends the major part, measuring more than half the entire length of the ship. The ships likely to capsize in a



PART II. THE LOWER CREATION—SEEKING FOR A JOB.

similar manner, if they received like injury in peace or in action, were the *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, *Anson*, *Benbow*, *Camperdown*, *Collingwood*, *Colossus*, *Edinburgh*, *Howe*, *Inflexible*, *Rodney*, and *Sans Pareil*.]

AIR—"Hearts of Oak."

COME, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to Davy we steer!
(We add to his Locker 'bout one ship per year.)
To capsizing we call you in cheeriest staves,
For what is so certain as death 'neath the waves?

Iron coffins our ships,
Death-doomed tars are our men.
Our ships are unsteady!

Ready, aye ready!
We'll sink or turn turtle again and again!

We ne'er see our ships (for which millions they pay),
The *Ajax*, the *Anson*, and such, but we say,
"Will they ram, or capsize, or but run slap ashore?
When we go to the bottom JOHN BULL must—build more!"
Iron coffins our ships, &c.

Our *Camperdowns*, *Collingwoods*, *Rodneys*, *Benbows*,
REED says are all "dangerous"—not to our foes!
If struck in their unarmoured ends they turn o'er,
And go to the bottom! How DAVY must roar!
Iron coffins our ships, &c.

The Frenchy and Rooshian must laugh as they look,
And see JOHN BULL trying, by hook or by crook,
To get his tin-kettles to keep right side up,
Agin touch of a ram. agin tap of a Krupp!
Iron coffins our ships, &c.

"Just wait two or three years," grumbles JOHN, "and I'll show,
If my ships will but swim, I can still whop the foe.
Stop a bit—whilst my big-wigs build, blunder, debate!"
Ah! that's all mighty fine, but, my JOHN, will they wait?
Iron coffins our ships, &c.

Britannia triumphant we all wish to see,
Quite equal to two foreign fleets, perhaps three;
So cheer up, my hearties, and banish your fears!
They will build us a ship as will float—in three years!

(Meanwhile, my lads, "chorus as before," if you please, until
further orders from our Naval Oracles!)

Iron coffins our ships,
DAVY's wictims our men;
In wessels unsteady,
We're ready, aye ready,

To sink or turn turtle again and again!

SONNET.

(By a Failure.)

WHY
Long,
Strong
Sigh?

I
Wrong
Song
Try!

Ne'er
Muse
Dare
Use
Worse
Verse!!

FROM COLCHESTER.—
The oysters are trembling in their beds. On October 6th the Duke of CAMBRIDGE is expected to attack the natives at Colchester in full force. Last year, when Sir D. EVANS was in the chair at the banquet, 20,000 oysters were consumed! Good EVANS!!

A VERY ANNOYING
STREAM.—The River
Tees.

LETTERS FOR THE SILLY SEASON.

(Apparently intended for some of our Contemporaries.)

SIR,—Of course I do not wish to be frivolous, but do you not think that "*lovely*," "*too sweet*," "*quite too darling*," and other expressions in italics are miss-used words? At any rate, they are constantly in the mouths of my daughters and nieces.

Yours truly, PATERFAMILIAS.

SIR,—I give a list of misused words that have occurred to me during a month on the Continent. I put the words I consider inappropriately applied in italics. Paris is *inexpensive*, Boulogne is *beautiful*, Cologne is *inodorous*, German cookery is *good*, ARRY on his travels is *pleasant*, garlic is *agreeable*, hotel charges in Italy are *moderate*, railway travelling in Belgium is *expeditious*, washing-basins in Swiss hotels are *large*, a rough passage across the Channel is *delightful*, and the Continent is *like* home.

I could extend the list indefinitely, but have written enough to show how imperfect the English language really is to convey accurately one's most ordinary ideas. I may add that when I have used and not misused words, I have been told that I have no right to swear—so what *can* I do? Yours truly, COMMON SENSE.

SIR,—I am glad to see that there is a correspondence upon misused words. However, I can say that such words as "*excellent*," "*admirable*," "*wonderful*," "*splendid*," and "*glorious*," are not misused when applied to —. * Thanking you in advance,

I remain, yours truly, PUFF PUFF.

* Editorially suppressed. Applications for insertion of advertisements should be addressed to another quarter.

AN OLD DOGGEREL COUPLET RE-DRESSED.

[M. ZOLA is understood to have accepted an invitation to the Institute of Journalists' Conference in London.]

FAIRER subject never rose our graphic pens to task all,
Than the presence (and paper) amidst the Children of Letters, the new Grub Street geniuses, the Poets and Press-men and penny-a-liners, the Sages and "all the rages," the Naturalistic Novelists and New Humourists, the literary "Strong Men" and Anti-Sentimentalists, the Impressionists and Symbolists, and Stylists, and Superior Sniffers, and "Manly" Muse-hunters, and Mandespising Mugwumps, and Minor Minstrels and Minor-Minstrel-flouters, and would-be Laureates, and would-be-laureate-exterminators, and Mummer-Idolators and Mummer-Iconoclasts, and Up-to-date Oracles, and *Fin-de-siècle* obscurantists, of the pyramidal author of *Dr. Pascal*!

MOTTO OF OUR MILITARY AUTHORITIES.—"Put up your Dukes!"

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE I.—A decorously-furnished Drawing-room at Hornbeam Lodge, Clapham, the residence of THEOPHILUS TOOVEY, Esq. It is Sunday evening. Mr. TOOVEY, an elderly Gentleman with a high forehead, a rabbit mouth, and a long but somewhat wispy beard, is discovered sitting alone with a suitable book, upon which he is endeavouring to fix his thoughts, apparently without success.

Mr. Toovey (reading). "With what a mixture of indescribable emotions did I find myself actually standing upon the very brink —" (*To himself, as he puts the volume down.*) It's no use, I can't concentrate my mind on Palestine to-night, I can't forget this horrible "Eldorado." Ever since I got that official warrant, or demand, or whatever it was, yesterday, I've been haunted by the name. It seems to meet me everywhere; even on the very hoardings! Why, why didn't I invest Aunt ELIZA's legacy in consols, as CORNELIA told me, instead of putting it into a gold-mine? I think LARKINS said it was a gold-mine. If only I had never met him that day last year—but he seemed to think he was doing me such a favour in letting me have some of his shares at all; he'd been allotted more than he wanted, he told me, and he was so confident the Company was going to be a success that I—and now, after hearing nothing all this time, I'm suddenly called upon to pay a hundred and seventy-five pounds, and that's only for one half year, as far as I can make out. . . . How can I draw a cheque for all that without CORNELIA finding out? I never dared tell her, and she overlooks all my accounts. Why did I, who have never been a follower after Mammon, fall so easily into that accursed mine? I am no business man. All the time I was a partner in that floorcloth factory, I never interfered in the conduct of it, beyond signing my name occasionally—which was all they allowed me to do—and they took the earliest opportunity of buying me out. And yet I must needs go and speculate with Aunt ELIZA's five hundred pounds, and—what is worse—lose every penny, and more! I, a Churchwarden, looked up to by every member of an Evangelical congregation, the head of a household like this! . . . How shall I ever tell CORNELIA? And yet I must—I never had a secret from her in my life. I shall know no peace till I have confessed all. I will confess—this very night—when we are alone. If I could speak to CHARLES first, or to that young Mr. CURPHEW—they will both be here to supper—and CHARLES is in a Solicitor's office. But my nephew is too young, and Mr. CURPHEW, though he is a journalist, is wise and serious beyond his years—and if, as CORNELIA thinks, he is beginning to feel a tenderness for ALTHEA, why, it might cause him to reconsider his— No, I can't tell anyone but my wife. (*Sounds are heard in the hall.*) There they are!—they are back from Church—already! (*He catches up his book.*) I must try to be calm. She must not notice anything at present!

Mrs. T. (*outside*). I've left my things downstairs, PHOEBE; you can take them up to my room. (*Entering.*) Well, Pa, I hope you feel less poorly than you did, after your quiet evening at home?

Mr. T. (*hurried*). Yes, my love, yes. I—I've had a peaceful time with *Peregrinations in Palestine*. A—a most absorbing book, my love.

Mrs. T. You would find it more absorbing, Pa, if you held it the right way up. You've been asleep!

Mr. T. No, indeed, I only wish I—that is—I may have dropped off for a moment.

Charles (*who has followed his Aunt*). You wouldn't have had much chance of doing that if you'd been at Church, Uncle!

Mrs. T. No, indeed. Mr. POWLES preached a most awakening discourse, which I am glad to find CHARLES appreciated.

Charles. I meant the cushion in your pew, Uncle; you ought to have it restuffed. It's like sitting on a bag of mixed biscuits!

Mrs. T. We do not go to Church to be comfortable, CHARLES. Pa, Mr. POWLES alluded very powerfully, from the pulpit, to the

recent commercial disasters, and the sinfulness of speculation in professing Christians. I wish you could have heard him.

Mr. T. (*squirming*). A—a deprivation indeed, my love. But I was better at home—better at home.

Mrs. T. You will have other opportunities; he announces a course of weekday addresses, at the Mission Rooms, on "The Thin End of the Wedge of Achan." CHARLES, I gave you one of the circulars to carry for me. Where is it?

Charles. In my overcoat, I think, Aunt. Shall I go and get it?

[ALTHEA enters.]

Mrs. T. Not now; I haven't my spectacles by me. THEA, did you tell PHOEBE to pack your trunk the first thing to-morrow?

Althea. Yes, Mamma; but there is plenty of time. CECILIA doesn't expect me till the afternoon.

Charles. So THEA's going up to town for a few days' spree, eh, Aunt CORNELIA?

Mrs. T. (*severely*). Your cousin is going on a visit to a married schoolfellow, who is her senior by two or three years, and who, I understand, was the most exemplary pupil Miss PRUINS ever had. I have no doubt Mrs. MERRIDEW will take ALTHEA to such entertain-

ments as are fit and proper for her—picture-galleries, museums, concerts, possibly a lecture—but I should not describe that myself as a "spree."

Charles. No more should I, Aunt, not by any means.

Mrs. T. I never met this Mrs. MERRIDEW, but I was favourably impressed by the way she wrote. A very sensible letter.

Althea (*to herself*). Except the postscript. But I didn't like to show Mamma that!

Charles. But you'll go to a theatre or two, or a dance, or something, while you're with her, won't you?

[ALTHEA tries to signal to him to be silent.]

Mrs. T. CHARLES, you forget where you are. A daughter of ours set foot in a playhouse! Surely you know your Uncle's objection to anything in the nature of a theatrical entertainment? Did he not write and threaten to resign the Vice-Presidency of the Lower Clapham Athenæum at the mere hint of a performance of scenes from some play by that dissolute writer SHERIDAN—even without costumes and scenery? His protest was most admirably worded. I remember I drafted it myself.

Mr. T. (*with some complacency*). Yes, yes, I've always been extremely firm on that subject, and also on the dangers of dancing—indeed, I have almost succeeded in putting an entire stop to the children dancing to piano-organs in the streets of this neighbourhood—a most reprehensible custom!

Mrs. T. Yes, THEOPHILUS, and you might have stopped it long before you did, if you had taken my suggestion earlier. I hope I am not to infer, from your manner, that you are yourself addicted to these so-called pleasures, CHARLES?

Charles. Dancing in the street to a piano-organ, Aunt? Never did such a thing in my life!

Mrs. T. That was not my meaning, CHARLES, as you very well know. I hope you employ your evenings in improving your knowledge of your profession. I should be sorry to think you frequented theatres.

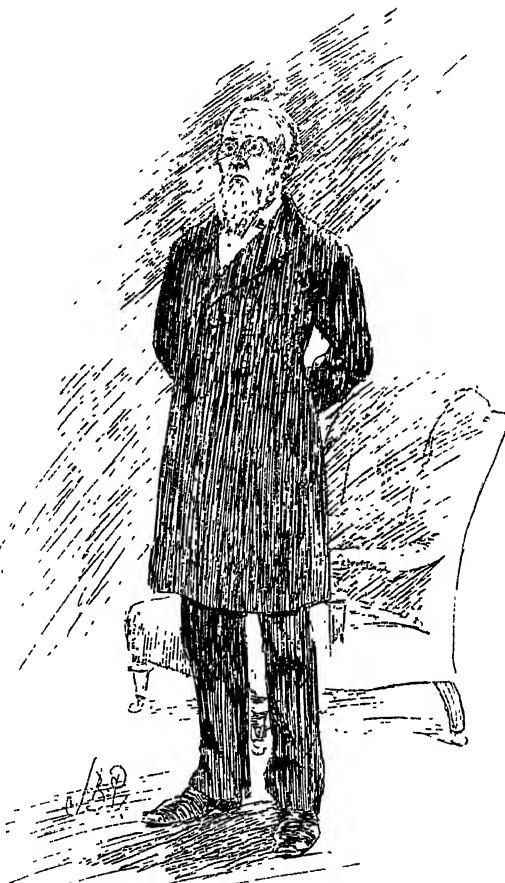
Charles (*demurely*). Theatres? rather not, Aunt, never go near 'em. (*To himself.*) Catch me going where I can't smoke! (*Aloud.*) You see, when a fellow has lodgings in a nice cheerful street in Bloomsbury, it isn't likely he'd want to turn out of an evening after sticking hard at the office all day!

Mrs. T. I am glad to hear you say so, CHARLES. It is quite a mistake for a young man to think he cannot do without amusement. Your Uncle never thought of amusing himself when he was young—or our married life would not be what it is. And look at Mr. CURPHEW, who is coming in to supper to-night, see how hard he works—up to town every afternoon, and not back till long after midnight.

[The bell rings.]

Charles. Rather queer hours to work, Aunt. Are you sure he doesn't go up just to read the paper?

Althea (*with a slight flush*). He goes up to write it, CHARLES. Mr. CURPHEW is on the press, and has taken rooms here for the air of



"How shall I ever tell Cornelia?"

the Common. And—and he is very clever, and works very hard indeed; you can see that from his looks.

Phoebe (announcing). Mr. CURPHEW.

[*A tall slim young man enters, with a pale, smooth-shaven face, and rather melancholy eyes, which light up as he greets ALTHEA.*

Mrs. T. How do you do, Mr. CURPHEW? You are a little late—but some services last longer than others. Oh, PHOEBE, now I think of it, just bring me a paper you will find in one of the pockets of Mr. COLLIMORE'S overcoat; it's hanging up in the hall—the drab one with grey velvet on the collar. (*PHOEBE goes.*) It's a circular, Mr. CURPHEW, which was given out in our Church this evening, and may interest you to see.

Phoebe (returning). If you please, m'm, this is the only paper I could find.

Mrs. T. (taking it from the salver, without looking at it). Quite right, Phoebe—we shall be ready for supper when I ring. (*When PHOEBE has gone.*) I can't see anything without my—ALTHEA, just go and see if I have left my spectacle-case in my room, my dear. It's astonishing how they're always getting mislaid, and I'm so helpless without them. (*ALTHEA goes.*) Mr. CURPHEW, perhaps you will read this aloud for me; I want my husband to hear.

Curpew (suppressing a slight start). May I ask if they distribute papers of this sort at your Church—and—and why you think it is likely to interest me in particular? (*To himself.*) Wonder if this can be a trap!

Mrs. T. (taking back the document, and holding it close to her nose). Gracious goodness! this isn't the—CHARLES, perhaps you will explain how you come to have a paper in your pocket covered with pictures of females in shamelessly short skirts?

Charles (to himself). In for a pie-jaw this time! What an owl that girl is! (*Aloud.*) It's only a programme, Aunt; thing they give you at a music-hall, you know.

Mrs. T. (in an awful voice). Only a programme! Pa, tell this unhappy boy your opinion of his conduct!

Mr. T. (rising magisterially). CHARLES, am I to understand that a nephew of mine allows himself to be seen in a disreputable resort such as—

Charles. Oh come, Uncle, you can't know much about the Eldorado, if—

Mr. T. (with a bound). The Eldorado. How dare you bring that name up here, Sir? What do you mean by it?

Charles (surprised). Why, you must have heard of it—it's one of the leading music-halls.

Mr. T. (gasping). A music-hall? the Eldorado! (*To himself.*) If it should turn out to be—but no, my nerves are upset, it can't be—and yet—what am I to say to him?

[*He falls back into his chair with a groan.*

Mrs. T. CHARLES, if you can stand there and feel no shame when you see how disturbed and disgusted even Mr. CURPHEW looks, and the agitated state to which you have reduced your poor Uncle, you must indeed be hardened!

[CURPHEW has considerably walked to the window; Mr. TOOVEY endeavours to collect his faculties; CHARLES looks from one to the other in bewilderment.

END OF SCENE I.



SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

September 1. Partridge Shooting.

Old Twentystun (reviewing his symptoms). "DEAR ME! MOS' 'STRAORDINARY, THIS SHORTNESS O' BREATH. LE' ME SEE—'GOOD PLAIN FOOD AND BEST QUALITY O' DRINK,' DOCTOR SAID. THA'S ALL RIGHT—NEVER STINTED MYSELF FOR EITHER. 'NEVER OVERDO YOURSELF,' SAYS HE. HAVEN'T. NEVER WALKED A STEP IF I COULD HELP IT SINCE LAST SEASON. 'GO TO BED EARLY.' SO I HAVE, AND NEVER HURRIED UP EITHER. MOS' 'STRAORDINARY! MOS' 'STRAORDINARY!"

[*Goes home to consult Doctor again.*

actually says, "The best hope of the regeneration of London is in the County Council"!!! He thinks "it is a mistake" to distrust them, and would hand over to them (says the *Daily Chronicle*) most of the machinery and material of our municipal life. Quite so. And as the Gryphon (which is much the same thing as Griffin) said to the Mock Turtle (suggestive this of the Civic Corporation), in *Alice in Wonderland*, Punch would say to Sir LEPEL or his problematic COPHETUA, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!"

When ALICE ventured to say she had never heard of "Uglification," the Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "What! Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"—"Yes," said ALICE, doubtfully; "it means—to make—anything—prettier."—"Well, then," the GRYPHON (who must have been a Postprandial Philosopher, surely) went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you must be a simpleton."

By the way, why should not Sir LEPEL himself essay the rôle of King COPHETUA, L.C.C., and help to beautify the modern Babylonian beggar-maid? He says that "the general administration of London is infinitely mean and inefficient," adding that "vested interests are chiefly to blame for the national disgrace." Very well. Let Sir LEPEL help to give those same Vested Interests "vun in the veskit," squelch the Jerry Builder, and arrest the march of "Uglification," and then—why then London will, as in duty bound, erect his statue in place, and on the site of, that other, and very different "Griffin," which is the very incarnation of Uglification, and material embodiment of Beotian Bumbledom!

NOT THE GIRL FOR HOT WEATHER.—One who "makes sunshine in a shady place."

YORKSHIRE VICTOR.

FAREWELL to eminence attained of yore,
Great Surrey heads the County list no more!

For though you give a RICHARDSON or HAYWARD,
Dame Fortune still will be a trifle wayward;

Though one was sorely missed, and surely no man
Can tell where they'd have been if they'd had LOHMANN.

Surrey has had (like every dog) its day,

In 1893, perforce, makes way
For sturdy Yorkshire. Mr.

Punch admires
This famous county of the Northern Shires.

For many a season past the worst of luck

Has dogged their steps, though not decreased their pluck;
And though each cricketer may have his likes,

There's not a man who'll not say—Well-played, Tykes!

COPHETUA, L.C.C.

MR. GRANT ALLEN charges London with being "a squalid village." Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN suggests that the "Postprandial Philosopher" must have been dining badly. He—Sir LEPEL—contends that "Like the beggar-maid in Mr. BURNES-JONES'S picture, London is a beautiful woman, fair of face and noble of form, and only needs the transforming hand of some future King COPHETUA to strip her of her sordid rags, and clothe her in the lustrous raiment which befits her." This is what ARRY would call "the straight Griffin"! By all means make COPHETUA Chairman of the London County Council—as soon as you find him! Sir LEPEL, instead of joining in the parrot-chorus of disparagement,

LITTLE BILL-EE.

(Latest House of Lords' Version of Thackeray's Song.)

THERE were three sailors of London City,
Who took a boat and went to sea:

There was guzzling BOB and gorging HARTY,
And the youngest—he was Little BILL-EE!

Poor Little BILL-EE was but a sailor-boy,
And a very hard time in sooth had he.

With a rope's-end he was fully familiar.
And a marline-spike he shuddered to see.

He had sailed in the ship of one Captain WILLYUM,
Who had taught him sailing, and algebre,
The use of the sextant, and navigation,
Likewise the hornpipe, and fiddle-de-dee.

The Captain's pet for a long, long voyage
Had been this sailor-boy Little BILL-EE;
Though some of the crew of the same were jealous,
And larruped him sore—on the strict Q.T.

But being paid off from WILLYUM's wessel,
The kid was kidnapped, and taken to sea

By guzzling BOB and gorging HARTY,
Who had long had their eye on poor Little BILL-EE.

For guzzling BOB hated Captain WILLYUM,
While gorging HARTY—well, there, you see,
He'd been WILLYUM's mate, but had cut the connection,
And he couldn't abide poor Little BILL-EE.

Poor Little BILL-EE, he shrank and shuddered
At going aboard; for he says, says he—
"When they get me aloft they will spifficate me,
And there'll be an end of poor Little BILL-EE!"

Which same seemed a sad foregone conclusion,
Though Captain WILLYUM he skipped with glee,
And cried, "Little BILL-EE, keep up your pecker!
You shall yet be the Captain of a Seventy-three!"

Now, to keep up your pecker with naught to peck at
Is mighty hard, as a fool may see;
And BOB and HARTY (who loved not short commons)
Cast eager eyes upon Little BILL-EE.

Says guzzling BOB to gorging HARTY,
"I am extremely hungaree;"
To guzzling BOB says gorging HARTY,
"Let's make a breakfast of Little BILL-EE."

"He's got no friends—that are worth the mention;
He'll never be missed by his countaree.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

WHY NOT IMPORT A BRIGADE OF RESPECTABLE "CHIFFONNIERS" FROM PARIS, AND LET THEM LOOSE ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH AFTER A BANK HOLIDAY?

He is a noosance, he'll be a riddance,
And we'll both get thanked for devouring he."

To guzzling BOB says gorging HARTY,
"On this here pint we both agree—
This precious Bill *must* be spifficated,
And we're both hungry, so let's eat he!"

"Oh, BILL-EE! we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie!"
When BILL received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

First let me say my Apologia,
Which Capting WILLYUM taught to me!
"Make haste, make haste!" says gorging HARTY;
While BOB pulled out his snickersee.

It's "a norrible tale," and I scarce feel equal
To telling it all as 'twas told to me.
Some other day you may learn the sequel
Of the sorrowful story of Little BILL-EE!

TRUE FRENCH POLITENESS.

(A Conversation not entirely Imaginary in Stamese Territory.)

SCENE—A Palace. Present, a swarthy Sovereign and Smiling Negociator.

Negociator. Sorry to trouble you again, your Majesty, but there are just a few supplementary matters that require settlement.

Sovereign. Why, surely your ultimatum has deprived me of everything?

Neg. Oh, dear no! For instance, you have foreign advisers.

Sov. And I presume I may act upon their advice?

Neg. Well, yes; only it will be necessary to send them back to Europe, and then stop their letters.

Sov. But this will be exceedingly arbitrary treatment.

Neg. Do you think so? Well, at any rate it will be better than a bombardment of your capital.

Sov. Have you any other demand to make?

Neg. Scarcely worth mentioning. But we must insist that in future all work must be given to artisans of our nationality.

Sov. And every other kind of contract?

Neg. That follows as a natural sequence.

Sov. Would you like anything more?

Neg. Not only like, but insist upon having it. You must surrender your forts, disband your army, and dispose of your fleet.

Sov. Come, that's impossible!

Neg. Not at all. It is a course I would strongly recommend if you want to keep your throne, and your subjects desire to preserve their lives.

Sov. Can you suggest anything else?

Neg. We never suggest. We order. Well, yes, you will do nothing without our approval, or it will be the worse for you.

Sov. Why, this is absolute bullying!

Neg. Pray don't say that, your Majesty. Although I speak plainly, I wish to treat you with every respect.

Sov. But if you have left me nothing, I may as well abdicate in your favour. Shall I?

Neg. You will do as you like, your Majesty. My instructions are to treat your will as law. I have no wish to control your actions, as I accept you as the constitutional sovereign of an independent state. Do what you please, and what pleases you will please me also. My instructions are to give you entire freedom of action—so long as that freedom chimes in with our requirements!

[Scene closes upon the pleasing proceedings.]

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.—MR. BIGG STUFFER writes to us, "I see the Princess and her daughters visited the grandest gorge in Norway. Well, after a day's touring with my friend GRUBBER, I think the pair of us will show any traveller about the biggest gorge anywhere."



LITTLE BILL-EE!

(After Thackeray.)

“OH, BILL-EE! WE'RE GOING TO KILL AND EAT YOU,
SO UNDO THE BUTTON OF YOUR CHEMIE.”
WHEN BILL RECEIVED THIS INFORMATION,
HE USED HIS POCKET-HANDKERCHIE.



THE ABSTRACT AND THE CONCRETE.

Mamma (solemnly).

"BUT HE LAY LIKE A WARRIOR TAKING HIS REST,
WITH HIS MARTIAL CLOAK AROUND HIM."

Small Child. "AND DID HE REALLY GET IT FROM MARSHALL AND
SNELGROVE'S, MUMMY?"

AN OLD "ADELPHI TRIUMPH!"

PASSING through town from one country place to another. Sparse attendance at club. Am regarded with surprise by the few members present, all anxious to explain why it is they are not out of London. "Autumn Session" splendid excuse for everybody generally. "Compelled to stop in town, dear boy. Autumn Session, dash it!" "But you're not in the House." "No," is the ready rejoinder, "if I were I would 'pair' and fly to the moors. But business connected with the House" (this given with that mysterious nod and wink which together, or apart, are accounted as equally intelligible to a blind horse), "business, my dear chap, detains me." Great chance for the club bore to get an audience of one. The Ancient Mariner's time is in the dead season, when he can stop the shootist *en route*. I am wary, and avoid him. I will dine earlyish, and go to—let me see, what hospitable house of theatrical entertainment is open? The Adelphi. Here I can see *A Woman's Revenge*, as written by HENRY PETTITT. Quite so. Dine at 6.30, and see it all out, as I hear the final scene, an Old Bailey Trial, realistic to the last degree, is the great attraction. Clearly to understand the pleadings on behalf of the prisoner at the Bar I must be conversant with the details of the entire story. By 8.10 I am in my seat, regretting the loss of ten minutes' worth of the plot. Regret soon ceases on finding that I am among old friends acting a story more or less familiar to every playgoer. The house is literally crowded in every part, and this, too, on a far from cold night at the very end of August. Town may be empty, but the Adelphi is full, and "The Heavenly Twins," the Messrs. GATTI, must be rejoicing greatly.

For a cool, calm, calculating villain, recommend me to Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, the very best of gentlemanly scoundrels of modern melodrama. He is admirable: but directly the honest, outspoken Adelphi audience nose his villainy he has a bad time of it, as no matter what he may say or do, no matter whether he speaks slowly or quickly, runs off, saunters off, lounges in or hurries in, he is at once met, and so to speak "countered," by a storm of fiercely indignant hisses. Surely an actor whose *rôle* is sheer villainy of the deepest dye must be able to command enormous terms, seeing what a long training it must require to arrive at taking cursing for com-

pliments! An Adelphi audience personally hate and detest the stage villain, but for all that, they couldn't do without him, any more than can the melodramatic author or the Messrs. GATTI.

After the villain, who certainly holds the first place in popular unpopularity, comes the Heroic Boy, CHARLES WARNER, all heartiness and simplicity, a very "bounding Achilles;" and next to him, the suffering heroine who defends herself with a revolver, who is finally charged with murder, and gallantly defended by the Heroic Boy, who, attired in wig, gown, and bands, appears in the last scene of all that ends this eventful history as Counsel for the Defence, pleading for his wife before a full court, much less crowded than is the Old Bailey generally, and apparently far loftier, and much better ventilated. The case does not attract considerable public attention, as there is only a sparse attendance of nobodies in the gallery. Throughout the drama Mr. GARDINER and Miss FANNY BROUGH capably represent the comic interest, which is brightly written, and "goes" uncommonly well.

The other scoundrel is only young in his villainy—a mere amateur as compared with Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, and were it not for the things he does and says, he might at any moment be taken for a comedian neither light nor eccentric, but a fairly all-round and superior sort of "CHARLES his friend," whose lines fall in pleasant places as feeders. Poor Junior Scoundrel! from the first he has no chance of appearing either gay or light-hearted, as he is invariably at the mercy of the Senior Rascal, and is finally shot by his own revolver which, after being used against him on several occasions, for the poor Junior Rascal never has a chance with it himself, falls into the hands of aforementioned Senior Rascal, and so he goes to his dramatic grave without having had one solitary opportunity of making a light and airy speech, or doing anything to bring down the house. He comes in for his share of the hissing, poor fellow! as does also Miss ALMA STANLEY, in the costume of a kind of Madame Mephistopheles—a female villain of the deepest scarlet and black dye. She, too, is one of the trio only created to be hooted at by an enthusiastically virtuous public. This monster of female depravity, however, is not a bad sort, and shows some signs of repentance—a repentance not too late, though it is deferred till 10.50, when it just comes in time to assist the plot and unite two loving hearts.

There is a clever child in the story; far and away the best child I remember to have seen, since the child in *A Man's Shadow* at the Haymarket, who also figured in a trial and gave evidence against a father (or mother, I forget which). There was another wise child who did much the same sort of thing and got its own father convicted in *Proof*, also at the Adelphi. As to the trial scene (which seems to lack SULLIVAN's setting of GILBERT's words), it seemed to me that Mr. WARNER was counsel, witnesses, prosecutor, and defender, all in one, and, even considering the peculiar circumstances of the case, anyone, from a purely professional point of view, would be inclined to blame the presiding judge, Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL, for such an exhibition of Job-like patience, and for his quite unexampled toleration of an advocate's irregularities. However, his summing up was a model of conciseness and brevity, as it took for granted the jury's perfect knowledge of facts and law, and its delivery occupied just about a couple of minutes. Had Mr. WARNER been the judge, and Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL the counsel, the above-mentioned allotment of time would, probably, have been reversed. The jury, an intelligent-looking set of men, utterly belied their appearance by acquitting the prisoner in face of the most damning circumstantial evidence. But as it was close on ten minutes past eleven, and as the author had provided no sensational incident to follow, and had given no Fifth Act to finish with, the decision of the Jury was much applauded by the crowded audience in the auditorium, which then began to clear out. Highly satisfied with the excellent bill of fare provided for them by Messieurs GATTI, the worthy restaurateurs of the old Adelphi Drama.

AN M. P-ERRUQUIER.—M. CHAUVIN, the theatrical perruquier, the CLARKSON of the Théâtre Français, has been recently elected Deputy for St. Denis. He will not neglect his business, but will get up all the heads of his parliamentary discourses in the afternoon, and be ready to "get up" the heads of the house of MOÏSE in the evening. To those who oppose him in political matters he is prepared, without any hair-splitting, to give a regular good wiggling all round. Should "our Mr. CLARKSON" stand for some constituency and be elected, he would of course appear in the House as the representative of the old Whigs.

HIS TWO RELIGIONS.—Though "Mr. G." is a sound Church-of-England man, yet has he recently shown himself an uncommonly strict Muzzle-man.

JOHN BULL'S NAVAL VADE MECUM.

(Prepared for his use by the Authorities at the Admiralty.)

Question. Does not England possess the best possible fleet?

Answer. Certainly, and always has enjoyed that advantage.

Q. But do not the iron-clads comprising this fleet frequently turn turtle?

A. Assuredly. In fact, whenever they have the smallest opportunity.

Q. And do not the guns with which the ships are armed occasionally burst?

A. Not only occasionally, but frequently.

Q. And are not the commanders of the fleet sometimes guilty of errors of judgment?

A. To be sure, and sometimes these errors of judgment lead to absolute disaster.

Q. And are not the ships considerably undermanned, and some of the companies of inferior material?

A. Quite so. In fact, when there is a special strain—manœuvres on a large scale, or for a kindred reason—crews have to be obtained from here, there, and everywhere.

Q. And is it not quite a question whether some dozen of our first-rate men-of-war are practically valueless?

A. Well, scarcely a question, because it is all but certain that they are practically valueless.

Q. And isn't there bullying in the *Britannia*, and



A PROMISING WITNESS!

Scotch Counsel (addressing an Old Woman in a case before Judge and Jury).
"PRAY, MY GOOD WOMAN, DO YOU KEEP A DIARY?"
Witness. "NAW, SIR, I KUPS A WHUSKEY SHOP!"

a general laxity in the training of young officers to take important commands?

A. Yes, but this is a matter of small importance, as all naval officers are merely machines, and have no right to think or act on their own responsibility.

Q. And does not a commander-in-chief sometimes make a grave and obvious mistake, and do not all his subordinates, knowing the consequences, implicitly obey him?

A. Of course, for this is the rule of the service.

Q. And is it not a fact that the navy is in want of the appliances to repair ships that have suffered damage abroad?

A. Assuredly.

Q. And is not our officers' acquaintance with the characteristics of the sea rather indefinite and distinctly limited?

A. It is bound to be with defective charts and other false guides to naval knowledge.

Q. Then may it be justly assumed that we cannot count upon our ships, guns, and commanders?

A. Why, certainly.

Q. And yet you declare that England possesses the best possible fleet?

A. I do, and the little drawbacks I have admitted have no force in qualifying the assertion.

Q. Why have they not?

A. Because all the drawbacks exist in the piping times of peace, and consequently the British navy will prove its superiority in the more dangerous days of war.

NEW KING COAL CORRECTED.

In the sub-heading of *Mr. Punch's Up-to-Date Nursery Rhyme*, "New King Coal" (August 19, p. 74), a very obvious error was made in speaking of the colliers of Northumberland and Durham as "on strike," when in fact they were only "considering the advisability" of joining their Welsh "brothers" and Midland "mates" in a collective stand against the coal-owners. Since then, *Mr. Punch* is glad to know, they have "thought better of it," and have not joined the strike—having, perhaps, given "thoughtful consideration" to *Mr. Punch's* friendly conundrum. "The bearings" of the New Nursery Rhyme "lie in its application," and are not altered by the writer's slip of the pen, to which, however, *Mr. Punch* thanks various vigilant readers for, very properly, calling his attention.

To the men's Federation 'twas *Punchius* spoke:
 "The Capitalist can drink fizz and can smoke;
 And why should a lad who has eyes and can see,
 Follow fools like a lamb, and lose much £ s. d.
 Northumberland, Durham decline to come forth.
 When strikes suit the south they may not suit the north;
 So let every man who loves honour and right,
 Essay *Arbitration* in lieu of brute fight!"

No DOUBT OF IT.—Of course the admission detracts from our "LIKA JOKO's" artistic skill, but evidently *Mr. SWIFT-TO-AVENGE* MACNELL is a person very easily "drawn."

COAL Mine Owners have no big difficulties to contend with; in this life they have only to meet *miner* troubles.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday.—In Committee of Supply at last; Home-Rule Bill laid aside for day or two awaiting Third Reading. Meanwhile trifle of ten millions to be voted for the Navy. Members generally, taking into account the long grind of the Session, regard opportunity as favourable for making little holiday. Benches occupied chiefly with Admirals, Captains, Secretaries to the Admiralty and ex-Secretaries, with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and his predecessor thrown in; also ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, silent through debate on Home-Rule Bill, has a few words to say. Imposing demonstration on bench behind ex-Ministers. HANBURY in corner seat representing Youth at the Prow; at the other end sits Experience at the Helm, the part taken (not for this time only) by TOMMY BOWLES. Midway sits the Blameless Blushing BARTLEY. Always blameless. To-night blushing, since *Mr. G.*, accidentally as casual observers take it, with prophetic soul as one of his hearers well knows, referred to him just now as "the honourable baronet." Effect upon BARTLEY striking and wholesome. Did not once thereafter, up till stroke of midnight, open his lips. Sat in pleased meditation, brooding over the prospect of a censorious world, some day in the near future, hailing him as B. B. K., a title assumed by the Unhappy Nobleman who long ago languished from the public ken.

After midnight spell broken; BARTLEY, Bart., woke up, vigorously and indiscriminately objecting to progress with any business on paper. Meantime HANBURY and TOMMY had made up for any remissness on part of their esteemed colleague. TOMMY arrived early on the scene, deck-laden with cargo of Blue Books and Reports; sufficient in weight and bulk to sink a less trim-built wherry.



DOOMED!

Piled them up on either side of him. "In laager," as UGHTEED SHUTTLEWORTH ruefully said, glancing across the table at his adversary.

"Have looked forward to this day with keen anticipation," said TOMMY. "Have dropped a word in season occasionally in debate on Home-Rule Bill, I admit. But it's to Committee of Supply I have looked forward for full opportunity of serving my QUEEN and country. Now here we are in Supply, and here we rest for a week or two. I feel like the Walrus."

"How's that?" I asked, fearing for a moment that much talking had made TOMMY mad.

"Don't you remember? Haven't you been *Through a Looking-Glass*?"

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes, and sticks, and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages, and kings.
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.'

You bet that somewhere in the icy north that Walrus had been accustomed to sit on the Opposition benches in Committee of Supply.

Couldn't otherwise have so accurately described situation."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—BURNIE burning with curiosity to know whether 'tis true, as boldly rumoured, that Duke of CONNAUGHT has been appointed to chief command of Army at Aldershot? If so, on what grounds? CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN with strategic brevity answered that appointment had been made in accordance with principle of selection of the fittest. House, moderately full at moment, received the explanation with much less enthusiasm than might have been expected. This encouraged gentlemen below gangway to persist in divers enquiries designed to illustrate, and perchance establish, C.-B.'s position. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS joined in hunt; particularly anxious to know what experience in real fighting the new Commander had enjoyed? "He was in command of brigade in Egyptian expedition," said C.-B., making an involuntary sword-pass at ALPHEUS.

"Yes," persisted that matter-of-fact person; "but will the right hon. gentleman tell us how near or how far away from the real fighting the Duke of CONNAUGHT stood?"

No authentic record being in archives of War Office, SECRETARY OF STATE declined to commit himself to reply. Later, in Committee, ALPHEUS staggered Civil Lord of the Admiralty with enquiry as to steam-launch built at Portsmouth dockyard for Duke of CONNAUGHT "at the expense of the people." "What has become of that launch?" ALPHEUS asked, fixing ROBERTSON with gleaming eye, as if he suspected he might have it concealed somewhere about his person. ROBERTSON tremblingly answered that he knew nothing about it. ALPHEUS not by any means mollified; means to bring up whole subject in Committee on Army Estimates.

Business done.—Over four millions voted on Navy Estimates by some twenty or thirty Members representing House of Commons.

Wednesday.—Mr. G. made fine speech to-day, moving Third Reading of Home-Rule Bill. Benefited immensely by compression; only an hour long; but full of meat and matter. Long grown accustomed to these supreme efforts of Perennial Youth. A series this Session which, in respect of eloquence, vitality, and force, will stand comparison with any equal number delivered in what was (erroneously it now turns out) regarded as his prime.

More interesting as an episode was the reappearance on the Parliamentary stage of a DISRAELI. CONINGSBY has sat in House for full Session; wisely abstained from imprudence of young Member of to-day, who takes the oath at four o'clock and catches the SPEAKER'S eye at ten. Now, in these closing days of Session, on seventy-ninth day debate Home-Rule Bill, CONINGSBY modestly thinks "the time has come when they shall hear me."

House did so with pleasure. Only a small gathering. Mr. G. absent, which was a pity. On the 7th of December, 1837, Mr. G., sitting on back bench on Conservative side, lifted up "a fine head of jet-black hair, always carefully parted from the crown downward to his brow," to listen to an earlier maiden speech delivered by an elderly young man, "ringed and curled like an Assyrian bull," his violet velvet waistcoat garlanded with gold chains. Across the bridge of fifty-six years a marvellous memory might have recalled this figure had the ex-Member for Newark to-day been in his place to look across the House at the dapper young man, with quiet self-possessed manner, who, having considered this Government Bill, had

come to the conclusion that it is "a measure born in deceit, nurtured in concealment, swaddled in the gag, and thrust upon the country without the sanction of the people." The old Disraelian ring about that phrase. House sees again D'ISRAELI the Younger; only Younger than ever. But that is a reproach CONINGSBY may outlive.

Business done.—Third Reading of Home-Rule Bill moved.

Saturday, 1.30 A.M.—Eighty-second day of debate on Home-Rule Bill. After being "gagged" through all those days and nights of ruthless talk, a House crowded on every Bench, filling galleries and thronging Bar, opens wide its mouth and cheers announcement that Third Reading been carried by 301 votes against 267. When House is unanimous, its unanimity wonderful. Everybody agreed to shout for joy—Ministerialists because majority was 34, Opposition because it isn't 38.

"Thank you, Tony," said Mr. G., when I congratulated him on the end of the long job; "I expect we're all glad it's over. Excuse me, but I just want to drop the Bill in the post for the Lords."

Crowd waiting outside Palace Yard caught sight of him as he tripped along. A ringing cheer woke echoes of the stilly night; Mr. G. escorted home in triumph to Downing Street.

"Dear me!" said the Member for SARK. "Now I wonder how many of those who are now cheering Mr. G. helped fifteen years ago to break his windows?"

The Member for Sark always thinks of cheerful things.

Business done.—Home-Rule Bill read Third Time.

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

(By another Sporting M.P.)

We have talked and divided and sat till we're ill,
At the mercy of every pestiferous bore.
It's a WILDE kind of thing to be saying, but still
Now like *Oliver Twist* we keep "asking for moor."

There are some who think politics naught but a game
'Twixt the Ins and the Outs that is played in the House,
But the game that we sigh for (and are we to blame?)
Is the covey of partridge or moor-loving grouse.

Now we're well in September, and work nearly finished,
I'm off, whilst the Commons get lost in the bogs
Of Supply and stay on with their zeal undiminished,
For the Country may go—like myself—to the dogs!

LEGAL PROMOTION (Comment by an Indignant Radical).—Lord Justice BOWEN made a Lord of Appeal, *vice* Lord HANNEN, resigned. Very natural—there's no "Justice" in the House of Lords!

Love and Time; or, The Three Stages of Passion.

"The question whether gifts bestowed during an engagement should be returned when it is broken off has always been a debated one."—*James Payn.*

Debated? Sentiment must surely weep!
If passion, hot at first, should cool at last,
How should a loveless Future stoop to keep
The Present of the Past?

WHY is a man who has dined a little too well at the "Star and Garter" like RICHARD THE THIRD?—Because he sees "six Richmonds in the field."



Bowles as the Walrus.



Finished at Last!



A CROWDED HOUSE.

Angry Voice (from a back seat). "EARS OFF IN FRONT THERE, PLEASE!"

THE STRIKER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. You think it is a good thing to strike?

Answer. Yes, when there is no other remedy.

Q. Is there ever any other remedy?

A. Never. At least, so say the secretaries.

Q. Then you stand by the opinions of the officials?

A. Why, of course; because they are paid to give them.

Q. But have not the employers any interests?

A. Lots, but they are not worthy the working-man's consideration.

Q. But are not their interests yours?

A. Yes, and that is the way we guard over them.

Q. But surely it is the case of cutting off the nose to spite the mouth?

A. And why not, if the mouth is too well fed.

Q. But are not arguments better than bludgeons?

A. No, and bludgeons are less effective than revolvers.

Q. But may not the use of revolvers produce the military?

A. Yes, but they can do nothing without a magistrate reading the Riot Act.

Q. But, the Riot Act read, does not the work become serious?

A. Probably. But at any rate the work is lawful, because unremunerative.

Q. But how are the wives and children of strikers to live if their husbands and fathers earn no wages?

A. On strike money.

Q. But does all the strike money go to the maintenance of the hearth and the home?

A. Of course not, for a good share of it is wanted for the baccy-shop and the public-house.

Q. But if strikes continue will not trade suffer?

A. Very likely, but trade represents the masters.

Q. And if trade is driven away from the country will it come back?

A. Most likely not, but that is a matter for the future.

Q. But is not the future of equal importance to the present?

A. Not at all, for a day's thought is quite enough for a day's work.

Q. Then a strike represents either nothing or idleness?

A. Yes, bludgeons or beer.

Q. And what is the value of reason?

A. Why, something less than smoke.

A NOVEL SHOW.

[“A popular place of entertainment is arranging a Burglars' Exhibition.”—*Daily Telegraph*.]

Oh, gladly will the public pay
Its shillings for admission,
To study in a careful way
This most original display,
The Burglars' Exhibition.

Professor SIKES will here explain,
With practical instruction,
How best to break a window-pane,
Through which his classic form may gain
Judicious introduction.

The jemmies, and revolvers, too,
Will doubtless prove enthralling,
And all the implements we'll view
With which these scientists pursue
Their fascinating calling;

The most efficient type of gag
To silence all intrusion,
The latest kind of carpet-bag
Wherein to bear the bulky “swag”
To some remote seclusion.

Then, by this exhibition's aid,
The art will spread to others,
And those who ply this busy trade
Will, in a year or two, be made
A noble band of brothers.

The thief of olden time we'll see
As seldom as the dodo;
The burglar's future aim will be
To join the fortiter in re
And suaviter in modo!

THE MOST UNPARDONABLE “MISUSE OF WORDS.”—Making after-dinner speeches.

CONVERSION À LA MODE.

SCENE.—A Government Office. A Government Official discovered.
To him enter a Petitioner.

Petitioner. I really think, Sir, that the time has arrived for a grant.

Official. Impossible, my dear Sir, impossible. I can assure you the reports are greatly exaggerated.

Pet. But do you know that the ports cannot properly be guarded without further financial assistance?

Off. Very likely; at least, that may be the general opinion.

Pet. And Science could be far more certain did the funds permit—you are aware of that?

Off. Faddists never consider the cost of anything.

Pet. And I suppose you are aware that it is marching towards the metropolis?

Off. When it gets there it will be time to consider the situation.

Pet. Then you have not heard of the recent affair in Westminster?

Off. In Westminster! Why that is close to the Houses of Parliament!

Pet. And if I tell you that it has been traced to the Lobby of the Commons.

Off. Don't say another word, my dear Sir, not another word. What, appeared in the House of Commons! Why, several millions shall be granted at once!

[Scene closes in upon preparations of the most active character.]

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Heavenly Twins has had a success. It will be followed by a treatise on gout by Mrs. SARAH GAMP, M.D., to be entitled *The Uneavenly Twinge*.

“SOCIAL TEST-WORDS.”

[An American writer in *The Critic* has an article on this subject.]

Two “social questions” soon, we may expect, Will, in two continents, raise a social storm:—

“Is it correct to say a thing’s ‘correct’?”

“Is it good form to use the phrase ‘good form’?”

Or will both go, with those who finely feel,
The way of “gentlemanly,” and “genteel”?
Shall *Punch* attempt to settle it? No, thankee!

He rather thinks he’ll leave it to the Yankee.
What matters it about our played-out tongue?
(In which some good things have been said and sung.)

Let those the war of “Saxon versus Slang” wage,

Who have the charge of “the American Language.”

That has a future (HOWELL’s law, and Fate’s!)
“The language of the Great United States”
(Unless through cant and coarseness it goes rotten)

The world will speak when “English” is forgotten.

The Coming Fall.

THE Autumn comes. We welcome it—
A change from Summer heat appalling.
The birds once more begin to flit

To warmer climes, the leaves are falling.
But portent clear as clear can be,

We know that Autumn comes by reasoning

“From all the papers that we see
Are daily stuffed with silly seasoning.”

"A QUIET PIPE."

'ONE touch of nature" kins
To-day
With classical Arcadia.
This faun-like "nipper,"
Tree-perched, is tootling, toot-
ling on,
Though Pan be dead, Arcadia
gone,
And wild "Kazoos" are played
upon
By the cheap tripper.

Half imp, half animal, behold
The 'ARRY of the Age of Gold
In this young satyr!
Lover of pleasure and of "lush"
(Silenus at the slang might
blush),
Of haunted Nature's holy hush
Irreverent hater.

Mischief and music, mockery,
Swift eyes oblique in goblin
glee,
And nimble finger;
Sardonic lips that slide with
speed
Athwart the rangéd pastoral
reed;
Upon these things will fancy
feed,
And memory linger.

Imp-urchin of the budding
horn,
Native to Nature's nascent
morn,
The same quaint pranks
You played 'midst the Arcadian
shade,

By satyrs of to-day are played;
Their nether limbs in "tweeds" arrayed
Not shaggy shanks.

Not cheap tan kids and KINO's best
Can hide the frolic faun confest,
Or coarse Silenus;
Like SPENSER's satyrs, they attack us,



With rompings rouse, with noises rack
us,
Brutes in the train of beery Bacchus,
And vulgar Venus.

'ARRY's mouth-organ is, indeed,
Far shriekier than your shrilling reed,
Pan-fathered piper;

While his tin-whistle:—a wood-
god,
Whose tympanum *that* sound
should prod,
Would start, and shriek, as
though he trod
Upon a viper.

Ah, yes, my little satyr-friend,
Better Arcadia than Southend
On a Bank-Holiday!
You and your Pan-pipe *might*
appear,
And tootle, yet not rend my
ear.
Or with a novel Panic fear
Upset a jolly day.

Aperch upon your branch, you
carry
A certain likeness to our 'ARRY,
Yet 'tis but slight.
He could not sit, the noisy
brute!
And natural music mildly flute,
Till the assembled nymphs were
mute
With sheer delight.

He'd want the banjo and the
bones,
And rowdy words, and raucous
tones,
And roaring chorus.
Urchin, I've done you grievous
wrong!
No echoes of Arcadian song
Sound in the screech the holiday
through
Rattle and roar us.

To your shrill flutings I could listen
When on the grass-blades dewdrops glisten,
And morn is ripe.
Could sit and hear your pastoral reed,
In peace, and do myself, indeed
(Fair laden with "the fragrant weed"),
"A Quiet Pipe!"

THE HIGHLAND "CADDIE."

[There has been a strike among the Golf Caddies.]

AIR—"The Blue Bell of Scotland."

OH! where, and oh! where is your Highland "Caddie" gone?
He's gone to join the Strike, and now "Caddie" I have none;
And it's oh! in my heart that I wish the Strike were done!

Oh! what, and oh! what does your Highland "Caddie" claim?
He wants sixpence for a round of nine holes. It is a shame,
And it's oh! in my heart that I fear 'twill spoil the game.

And what, tell me what, are your Highland Caddie's tricks?
He has "picketed the links" just to keep out all "knobsticks,"
And it's oh! in my heart, that I feel I'm in a fix!

Suppose, oh! suppose that all Highland Caddies strike!
I might have to turn up golf, and to tennis take, or "bike,"
But it's oh! in my heart that I do not think 'tis like!

"NAME! NAME!"—In a recent report from the East occurs the delightfully-suggestive name of "SEYD BIN ABED." Of course he is a relative to "SEYD IM GOTUP AGEN." Or perhaps he has changed his name from "SEYD UAD BIN ABED" to "SEYD IMON SOPHA." If "Seyd" be not pronounced as "Seed" but as "Said," the above titles can be altered to match. True or not, yet "so it is Seyd." The news in which this name occurs appears to have reached the correspondent through a person called "RUMALIZA." Can anything coming from a female styled "RUM ELIZA" be credible?

OUT OF COURT.—A sharp young lady listening to a conversation about witnesses being sworn in Court, interrupted with "I don't know much about kissing the book, but if I didn't like him, I'd soon bring the kisser to book."

AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

THE few theatres now open seem to be doing uncommonly good business. The Shaftesbury, with *Morocco Bound*, was as nearly full as it could be in the first week of September, when the cry is not yet "They are coming back," but they are remaining away. Another week will make all the difference. *Morocco Bound* is not a piece at all, but a sort of variety show, just held together by the thinnest thread of what, for want of a better word, may be temporarily dignified as "plot." Mr. CHARLES DANBY is decidedly funny in it. Mr. TEMPLAR SAXE is a pretty singer. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH well sustains the eccentric reputation of his family name; and, if any opposition manager could induce the present representative of *Spoofah Bey* to appear at another house, it would be "all up" with *Morocco Bound*, as such a transfer would entirely take "the Shine" out of *this* piece. Miss JENNIE McNULTY does nothing in particular admirably; and Miss LETTY LIND, charming in her *entr'acte* of skirt-dancing, is still better in her really capital dance with the agile CHARLES DANBY. This entertainment has reached its hundred and fiftieth night (!!!), and all those who are prevented from going North to stalk the wily grouse may do worse than spend a night among the Moors in *Morocco Bound*. Oddly enough, but quite appropriately, the acting-manager in front, who looks after the fortunes of Morocco and its Moors, is Mr. A. BLACKMORE. Out of compliment he might have let in an "a" after the "k," dropped the final "e," and given himself a second "o." Still, in keeping with the fitness of things, he has done well in being there.

ANCIENT SAWS RESET.

"All work and no pay makes JACK a striking boy."
"All pay and no work makes JACK's employer go without a shirt."

DURING the recent tropical weather, Mrs. R. observed that it was the only time in her life when she would have given anything "just to have got a little cold."



ON HIS HONEYMOON TOO!

Man with Sand Ponies. "NOW THEN, MISTER, YOU AN' THE YOUNG LADY, A PONY APIECE? 'ERE Y'ARE!"

Snobley (loftily). "AW—I'M NOT ACCUSTOMED TO THAT CLASS OF ANIMAL."

Man (readily). "AIN'T YER, SIR? NE' MIND." (To Boy.) "'ERE, BILL, LOOK SHARP! GENT 'LL HAVE A DONKEY!"

"THE BOOK THAT FAILED."

[A publisher writes to *The Author* to say that, for the first time in his experience, the writer of a book which was not a success has sent him an unsolicited cheque to compensate him for the loss he has sustained by producing it.]

AS THINGS ARE TO-DAY.

Publisher (nastily). I tell you that it's no earthly use your asking about profits, because there are none.

Author (amazed). No profits! And you really mean to tell me that the public has not thought fit to purchase my shilling work of genius—*The Maiming of Mendoza*? By our agreement only a paltry six thousand copies of the work had to be bought before my royalty of a penny a volume began.

Publisher. I am quite aware of it. The sale of the six thousand copies would just about have repaid us for cost of production. As a matter of fact, only three thousand have been sold. We've lost heavily, and very much regret we were ever induced to accept the work.

Author. And you really ask me to believe that after such a sale as that a loss on your part is possible? Why, if you take price of printing at—

[Goes elaborately into cost of production.]

Publisher. Yes, but you see the price of everything has gone up in our trade. Binding is now ten per cent. dearer, composing is—

[Also goes into precise and prolonged details.]

Author (turning desperate at last). Oh, let us end this chatter! You really say that no cheque whatever is due to me for all my labours?

Publisher. Not a single penny. It's the other way about.

Author (leaving). And you call this "the beneficial system of royalties," do you? Good day! And if I don't set the Society of Authors at you before I am a day older, then my name's not BULWER MAKEPEACE DEFOE SMITH!

[Exit tempestuously.]

AS THEY MAY BE TO-MORROW.

Utterly Unknown Novelist. Then I am afraid that my last three-volume work of fiction, in spite of the cordial way in which it was reviewed by my brother-in-law in the *Weekly Dotard*, my maternal

uncle in the *Literary Spy*, and a few other relatives on the daily press, has not upon the whole been a decided success?

Publisher. Well, it's useless to conceal the fact, that from a mere base material point of view, the publication of *The Boiling of Benjamin* has not quite answered our expectations. In fact, we have lost a couple of thousand pounds over it. But (more cheerfully) what of that? It is a pleasure to lose money over introducing good work to the public; a positive privilege to be sacrificed on such an altar as *The Boiling of Benjamin*. So say no more on that head!

U. U. Novelist (enthusiastically). Good and generous man! But I will say more! You recollect that the terms you made with me were a thousand pounds down, and a hundred pounds a month for life or until the copyright expired?

Publisher (groaning slightly). Oh, yes! I remember it very well. *U. U. Novelist.* And that I have already received cheques for one thousand and five hundred pounds, without your mentioning a word about the loss you have been nobly and silently enduring?

Publisher. An agreement's an agreement, and you are only experiencing one result of the beneficial system of royalties.

U. U. Novelist. Quite so! But if there is to be division of profits, there should be division of losses as well. So (taking out cheque-book, and hurriedly writing in it) there! Not a word of thanks! It's merely repaying you the fifteen hundred I've received, with another thousand to compensate you for the loss on production.

Publisher (melted into tears). Oh, thanks, thanks! You have averted ruin from my starving little ones! And if you should wish to bring out any other work of— He is gone, to escape my gratitude! (Takes up cheque.) By far the best thing he ever wrote!

(Curtain.)

POLITICAL PARALLEL.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declared the other day the Government were in a hole. Was it in reference to this that the Duke of ARGYLL spoke in the Lords of Lord ROSEBERRY'S "Pitt"?

A GLASS TOO MUCH (FOR OUTSIDERS LAST WEDNESDAY).—*Isinglass.*

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE II. — *Same as preceding.* Mr. TOOVEY is slowly recovering from the mental collapse produced by the mention of the word "Eldorado."

Mrs. Toovey. ALTHEA is out of the room, Pa, so there is no reason why you should not speak out plainly.

Mr. Toovey (to himself). No reason—oh! But I must say something. If only I knew whether it was my Eldorado—but, no, it's a mere coincidence! (*Aloud—shakily.*) CHARLES, my boy, you—you've shocked me very much indeed, as you can see. But, about the name of this establishment, now—isn't it a curious one for—for a music-hall, CHARLES? M—mightn't it be confused with—well—say a mine, now?

Mrs. T. THEOPHILUS, this is scarcely the tone—. I expected you to give this misguided boy a solemn warning of the ruin he may incur by having anything to do with such a haunt.

Mr. T. (to himself). Ah, I'm afraid I'm only too well qualified to do that. (*Aloud.*) I do, CHARLES, I do—though at the same time, I can quite understand how one may, unwittingly—I mean, you might not be aware of—

Mrs. T. You, Pa, of all people in the world, trying to find excuses for his depravity! The very name of the place is enough to indicate its nature!

Mr. T. (*hastily*). No, my love, surely not. There I think you go too far—too far altogether!

Mrs. T. I appeal to Mr. CURPHEW to say whether such a place is a proper resort for any young man.

Curphew (to himself). Wish I was well out of this! (*Aloud.*) I—I really don't feel qualified to give an opinion, Mrs. Toovey. Many young men do go to them, I believe.

Charles (to himself). Is this chap a prig, or a humbug? I'll draw him. (*Aloud.*) I suppose, from that, you never think of going yourself?

Mrs. T. Mr. CURPHEW's tastes are rather different from yours, CHARLES. I am very sure that he is never to be seen among the audience at any music-hall, are you, Mr. CURPHEW?

Curph. (to himself). Could I break it to her gently, I wonder. (*Aloud.*) Never—my professional duties make that impossible.

Charles (to himself). I knew he was a muff! (*Aloud.*) I should have thought you could easily get a pass to any place you wanted to go—in your profession.

Curph. (to himself). He suspects something. (*Aloud.*) Should you? Why?

Charles. Oh, as you're on a newspaper, you know. Don't they always have a free pass for everywhere?

Curph. If they have, I have never had occasion to make use of it.

Charles. Well, of course you may turn up your nose at music-halls, and say they're not intellectual enough for you.

Curph. Pardon me, I never said I turned up my nose at them, though you'll admit they don't profess to make a strong appeal to the intellect.

Charles. If they did, you wouldn't catch me there. But I can tell you, it's not so bad as you seem to think; every now and then they get hold of a really good thing. You might do worse than drop into the El. or the Val., the Valhalla, you know, some evening—just to hear WALTER WILDFIRE.

Curph. Much obliged; but I can't imagine myself going there for such a purpose.

Mrs. T. CHARLES, if you suppose Mr. CURPHEW would allow himself to be corrupted by a boy like you—

Charles. But look here, Aunt. WALTER WILDFIRE's all right—he is really; he was a gentleman, and all that, before he took to this sort of thing, and he writes all his own songs—and ripping they

are, too! His line is the Broken-down Plunger, you know. (*Mrs. T. repudiates any knowledge of this type.*) He's got one song about a Hansom Cabby who has to drive the girl he was engaged to before he was broke, and she's married some other fellow since, and has got her little daughter with her, and the child gives him his fare, and—well, somehow it makes you feel choky when he sings it. Even Mr. CURPHEW couldn't find anything to complain of in WALTER WILDFIRE!

Althea (*who has entered during this speech*). Mamma, I can't find your spectacles anywhere. Mr. CURPHEW, who is this WALTER WILDFIRE CHARLES is so enthusiastic about?

Mrs. T. (*hastily*). No one that Mr. CURPHEW knows anything of—and certainly not a fit person to be mentioned in your hearing, my dear, so let us say no more about it. Supper must be on the table by this time; we had better go in, and try to find a more befitting topic for conversation. CHARLES, have the goodness to put this—this disgraceful paper in your pocket, and let me see no more of it. I shall get your Uncle to speak to you seriously after supper.

Mr. T. (*aloud, with alacrity*). Yes, my love, I shall certainly speak to CHARLES after supper—very seriously. (*To himself.*) And end this awful uncertainty!

Curph. (*to himself, as he follows to the Dining-room*). "Not a fit person to be mentioned in her hearing!" I wonder. Would she say the same if she knew? When shall I be able to tell her? It would be madness as yet.

SCENE III. — *The Study.* Mr. TOOVEY and CHARLES are alone together. Mr. TOOVEY has found it impossible to come to the point.

Charles (*looking at his watch*). I say, Uncle, I'm afraid I must trouble you for that wiggling at once, if I'm going to catch my train back. You've only seven-and-a-half minutes left to exhort me in, so make the most of it.

Mr. T. (*with embarrassment*). Yes, CHARLES, but—I don't wish to be hard on you, my boy—we are all liable to err, and—and, in point of fact, the reason I was a little upset at the mention of the Eldorado is, that a very dear old friend of mine, CHARLES, has lately lost a considerable sum through investing in a Company of the same name—and, just for the moment, it struck me that it might have been the music-hall—which of course is absurd, eh?

Charles. Rather! He couldn't possibly have lost it in the music-hall, Uncle; it's ridiculous!

Mr. T. (*relieved*). Just what I thought. A man in his—ah—responsible position—oh no. But he's lost it in this other Company.

And they've demanded a hundred and seventy-five pounds over and above the five hundred he paid on his shares. Now you know the law. Can they do that, CHARLES? Is he legally liable to pay?

Charles. Couldn't possibly say without knowing all the facts. It's a Limited Company, I suppose?

Mr. T. I—I don't know, CHARLES, but I can show you the official document which—ah—happens to be in my hands. I'm afraid I didn't examine it very carefully—I was too upset. (*He goes to his secrétaire, and returns with a paper, which he offers for CHARLES's inspection.*) You won't mind my covering up the name? My—my friend wouldn't care for it to be seen—I'm sure.

Charles (*glances at the top of the paper, and roars with laughter*). I say, Uncle, your friend must be a jolly old juggins!

Mr. T. (*miserably*). I don't think he could be described as jolly just now, CHARLES.

Charles. No, but I mean, not all there, you know—trifle weak in the upper story.

Mr. T. (*with dignity*). He never professed to be a man of business, CHARLES, any more than myself, and his inexperience was shamefully abused—most shamefully!

Charles. Abused! But look here, Uncle, do you mean to say you don't see that this is a dividend warrant!



"If I were you, I wouldn't mention this to Aunt."

Mr. T. I believe that is what they call it. And—and is he bound to send them a cheque for it at once, CHARLES?

Charles. Send them a cheque? Great SCOTT! Why it is a cheque! They're paying him. It's the half-yearly dividend on his five hundred, at the rate of seventy per cent. And he was going to— Oh, Lord!

Mr. T. (rising, and shaking C.'s hands with effusion). My dear CHARLES; how can I thank you? If you knew what a load you've taken off my mind! Then the Company isn't bankrupt—it's paying seventy per cent. Why, I needn't mind telling your Aunt. (With restored complacency.) Of course, my boy, I have never occupied myself with City matters—but, none the less, I believe I can trust my natural shrewdness—I had a sort of instinct, CHARLES, from the first, that that mine was perfectly sound. I knew I could trust LARKINS.

Charles. You, Uncle! Then it was you who was your friend all the time? Oh, you're really too rich, you know!

Mr. T. I have never desired it; but it will certainly be a very useful addition to our—ah—modest income, CHARLES. But you should check yourself, my boy, in this—ah—immoderate laughter. There is nothing that I can see to cause such mirth in the fact of your Uncle's having made a fortunate investment in a gold-mine.

Charles (as soon as he can speak). But it ain't a mine, Uncle, it—it's the music-hall! Give you my word it is. If you don't believe me, look at the address on the warrant, and you'll see it's the same as on this programme. You're a shareholder in the Eldorado Palace of Varieties, Piccadilly!

Mr. T. (falling back). No, CHARLES! I—I acquired them in the most perfect innocence!

Charles. Innocence! I'd back you for that against an entire Infant School, Uncle. But I say, I must be off now. If I were you, I wouldn't mention this to Aunt. And look here. I'd better leave you this. (He hands him the Eldorado programme.) It's more in your line than mine now. (He goes out, and is heard chuckling in the hall and down to the front gate.)

Mr. T. (alone). That ribald, unfeeling boy! What a Sunday I've had! And how am I ever to tell CORNELIA now? (A bell rings.) That's to call the servants up to prayers. (He stuffs the programme into his pocket hastily, and rises.) No, I can't. I can't conduct family prayers with the knowledge that I'm a shareholder in—in a Palace of Varieties! I shall slip quietly off to bed.

Phoebe (entering). Missus wished me to tell you she was only waiting for you, Sir.

Mr. T. PHOEBE, tell your mistress I'm feeling poorly again, and have gone to bed. (To himself.) If I could only be sure I don't talk in my sleep!

END OF SCENE III.

A (FREQUENTLY) RISING M.P.—Mr. T. G. BOWLES is quite "a new boy" in the House, yet has he none of the diffidence of most other new boys. His continuous questions and his easy oratory will win for him the styles and titles of "The Flowing BOWLES" and "The Sparkling BOWLES." If Mr. P. adopts him as a frequent and favourite subject for an object lesson, such as were SIBTHORPE and some others in past times, he may attain the very highest position as "BOWLES of Punch."



BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Son of the House (who wishes to say something polite about our friend's astounding shooting, but who cannot patten with the truth). "I SHOULD THINK YOU WERE AWFULLY CLEVER AT BOOKS, SIR!"

the opponents to the Public Baths and Wash-house Bill, which it will be remembered passed through the Committee stage with the assistance of a cavalry regiment and three batteries of artillery.

Friday.—The Budget has disappointed both the fleet and the army, the combined forces have taken possession of the capital, and the Government is practically overturned.

Saturday.—Matters are still unsettled. The capital is still in possession of the insurgents. The Premier has been released on condition that he promises to bring in a Bill for the improvement of the Law of Bankruptcy early next Session. It is rumoured that a body of fresh troops are on their way to the metropolis in charge of a measure for the Abolition of Tithes, which they desire to carry through the Upper House at the point of the bayonet.

Sunday.—The Admiral commanding the fleet, having proclaimed himself Dictator, attended church in state. On his way back to his palace he was surrounded by the troops, and, after a tough engagement, was forced to retire to his flag-ship with heavy loss. The garrison would have attended the afternoon service *en grande tenue* had not the fleet opened fire upon the recently evacuated cathedral. In spite of recent events the populace still exhibit uneasiness.

FINE SUBJECT FOR HEROIC HISTORICAL CARTOON.—"TOMMY" BOWLES challenging a division." Imagine it! Grand! but unfortunately the subject too late for pictorial treatment by one of Mr. P.'s young men this week. Think how many would go to make up a "Division"! Remember that TOMMY is but a Unit. "Unit is strength," says T. G. B.

THE UNEXPECTED.—Youthful Hereditary Legislator (seen for the first time in the neighbourhood of Westminster last week, inquires of Policeman). "Aw—can you—ar—direct me to the—aw—House of Lords?"

POLITICS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(From our Special Correspondent on the Spot.)

Monday.—Everyone is afraid that the action of the Government in imposing a tax upon cycles will have serious effects. Although the fleet do not use the carriages thus surcharged, it is not unlikely the armour-plated cruiser *Impartial* may threaten to bombard the capital. Altogether the situation is critical.

Tuesday.—My fears were well-founded. The capital has been bombarded, but not on account of the cycle tax, but to show that the commander of the armour-plated cruiser *Impartial* objects to the proposed equalisation of Poor Rates. Fortunately the Government torpedo-catcher *Cupid* was able to beat off the *Impartial* before serious damage could be done. Still, the question of the acquisition of the telegraphs is causing much excitement amongst the army.

Wednesday.—My worst fears are realised. The General in command of the garrison has made the Church Tithes question a *casus belli*. As the Government insisted upon proceeding with the second reading, the General thought it his duty to set fire to all the public offices. This is considered to be an extreme step by many important members of the Opposition.

Thursday.—This morning dense bodies of troops arrived opposite the House of Representatives, with a view to bringing pressure to bear upon



SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

Wandering Minstrel. "GURLS! I'M A DOOCID FINE CHA-APPLE!" &C., &C.

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY!"

[Mr. GLADSTONE has gone on a visit to Mr. GEORGE ARMITSTEAD, at Black Craig Castle, Perthshire. Mr. HENRY GLADSTONE stated that the Prime Minister would receive no deputations, and that the holiday would be purely recuperative.]

Pensive Premier museth:—

PURELY recuperative! Ah! precisely. Leave me alone, and I shall manage nicely. How the bees boom amidst the purple heather! Better than BOWLES and BARTLEY! (*Yawn.*)

Wonder whether They're "booming" still about Sir WILLIAM's head;

Buz-wuz! Buz-wuz! And raspy RUSSELL, red

With Orange rage, shakes he a fowzled Creaks he continual challenge, spear in rest? Wags he a menacing fore-finger still

At me through stout Sir WILLIAM? Poor Sir WILL!

How he'd like *this*! How little he likes Purely recuperative! Here I've sat

Since luncheon—ruminating, reading, napping,

Thank heaven I cannot hear Lord KELVIN CASTLETOWN's callow clap-trap. All is still.

There's nothing near I wish to stalk or kill. Like Melancholy *Jagues*, I can note

The branchy antlers and the dappled coat Of "poor sequestered stag," and yet not yearn.

To—make him venison. Yon brabbling burn Makes mellower music in my Scottish ears.

Then the MACALLUM's slogan. How the cheers

Of SALISBURY must have fired him as he smote; Hacked at my character, hewed at my throat

Like "sullen spearsman" upon Flodden field. The claymore, like his sires, he loved to wield.

They lost their heads he says, for England's weal.

And he—well, has he not lost *his*?

The mellow moorland air, gorse-scented, bland

With heather odour, soothes me, like the Of gentle woman on an angry brow.

Were the great-little Scotsman with me now, Like proud MCGREGOR on his native heath.

Breathing pure-scented, honey-laden breath, How his cock-nose would drop, his flaming crest

Droop and unruffle! He's a scold confest, A pedagogue incarnate; horn-book, tawse.

Cramming and chastisement, not making laws,

His talent and his temperament best befit. Yet—once he lent his eloquence and wit

To aid the man he now maligns. Ah, me! "Tricky!"—"corrupt!" What arrant fiddle-de-dee

It sounds—upon these moors, beneath the Of unpolluted skies!

HOMER, to you I turn. ACHILLES in his wrath could rage,

But scarce would stoop the wordy war to wage

With poisoned epithet and shrewish flout Like scorpion-tongued THERESITES.

Here, no doubt, By Black Craig Castle party wasps would turn

To honey-hiving bees. Oh, tinkling burn, You set my soul to music. HONEST JOHN,

Valiant Sir WILLIAM, you must still fight on A little longer. Would ye both were here.

ARMITSTEAD's guests, like me, like me with cheer

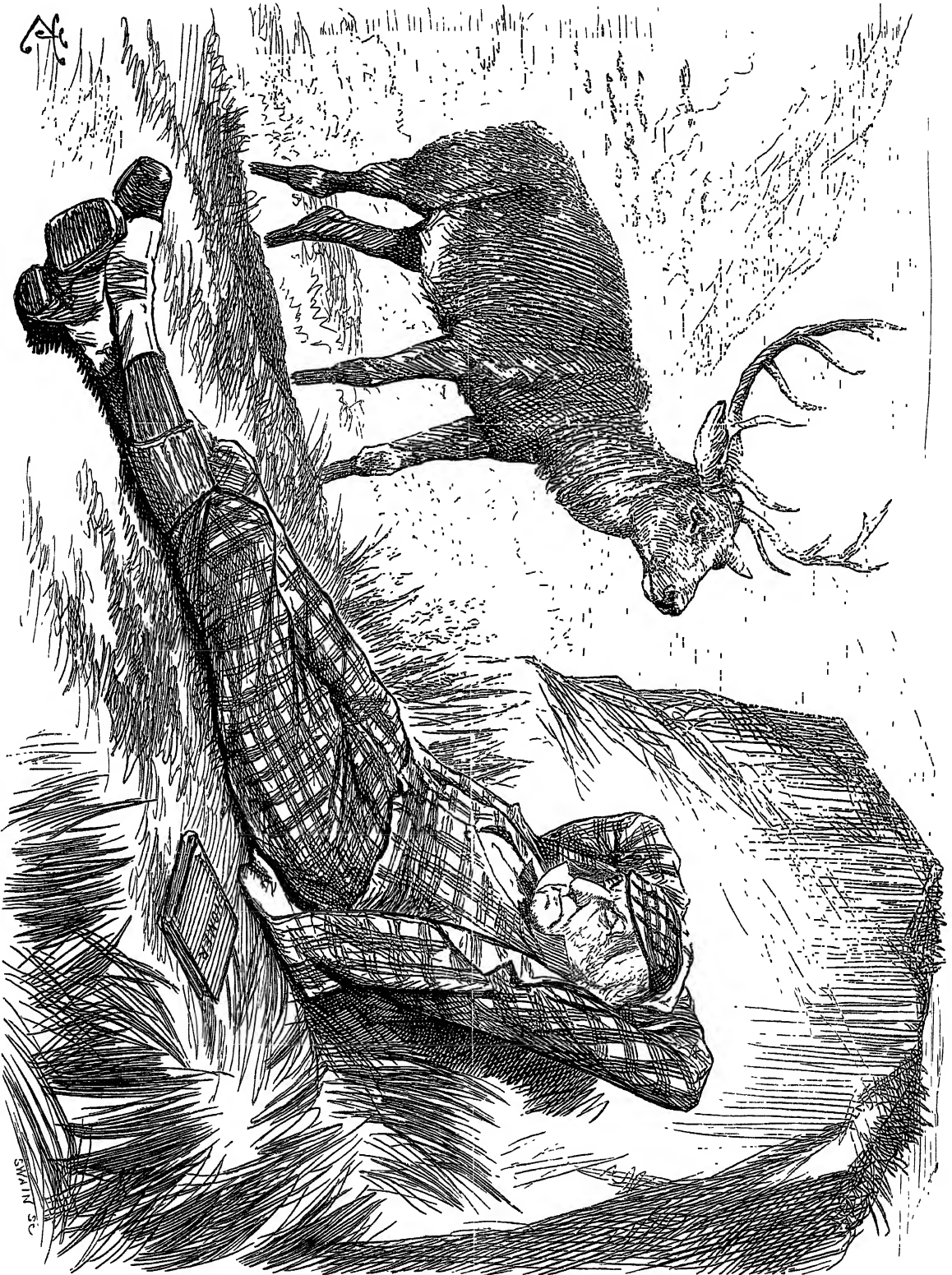
"Purely recuperative" holiday To take—"Over the Hills and Far Away!"

[Left loling like a Lotus-eater.

AN OLD FRIEND DUE NORTH.

For a really humorous drawing commend me to the picture in the *Daily Graphic* of Saturday, September 9, representing "the civic procession to the luncheon given to Lord and Lady ABERDEEN by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool." The stately party is preceded by a Piper—of course, it is his worship the Mayor and common councillors who pay the piper and call the tune on this occasion—who is stepping out jauntily. But notice his glance; notice the Mayor's expression as he tries to prevent himself laughing, and hides one eye with the sword of State; notice Lord and Lady ABERDEEN, the latter looking a trifle annoyed, while his Lordship is struggling with painfully suppressed merriment. What is it that has nearly upset their gravity and spoil the procession? The explanation is at hand. On the left of the picture in the foreground stands, *en evidence* it is true, but with a reverential air as of one who knows his place in society and keeps it, our old friend and contributor, *Robert the Waiter*!! It must be he. It is the very man, unless he has a Scotch double, or unless he was born a twin, and the other ROBERT was a Scotchman. There he is. Get the paper and see.

NOAH'S ARK MASONRY.—For the first time Mr. Punch, G.A.U.W.G.M., and Past Grand Everybody, met with mention of the "Royal Ark Mariners." Do they belong to an offshoot, or rather an Olive Branch, of Free-Masonry? "There are 3980 of them," says the *Daily Telegraph*. Where do they meet? In an Ark? Do they enter in pairs? Of course, NOAH himself was a Mason, seeing that aboard his own vessel he was Sailing Master of the Craft.



“OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY!”

THE MAN IN THE SOUTH.

HAVING on some occasions during, I admit, the spring and autumn, spent a few days at Pinemonth on the South-Western Coast, and having had the enormous value of the place as an ultra salubrious health-restorer most energetically impressed upon me from time to time by such thoroughly disinterested persons as local members of the medical profession who, as a rule, took their holiday during the summer season, merely because they couldn't get the opportunity at any other time—a fact in itself going a long way (as they them-

selves did—to Switzerland and elsewhere) to prove the peculiar healthfulness of this seaside resort, and the place having been further highly recommended (by residents who, having houses to let for the summer, were quite disinterested) as quiet and delightfully refreshing, and having, in fact, heard all that could be said in favour of Pinemonth as a Summer Resort by those who had only the welfare of their dear friends at heart (and if such interest did put a little ready capital in their pockets through taking their dear friends' houses—where is the harm?), I, ROBINSON CRUSOE, Jun., "The Man of the First of August" (that being the beginning of my tenancy) determined on trying Pinemonth (a name that I find spelt with unparadonable familiarity in some local guide-books, thus—"P'm'th"—an abbreviation leaving the name scarcely a shred of its original character), and when I say so boldly, "I determined," any other Paterfamilias will at once know what that means.

Of course, directly "P'm'th" was decided upon, some of our friends shook their heads, others observed dubiously that "they had heard it wasn't such a very bad place in August," while the majority bade me farewell with forced cheeriness, expressed the heartiest hopes for our health and happiness in the new climate we were going to try, and in a general way our excellent friends and acquaintances were almost as enthusiastic and hopeful on the score of our enjoying ourselves and benefiting by the change, as were the American acquaintances of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Mark Tapley* when those two emigrants were starting for the great dismal swamp.

Finding that we had made all our arrangements, and had actually signed and sealed the bond, and delivered ourselves over into the hands of the "P'm'thians," our friends, who, as we subsequently ascertained, had never been near the place, or, if they had, had been there at a hopelessly wrong time, and had pitched their tents in an utterly wrong quarter, made ill-disguised attempts at speaking gently and kindly of "P'm'th," allowing that possibly "it might

not, at this time of year, be so hot as had been represented,"—a theory which, like one recently put forward by a tender-hearted theologian, was immediately placed in the *Index Expurgatorius* by the Inevitable Uncompromising One who professed a thorough knowledge of the climate, and who asserted that in this particular year, when the Summer had been abnormally hot and was going to be more abnormally hot than ever, we should find "P'm'th" absolutely unbearable.

But, as the adventurous hero of "*Excelsior*" would listen to nobody, so I (representing "we") refused to hear the prognosticators of woe, and adhered manfully to my purpose. In the very hottest season, when the thermometer in every London house went so high that it had to be deluged with wholesome antiseptic Condiment, and doors and windows were everywhere left open so as to obtain a through draught,—for people lived on draughts of all sorts in those doggiest of dog-days and on little else,—we, that is all the CRUSOES, were seated in our garden looking on to the heather and the sea, open to all the winds of heaven—and getting one of them, the south-east, blowing softly and sweetly across our south-western height. Gracefully and gratefully we arose to play tennis, and sat down again after the evening meal to take our coffee and cigarettes. Bless thee, P'm'th! thou art delicious! thou art refreshing! Hot in the hottest August ever known thou certainly art, that is, at mid-day, down in your valley and your town! But up above on the Western Heights,



Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Junior, deciding on where to spend his few weeks' holiday.

looking across an expanse of purple and yellow, uninclosed by firs, pines, or larches, on to the broad expanse of the deep blue sea, thou art all my fancy painted thee, thou art cucumber in thy coolness! and as I think of Royat and Aix-les-Bains I smile a smile of gentle pitying wonder, and almost feel inclined to piously pray for all poor bodies suffering from the canicular heat, whether London doth still hold them in its toils, or stifling, smelling Continental cities, are causing them to sigh for the balmy breezes of Old England.

Thus then is it that "P'm'th"—that is "Pinemonth" in its abbreviated form—is the place about which, as being comparatively unknown at this season of the year, I beg to offer to *Mr. Punch*, and through him to the world at large, for the ultimate benefit of way-worn travellers, a few notes representing an uncommonly pleasant experience, which, by the kind permission of "*Mr. P'm'th*" aforesaid, shall be "continued in our next" by

"THE MAN IN THE SOUTH."

A WORD TO THE WEATHERWISE.

[*Sir John Bridge*: Don't you think there is a great deal of chance as to the weather we are to have to-morrow? *Mr. Muir Mackenzie*: No. *Sir John Bridge*: The mass of mankind think there is. *Mr. Muir Mackenzie*: Unfortunately the mass of mankind are very ignorant.—Bow Street Police Court, Wednesday, September 6.]

OH, MR. MUIR MACKENZIE! we're right glad
To hear this news of meteorology.
Farewell to all the many doubts we've had,
The thing's as easy now as A B C.
You know to-morrow's weather at a glance,
So, though we would not willingly o'ertask you,
When next we seek the weather in advance,
We'll simply drop a letter-card to ask you.

A CURE.—"No," said Mrs. R., after some consideration, "although I do feel a touch of rheumatism now and then, yet I do not fancy going abroad for treatment. There's some place where you drink waters and take a bath, and then are tucked up in bed for the remainder of the day. It's in Germany, I fancy, and I think they call the place *Underdelinen*."

A HINT.

You read my verse; the praises
you bestow
Can make innocuous the critic's
Vain his attack, unfelt his
shrewdest blow,
You read my verse.
You like the rhymes; think not
their writer worse
If just one hint he cannot well

The bard, to put it in a manner
terse,
Does not exist on praise alone,
you know,
And sympathy can hardly fill his
purse;—
You borrow, and you do not
buy, although
You read my verse!

"GONE NAP!"—It is all up with Mr. G.! The distinguished M.P. for St. Pancras, in whose lineaments *Mr. Punch* traced a marked resemblance to the features of the Great Emperor of the French, and there and thenceforth raising him from the rank of Mr. PELL as he was formerly known, immediately christening him "NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY" (with likeness drawn by LIKA-JOKO), even he has joined the Unionist Opposition. He is no longer "Going Nap," he has gone. Doubtless, Conservatives have their eye on him: but NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY is too wary to be caught "napping."



INEXPENSIVE HOSPITALITY.

Fussy Wife. "MY DEAR, WHAT COULD HAVE INDUCED YOU TO INVITE ALL THOSE PEOPLE? WHY, OUR LITTLE DINING-ROOM WON'T HOLD THEM! AND FOR A SUNDAY, TOO!!"

Sagacious Husband. "MY DEAR, DON'T FUSS YOURSELF! THERE IS A SORT OF A 'DON'T-DINE-OUT-ON-A-SUNDAY' LOOK ABOUT THEM WHICH MADE IT PERFECTLY SAFE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 4.—What happened to-night in connection with the Blameless BARTLEY, Bart., should have useful effect in checking the tendencies of the censorious. Having settled business arrangements by moving Resolution, Mr. G. skipped out of House to pack up for his journey to Scotland. No boy at end of term more eager for holiday; none more thoroughly earned. In heat of discussion going forward on details of Resolution Mr. G.'s departure not generally noticed. Only one faithful eye—or, to be precise, a couple—followed his passage behind SPEAKER'S chair. Eyes dimmed with tears. For months, from early February to these young September days, BARTLEY, Bart., has sat opposite Mr. G., has, so to speak, lived in his large and magnificent eye. Now association about to be dissevered by withdrawal of the stately accents from Treasury Bench. And only the other day he had referred to BARTLEY as "the Hon. Baronet"!

For a while BARTLEY, Bart., sat silent and sorrowing. If it had been the custom to wear sackcloth on the Opposition benches, and any ashes had been handy, he would undoubtedly have endeavoured to discover what secret consolation their use conveys. Nothing of the kind to be had on the premises. After brooding for a while, he up and spoke. "Where's the PRIME MINISTER?" he cried aloud. House hardly recognised in this wailing voice the stern accents with which it is familiar from the same quarter. "It is not proper that the House should sit without the PRIME MINISTER."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD (after all a kind-hearted man, quick to sympathy) endeavoured to comfort the Bereaved. "Not proper," he exclaimed, "for House to sit without presence of PRIME MINISTER! Why, for six years we had no Prime Minister here."

"That's all very well, but," as BARTLEY, still weeping for the PREMIER and not to be comforted, subsequently observed to Admiral

FIELD, "you can't mend a broken heart by a quip." HANBURY and TOMMY BOWLES did their best to soothe him; walked him up and down the Terrace; gave him a cup of tea, a bottle of smelling salts, and a cabinet portrait of Mr. G. But it was only late at night, when House had got into Committee, he so far recovered as to move to reduce a vote by £100, in order to plead for some amelioration of the lot of the Treasury Valuer.

Business done.—Arrangements completed for Autumn Session.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Remember one night in years gone by, whilst HARTINGTON was still with us in the Commons, he interrupted one of his own speeches by a portentous yawn. Complimented him on the feat; few men, I said, would have the pluck to do it; might yawn at other people's speeches, but never at their own.

"Ah, TOBY," said COUNTY GUY, "you don't know how dem'd dull the speech was. You only had to listen to some of it. I had to deliver it all."

Thought of this to-night listening to old friend in Lords, now scarcely disguised as Duke of DEVONSHIRE. Spoke for nearly two hours. Those who read it will find speech admirable; one of the best, most weighty, indictments of Home Rule and the tactics that have brought it into position of Ministerial measure. But alack! for those who heard it, or, at least, sat through the two hours; not many, all told; an hour enough for THE MACULLUM MORE; other Peers on both sides of House folded their tents like the Arab, and as silently stole away. The MARKISS gallantly kept his place, sitting for some time with closed eyes, the better to concentrate his attention. PRINCE ARTHUR and JOEY C.—lovely in the Commons, in the Lords not divided—stood sturdily on either side of the Throne. "The Lion and the Unicorn supporting the Crown," said ROSEBERRY, glancing across at them.

For the ladies in the gallery, mothers and daughters, DEVONSHIRE not so attractive a *parti* as was HARTINGTON. Still, he is a pillar of



L I K A J O K O

LAST WEEK.

Possible but improbable Scene in the Upper House, which perhaps Mr. John B. Russ, M.P., may "regret he did not see."

the Union, a brand snatched from the burning pile to which the wicked hand of Mr. G. applied the traitorous torch. So they sat and listened—half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, an hour. Then was heard the light rustle of dainty dresses; doors softly opened along the Gallery; for a moment a fair figure stood framed in it, with guilty glance around to see if she was observed; then, with winning “back-in-five-minutes” look on innocent face, she hastily stepped out.

The Duke saw none of these things nor cared for them. He had a duty to perform, and long before OLD MORALITY was heard of, the CAVENTISHES did their duty. He plodded on through the melancholy night; stolidly turning over the pages of his notes; stubbornly repressing a growing tendency to yawn; catching his voice up when it wearily sank to the level of his boots; making most pathetic effort to keep it going. Usually it fell away at the end of the third or fourth sentence, to be pulled up with harsh jerk at commencement of one that followed. A good man struggling with the adversity of having to make a speech on a topic harried to death in the other House through course of over eighty days.

“Yes,” said the Member for Sark, waking up from gentle slumber indulged in in corner seat at end of Gallery; “but why didn’t he halve his adversity? If he’d been content with an hour we should all have been grateful, and he would have been spared a moiety of his anguish.”

Business done.—Second Reading of Home-Rule Bill moved in House of Lords.

Thursday.—Again a crowded assembly in Lords to-night to hear its most brilliant Member. The Bishops, in great force, clustered, a group of fluttering white lawn, on right of Woolsack. “The white flower of a blameless Parliamentary life,” the MARKISS says of them. Not an inch of red benches visible on Opposition side. Even Ministerial benches full, though, as was made clear in course of debate, not all who sit there are Ministerialists. ROSEBERRY, looking

too, now and then falls into habit of dropping end of sentence. This the less excusable, since none of them are heavy. A clever speech, scarcely obscuring what seems to be difficult position. “Dancing among the eggs,” is BALFOUR OF BURGHLEY’s commentary. Of all listeners in the brilliant throng none so attentive as the MARKISS Seems, on the whole, to like speech better than does SPENCER.

“Reminds me, TOBY,” MARKISS says, “of what LOVELACE wrote to LUCASTA, ‘on going to the wars.’ How does it run?”

I could not love
Home Rule so
much
Loved I not GLAD-
STONE more.”

In the Commons pegging away at estimates; occasional explosions; JOSEPH, popping in from Lords, said a few genial words just to keep matters going, and disappeared again. Came back after midnight in time to have a round with SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Uneasy feeling prevalent consequent on announcement made early in sitting that charwoman employed in service of House has died of cholera. This regarded as being exceedingly inconsiderate. Questions usually every day about cholera at Grimsby and Hull. That all very well; an incident possible to regard with philosophical mind. But cholera in our own kitchen quite another sort of microbe.

“I’m a family man,” said COBB. “It’s no use denying it, and I will not attempt it. Was thinking of staying to see this out; begin to think the Session unduly prolonged. In short, if I may quote an old proverb adapted to the occasion, I would say, When cholera comes in by the window COBB goes out by the door.” *Business done.*—Third night Home-Rule debate in Lords. Supply in Commons.

Saturday, 1 A.M.—All up with Little Bill-ee. His worst fears are realised. Whilst Captain WILLIUM has been having a quiet, restful time among the heather, Guzzling BOB and Gorging HARTY have worked their wicked will on the Innocent. Snicker-sees have been drawn; blows have been dealt; the hunger of Ulster has been satisfied; Little Bill-ee has been killed and eaten.

“Just so,” said the LORD CHANCELLOR from behind his wig; “a meal eagerly partaken of. Now we’ve nothing to do but to wait awhile, and see how it agrees with them. You remember, TOBY, the letters engraved on the tomb of her late husband by the sorrowing widow in Ohio?”

S. Y. L.

“See you later,” she explained to inquiring friends, was its portent. S. Y. L., Little Bill-ee, S. Y. L.!”

Business done.—Lords throw out Home-Rule Bill by 419 Votes against 41.

Sartorial.

“NAKED and not ashamed” our “Interests” stand,
“Scourge of our Toil, monopolist of our Land!”
So someone says. But ’twill be found, if tested,
These “naked” interests are mostly vested.

A REAL “MAYOR’S NEST.”—The platform (presided over by the Mayor of Bristol) on the occasion of the opening of the Bristol Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition. (See Illustrated Papers *passim*.)

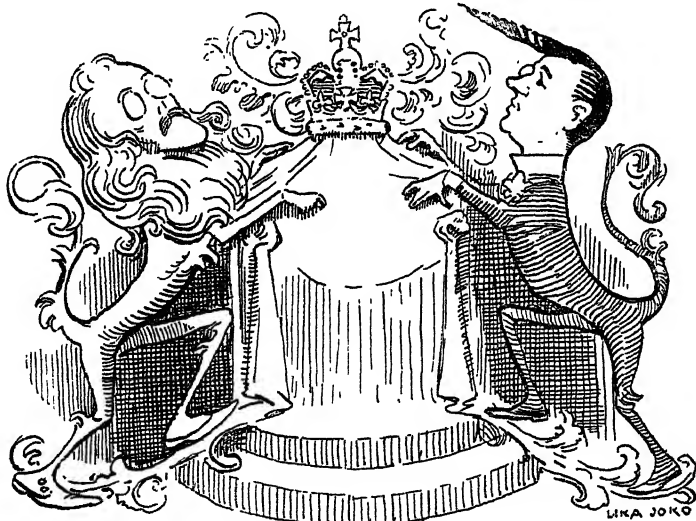
MOTTO FOR A MAN REPRIEVED FROM THE GALLOWES.—No noose is good news!



The Devonshire Yawn.



“Finished.”



Supporting the Crown.

more boyish than ever, sat amid the elders on Front Bench; makes no sign of intention to follow SELBORNE; takes no note nor betrays other evidence of uneasiness. SELBORNE preaches for hour and half. Understood to be sermon worthy of his fame; we Commoners in gallery over bar could hear only fragmentary portions of sentences. Reported that SELBORNE had lost his notes; Member for Sark recognises most kindly interposition of Providence.

“If he speaks for hour and half with only recollection of his notes where would he have been if he had them?” Must get WEIR to put that conundrum to CHANCELLOR of the Exchequer.

Grateful to ROSEBERRY, since at least we can hear him, though he,

"PAINLESS DENTISTRY."

(A Story for the Long Vacation.)

ALTHOUGH professional engagements (not wholly unconnected with the holding of high judicial office in the Tropics) have recently prevented me from contributing to the paper which specially represents Bench and Bar, I have never lost sight of the fact that when I



have a duty to perform, the pages of *Punch* are open to me. Under these circumstances I find myself once again writing to the familiar address, and signing myself, as of yore, with the old name, and the ancient head-quarters. I must confess that although I date this communication from Pump-Handle Court, I am, as a matter of fact, staying at Callerherring, a health resort greatly patronised by all patients of that eminent doctor Sir PETER TWITWILLOW.

It is unnecessary to describe a place so well known to all lovers of the picturesque. I may hint that the far-famed view of twelve Scotch, Irish,

and Welsh counties, and the Channel and the Atlantic Ocean, can still be enjoyed by those who ascend Mount MacHaggis, and that the *table-d'hôte* at the Royal Hibernian Hotel yet costs, with its seven courses, five-and-sixpence. And now to perform my duty.

My son, GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT (he is christened after some professional friends of mine, in the hope that at some distant date he may be assisted by them in the characters of good fairy godfathers in the profession to which it is hoped he may ornamentally belong), is extremely partial to sweetstuff. He is a habitual glutton of a sticky comestible known, I believe, in the confectionery trade as "Chicago Honey Shells." This toothsome (I have his word for the appropriateness of the epithet) edible he devours in large quantities, spending at times as much as five shillings to secure an ample store of an article of commerce generally bought in quantities estimated at the usually convenient rate of "two ounces for three halfpence."

It was after a long gastronomic debauch connected with Chicago Honey Shells that I noticed that GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT was suffering from a swollen face. My son, although evidently in great pain, declared that there was nothing the matter with him. However, as for three successive days he took only two helpings of meat and refused his pudding, I, in consultation with his mother, came to the conclusion that it was necessary to seek the advice of a local medical man. GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT raised objections to this course, but they were overruled.

"No, Sir, the doctor is not in. He's out for the day."

Such was the answer to my question put twice at the doors of two medical-looking houses with brass plates to match. On the second occasion I expressed so much annoyance that the servant quite sympathised with me.

"Perhaps Master SAMMY might do, Sir?" suggested the kind-hearted janitor.

On finding that "Master SAMMY" was a nephew of the owner of the house and a qualified medical man, I consented, and "Master SAMMY" was sent for. There was some little delay in his appearance, as, although the morning was fairly well advanced, he was not up. However, after making a possibly hasty toilette, he soon appeared. No doubt he was much older, but he looked about eighteen. He was very pleasant, and listened to my history of the case. He seemed, so it appeared to me, to recognise the Chicago Honey Shells as old acquaintances. It may have been my fancy, but I think he smacked his lips when I suggested that GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT had probably eaten five shillings' worth at a sitting.

"You see," I said, "he has had a bad face ever since; and as our dentist in town told us about a fortnight ago that sooner or later he must have a tooth out, I think this must be the one to which he referred. Won't you see?"

When, after some persuasion, GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT had been induced to open his mouth, "Master SAMMY" did see.

"Yes," observed the budding doctor, after he had looked into my lad's mouth as if it were a sort of curiosity from India that he was regarding for the first time, "yes, I think it ought to come out."

And armed with this opinion I asked my medical friend if he knew any one in Callerherring capable of performing the operation.

"Well, yes," he replied, after some consideration; "there's a nice little dentist round the corner. He's called Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG."

Then "Master SAMMY" smiled, and I felt sure that he and "the nice little dentist" must have quite recently been playing marbles together. Next came the question of the fee. "Master SAMMY" was disinclined to accept anything, evidently taking a low estimate of the value of his professional services. However, he ultimately said "Three-and-sixpence," and got the money. I would willingly have increased it to a crown had I not feared that the moment my back was turned "Master SAMMY" would have followed the example of GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT, and himself indulged in five shillings' worth of Chicago Honey Shells.

Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG lived in a rather fine-looking house, ornamented with an aged brass plate, suggesting that he had been established for very many years. A button opened the door, and, on my inquiring as to whether Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG was at home, promptly answered "Yes."

From the venerable appearance of the brass plate I had expected to see a rather elderly dentist, with possibly white hair and certainly spectacles; so I was rather taken aback when a dapper young fellow, who seemed about the age of "Master SAMMY," entered the waiting-room. The juvenile new-comer made himself master of the situation. He seized upon the jaw of poor trembling GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT, and declared that "it must come out."

"He'd better have gas," he observed. "But as I am full of engagements this morning, you really must let me fix a time."

Then he took out a pocket-book which I could not help noticing contained such items as "Soda-water-3s.," "Washing-5s.," and "Church collection-6d.," and placed our name and time amidst the other entries.

We kept our appointment. The buttons was in a state of excitement. Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG received us, and pointed to the gas apparatus with an air of triumph, as if he had had some difficulty in getting it entrusted to him in consequence of his youth. Then "Master SAMMY" made his appearance. He was going to administer the gas. It was a pleasant family party, and I felt quite parental. Had it not been for poor GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT's swollen face, I should have said to Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG, "Master SAMMY," my boy, and the buttons, "Here, lads, let us make a day of it. I will take you all to Madame TUSSAUX's and the Zoological Gardens."

"You have had the gas, haven't you?" said "Master SAMMY," who had been fumbling with the apparatus. "How do you put it on?"

Poor GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT, under protest, described the *modus operandi*. Then the mouth was opened, and "Master SAMMY" applied the gas. I am sorry to say he performed the operation rather clumsily, and my poor lad never "went off." GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT subsequently described every detail of the performance, and said that he had suffered excruciating pain. Then Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG went to work, and, after several struggles, got out a bit of tooth, and then another. Then GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT came to himself, and the usual comforts were supplied to him.

"I think there's a bit of the tooth still in the gum," said Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG; and then, after a pause, with the air of Jack Horner pulling out a plum, he produced an immense pair of forceps from the instrument drawer. "There," he added, triumphantly, as he exhibited another piece of ivory. "I told you so!"

GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT had now sufficiently recovered to complain bitterly of the pain he had suffered.

"Impossible," I observed; "remember this is *painless* dentistry."

I had not intended the remark as a witticism, but rather as a solace to the sufferer. Still, "Master SAMMY" and Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG accepted it as first-class waggery, and indulged in roars of laughter. Then the former took his departure. I found that I was indebted to the latter to the extent of 15s. 6d. I don't know how my dentist had arrived at the sum, but he said it with such determination that I could only offer a sovereign and receive the change.

"I want my tooth," said GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT, who is of an affectionate nature. "I want to give it to Mother."

Then Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG interposed. He desired to keep the tooth (in several pieces) himself. I understood him to say that he regarded it as a memorial of an initial victory—his first extraction.

"Dear me!" I exclaimed. "Why I thought you had been established at least twenty years, Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG."

"Well, to tell the truth," was the reply, "I am not Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG. He's away for the day, and I am taking his place!"

Then GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT and I bowed ourselves out. As I left the premises I fancied I heard the click of marbles. No doubt "Master SAMMY" and "Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG" had resumed the game our visit had interrupted. I was relieved to find myself safe from a fall caused perchance by one of their runaway hoops.

And now to perform my duty. I need scarcely say that it is to add my recommendation to that of Sir PETER TWITWILLOW anent Callerherring. You should not fail to visit the place, especially if you have a son suffering from "a raging tooth," that "must come out."

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, Temple, September, 1893.

THE THREE JOVIAL HUNSMEN.

(Latest Parliamentary Version.)

It's of three jovial huntsmen, an' a hunting they did go;
 An' they hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' they blew their horns also.
 Look ye there! [wind,
 An' one said, "Mind yo'r 'ayes,' and keep yo'r 'noes' well down th'
 An' then, by scent or seet, we'll leet on summat to our mind."
 Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the first thing they did find
 Was a tatter't boggart, in a field, an' that they left behind.
 Look ye there!
 One said it was a scarecrow, an' another he said "Nay";
 It's just the British Farmer, an' he seems in a bad way."
 Look ye there!



BRILLIANT SUGGESTION.

(Overheard at the Sea-side.)

She. "SO MUCH NICER NOW THAT ALL THE VISITORS HAVE GONE. DON'T YOU THINK SO?"

He. "YES, BY JOVE! SO JOLLY NICE AND QUIET! OFTEN WONDER THAT *EVERYBODY* DOESN'T COME NOW, WHEN THERE'S NOBODY HERE, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a gruntin', grindin' grindlestone, an' that they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was a grindlestone, another he said "Nay;
It's just th' owd Labour Question, which is always in the way."

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a bull-calf in a pinfold, an' that too they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was a bull-calf, an' another he said "Nay;
It is just a Rural Voter who has lately learned to bray."

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a two-three children leaving school, an' these they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said that they were children, but another he said "Nay;
They're Denominational-divvels, who want freedom *plus* State-pay."

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, and the next thing they did find
Was two street-spouters and a crowd, an' these they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said they were street-spouters, but another he said, "Nay;
They're just teetotal lunatics who on Veto want their say."

Look ye there!

They hunted an' they hallo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a dead sheep hanging by it's heels, an' that they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was Welsh Mutton, but another he said, "Nay;
It's the ghost of a Suspensory Bill; we'd better get away!"

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a fat pig boltin' thro' a hedge, an' that they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was an Irish hog, but another he said "Nay;
It's our plump, pet Home-Rule porker, which the Lords have
driven away!"

Look ye there!

So they hunted, an' they hollo'd, till the setting of the sun;
An' they'd nought to bring away at last, when th' huntin'-day
was done.

Look ye there!

Then one unto the other said, "This huntin' doesn't pay;
But we've powler 't up an' down a bit, an' had a rattlin' day."

Look ye there!

QUEER QUERIES.

PARSON AND PREMIER.—I see that a person who is called "the Episcopal Vicar of Blairgowrie" said that he would decline to shake hands with the PRIME MINISTER, in the utterly improbable event of the PRIME MINISTER wishing to shake hands with *him*. May I inquire how there can be a "Vicar of Blairgowrie" at all? Is not the Established Church in Scotland the Presbyterian one? I know that they have "Lord Rectors" up north, and so perhaps there are Rectors as well, but I never heard of a Lord Vicar. "The Lord Vicar of Blairgowrie" would sound rather well. But what would his Lord Bishop say? Can any genuine Scotchman kindly assist me in unravelling this puzzle?—SOUTHERN BODY.

OUR AUXILIARIES.—When are we likely to have a Minister of War who will do *real justice* to Officers of the Volunteers? I may say that I am thinking of becoming an Officer myself, and I fancy that the following inducements would be likely to bring in a fresh supply of these deserving men:—(1) Exemption from Taxes. (2) Ditto from Rates, and Serving on Juries. (3) More gold braid everywhere. (4) A Volunteer Captain to rank equal to a Lieutenant-General, and a Major of Volunteers equal to the Commander-in-Chief. (5) Retiring pension, and not less than six medals or decorations, after half a year's service. Do you think that there would be much good in my writing to Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and suggesting this?—MODEST MERIT.

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE IV.—An Up-platform at Clapham Junction.
TIME—Monday afternoon.

Curphew (to himself, as he paces up and down with a pre-occupied air). I ought to have been up at the Hilarity rehearsing hours ago. Considering all that depends on that play of mine—but there'll be time enough to pull *Fattery* together before Saturday. And this is the only chance I have of seeing ALTHEA for days. Her mother hinted last night that she was obliged to let her travel up to Waterloo alone, and if I *did* happen to be going up about this time—and of course I *do* happen to be. I must tell ALTHEA; I can't go on playing a part any longer. I felt such a humbug last night over that confounded Eldorado business. But if I'd revealed myself then as "Walter Wildfire, Comedian and Vocalist," those puritanical parents of hers would probably have both had a fit on the floor, and have kicked me out of the house as soon as they were sufficiently recovered! That's the worst of becoming intimate with a serious Evangelical family in the character of a hard-working journalist. I ought to have undeceived them, I suppose, but it was such a blessing to sink the shop—and besides, I'd seen ALTHEA. It would have been folly to speak until—but she must know now, I'll have no more false pretences. After all, there's no disgrace in being a music-hall singer. I've no reason to be ashamed of the means by which I've got my reputation. Ah! but she won't understand that—the name will be enough for her! And I can't blame her if she fails to see the glory of bringing whisky and water nightly to the eyes of an enraptured audience by singing serio-comic sentiment under limelight through clouds of tobacco-smoke. Heaven knows I'm sick enough of it, and if *Fattery* only makes a hit, I'd cut the profession at once. If I could only hear her say she—there she is—at last—and alone, thank goodness! I wish I didn't feel so nervous—I'm not likely to get a better opportunity. (Aloud, as he meets ALTHEA.) Mrs. TOOVEY said I might—can I get your ticket, or see after your luggage, or anything?

Althea. Oh, thank you, Mr. CURPHEW, but PHOEBE is doing all that.

Curph. (to himself, his face falling). That's the maid; then she's not alone! I must get this over now, or not at all. (Aloud.) Miss TOOVEY, I—I've something I particularly want to say to you; shall we walk up to the other end of the platform?

Alth. (to herself). It looks more serious than ever! Is he going to give me good advice? It's kind of him to care, but still— (Aloud.) Oh, but we shan't have time. See, there's our train coming up now. Couldn't you say it in the railway carriage? [The train runs in.]

Curph. (to himself). For PHOEBE's edification! No, I don't quite— (Aloud, desperately.) It—it's something that concerns—something I can't very well say before anyone else—there'll be another train directly—would you mind waiting for it?

Alth. (to herself). It's very mysterious. I should like to know what it can be! (Aloud.) I—I hardly know. I think we ought, perhaps, to—but this doesn't look a very nice train, does it?

Curph. (with conviction). It's a *deasily* train! One of the very worst they run, and full of the most objectionable people. It—it's quite noted for it.

Alth. (to PHOEBE, who hurries up with her hand-bag). No, never mind; I'm not going by this train, PHOEBE; we'll wait for a more comfortable one.

Phoebe. Very good, Miss. (To herself, as she retires.) Well, if that isn't downright barefaced—I don't know what it is! I hope they'll find a train to suit 'em before long, and not stay here picking and choosing all day, or I shan't get back in time to lay the cloth for dinner. But it's the way with all these quiet ones!



"He does mean that!"

Alth. Did you want to speak to me about last night, Mr. CURPHEW? Has my cousin CHARLES been getting into any mischief? I only came in afterwards; but you were looking so shocked about something. Was it because he had been to a theatre, and do you think that very wicked of him?

Curph. (to himself). I ought to manage to lead up to it now. (Aloud.) It was not a theatre exactly—it was—well, it was a music-hall.

Alth. Oh! but is there any difference?

Curph. Not much—between a music-hall and some theatres. At theatres, you see, they perform a regular play, with a connected plot—at least, some of the pieces have a connected plot. At a music-hall the entertainment is—er—varied. Songs, conjuring-tricks, ventriloquism, and—and that kind of thing.

Alth. Why, that's just like the Penny Readings at our Athenæum!

Curph. Well, I should hardly have—but I'm not in a position to say. (To himself.) I'm further off than ever!

Alth. It couldn't be *that*, then; for Papa has presided at Penny Readings himself. But CHARLES must have told him *something* that upset him, for he came down to breakfast looking perfectly haggard this morning. CHARLES had a long talk in the library with him last night after you left, and then Papa went to bed.

Curph. (to himself). I felt sure that fellow spotted me. So he's let the cat out to old TOOVEY! If I don't tell her now. (Aloud.) Did Mr. TOOVEY seem—er—annoyed?

Alth. He looked worried, and I believe he wanted to consult you.

Curph. (to himself). The deuce he did! (Aloud.) He mentioned me?

Alth. He talked of going round to see you, but Mamma insisted on his staying quietly indoors.

Curph. (to himself). Sensible woman, Mrs. TOOVEY! But I've no time to lose. (Aloud.) I think I can explain why he wished to see me. He has discovered my—my secret.

Alth. Have you a secret, Mr. CURPHEW? (To herself.) He can't mean *that*, and yet—oh, what am I to say to him?

Curph. I have. I always intended to tell him—but—but I wanted you to know it first. And it was rather difficult to tell. I—I risk losing everything by speaking.

Alth. (to herself). He does mean that! But I won't be proposed to like this on a railway platform; I don't believe it's proper; and I haven't even made up my mind! (Aloud.) If it was difficult before, it will be harder than ever now—just when another train is coming in, Mr. CURPHEW.

Curph. (angrily, as the train passes). Another—already! The way they crowd the traffic on this line is simply dis— But it's an express. It isn't going to stop, I assure you it isn't!

Alth. It has stopped. And we had better get in.

Phoebe. I don't know if you fancy the look of this train, Miss, but there's an empty first-class in front.

Curph. This train stops everywhere. We shall get in just as soon by the next—sooner in fact.

Alth. If you think so, Mr. CURPHEW, wait for it, but we really must go. Come, PHOEBE.

Phoebe. I only took a second for myself, Miss, not knowing you'd require—

Curph. (to himself). There's a chance still, if I can get a carriage to ourselves. (Aloud.) No, Miss TOOVEY, you must let me come with you. Your mother put you under my care, you know. (To PHOEBE.) Here, give me Miss TOOVEY's bag. Now, Miss TOOVEY, this way—we must look sharp. (He opens the door of an empty compartment, puts ALTHEA in, hands her the bag, and is about to follow when he is seized by the arm, and turns to find himself in the grasp of Mr. TOOVEY.) How do you do, Mr. TOOVEY? We—we are just off, you see.

Mr. Toovey (breathlessly). I—I consider I am very fortunate in

catching you, Mr. CURPHEW. I accidentally learnt from my wife that you were going up about this time—so I hurried down, on the bare chance of—

Curph. (impatiently). Yes, yes, but I'm afraid I can't wait now, Sir. I—Mrs. TOOVEY asked me to take care of your daughter—

Mr. Toov. ALTHEA will be perfectly safe. And I must have a few words with you at once on a matter which is pressing, Sir, very pressing indeed. ALTHEA will excuse you.

Alth. (from the window). Of course. You mustn't think of coming, Mr. CURPHEW. PHOEBE will look after me.

Curph. But—but I have an important engagement in Town myself!

Alth. (unkindly). You will get up quite as soon by the next train, Mr. CURPHEW, or even sooner—you said so yourself, you know! *(In an under-tone.)* Stay. I'd rather you did—you can tell me your secret when I come back.

The Guard. Vauxhall and Waterloo only, this train. Stand back there, please!

[He slams the door; the train moves on, leaving CURPHEW on the platform with Mr. TOOVEY.]

Curph. (to himself, bitterly). What luck I have! She's gone now—and I haven't told her, after all. And I'm left behind, to have it out with this old pump! *(Aloud.)* Well, Sir, you've something to say to me?

Mr. Toov. (nervously). I have—yes, certainly—only it—it's of rather a private nature, and—perhaps we should be freer from interruption in the waiting-room here.

Curph. (to himself). I wish I'd thought of that myself—earlier. Well, he doesn't seem very formidable; it strikes me I shan't find it difficult to manage him. *(Aloud.)* The waiting-room, by all means.

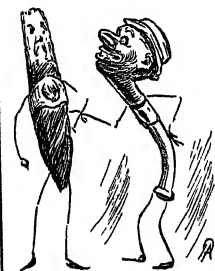
[He follows Mr. TOOVEY into the General Waiting-room, and awaits developments.]

END OF SCENE IV.

"DUE SOUTH!"

NOTE.—When I am travelling due South, as I am now, *per L. & S. W. R.*, to join my party, all I require may be summed up in the accompanying "*Mem.*," which is to this effect:—

Mem.—Give me a Pullman car, my favourite beverage, a good cigar, or an old pipe



charged with well-conditioned bird's-eye, an amiable companion possessed of sufficient ready money in small change, give me likewise a pack of playing cards, let the gods grant me more than average luck at écarté or spooft, and never can I regret the two hours and forty minutes occupied by the journey from "W't'r'o" to "P'm't'h."

To start with, the line to Pinemouth is one of those "lines" that have "fallen," in the pleasantest of "pleasant places." On a broiling summer's day you pass through a wide expanse of landscape, refreshingly painted in Nature's brightest water colours—plenty of colour, plenty of water. All over the sandy plains of Aldershot, boxes of toy soldiers, with white toy tents and the smartest little flags, have been emptied out; and everywhere about the tiny figures may be seen marching, lounging, digging, riding, firing, surveying, performing evolutions to the sound of the warlike trumpet, and generally employed in a sort of undressed rehearsal of such martial business as is incidental to a Great Campaign Drama. Then, lest the spirits of the travelling tourist should rise so high that he might run the chance of "getting a bit above himself," as horse-dealers graphically express it, he is whirled away from the war-like scene, and is taken through the peaceful grounds of Wokingham. Here to the unwonted military ardour so recently aroused in the bosom of the travelling civilian will be administered a succession of dampers in the shape of attractively-placed and most legibly printed reminders to the effect that "eligible plots" for burial are "still to be let," and that the terms for intending residents in the thriving country town of Necropolis can be obtained on application to Messrs. Somebody and Sons at Suchandsucher Place, London; the tone of these notices suggesting, in a generally festive spirit, that the good old maxim "first come first served" will be strictly observed in all matters of Necropolitan business.

Then we come to fair Southampton Water, with its marine kind of flymen waiting to take you to the boats, and the boats waiting to take you from the flymen to the yachts. On we speed through the New Forest, where those historically inclined remember WILLIAM RUFUS, and others, with a modern political bias, think of WILLIAM HARCOURT; while the grateful novel-devourer remembers that away in the forest resides the authoress of *Lady Audley's Secret*, and many other plots. Here, within ten minutes of our

appointed time, is Terminus Number One, East Pinemouth, and, finally, West Pinemouth, which, speaking for myself individually and collectively, I prefer to East Pinemouth; at all events, at this particular time of year. Moreover, it appears that a rapidly increasing number are of my opinion, seeing how house-building, and very good house-building, too, is extending westward, and, alas and alack-a-day, threatening immediate destruction to heather, pine, fir, and forest generally. I sing:—

"How happy could I be with heather
If builder were only away!"

No sooner is a house (most of them excellently-planned houses) set up, with garden and lovely view of sea, than down in front of him squats another squatter, up goes another house, the situation is robbed of the charm of privacy, and unless the owner of the first house sits on his own roof or has a special tower built, which erection would probably involve him in difficulties with his neighbours, his view of the sea is reduced to a mere peep, and in course of time will, it is probable, be altogether blocked out. However, as Boys will be Boys, so Builders will be Builders.

One of the chief advantages offered by Pinemouth as a place where a summer holiday may be happily spent, is the facility afforded for getting away from it, in every possible direction; by sea, river, rail, and road. *A propos* of "road," the fly-drivers, shopkeepers, and livery-stable keepers of P'm't'h, are, for the most part, like the fly-drivers, livery-stablers, and shopkeepers at any place which boasts a recognised season. The eccentric visitor, who chooses to come out of the regulation time, must take his chance, and be content with out-of-season manners to suit his out-of-season custom; still, in the words of the immortal bard, "They're all right when you know 'em, but you've got to know 'em fust!"

As to the hiring of flies and midgets, there is a board of rules and regulations stuck up in the railway station and elsewhere, the interpretation whereof may possibly be mastered by those able and willing to devote a few days to the study of its dark sayings.

"What's the meaning of this rule?" I inadvertently ask a ruddy-faced policeman, on whose broad shoulders time unoccupied seems to be weighing somewhat heavily, at the same time pointing to one of the regulations on the board in question.

"Well, Sir," replies the civil constable, in a carefully measured tone, "it is this way"—and then he commences.

I breathe again; it is half an hour since I addressed that ruddy-faced official, from whom, thank goodness, I have at last contrived to escape. He has kept me there, giving me, as it were, a lecture on the black board, telling me what this rule might mean if it were read one way, and what that rule might mean if it were read another way, and what both rules might mean if they were each of them read in totally different ways; and how one was labelled "a" (which I saw for myself), and how another was distinguished by being lettered "b"; and how he (my constabulary instructor) "wasn't quite sure himself whether his reading of 'em was quite right;" then going over all the paragraphs again in detail, indicating each syllable with his finger, as though he were teaching an infant spelling-class, and finally coming to the conclusion whereat *Bottom* the Weaver arrived when he surmised that it was all "past the wit of man to understand," and advising me that, on the whole, if any particular case of attempted extortion should happen to arise, I should do well not to appeal to these rules and regulations, but to summon the extortionist before the nearest police magistrate. "But," said he, as if struck by a new light, "it may be that this rule 'a'"—And here he faced round, in order more closely to inspect the mysterious cryptogram. Taking advantage of his eye being off me for one second, which it had never once been during the previous thirty minutes, I stepped as lightly and rapidly away as my thirteen stone will permit, and fled. I fancied I heard him calling after me that he had discovered something or other; but not even if he had shouted "Stop thief!" should I have paused in my Mazeppa-like career. "Once aboard the lugger," I exclaim to myself, quoting the melodramatic pirate, "and I am free!" So saying, I entered the hospitable gates of my present tenancy, and sank exhausted on the sofa.

Mem.—Never again ask a policeman to explain strange cab-rules and regulations.

NOT A QUESTION AT ISSUE.

"[Mr. GOSSE holds a middle station between the older and the younger schools of criticism. He is neither a distinguished and respectable fossil nor a wild and whirling catherine-wheel.]"—*Athenaeum.*

OH, luckiest of Critics! What

A joy unquestioning to feel

On such authority he's not

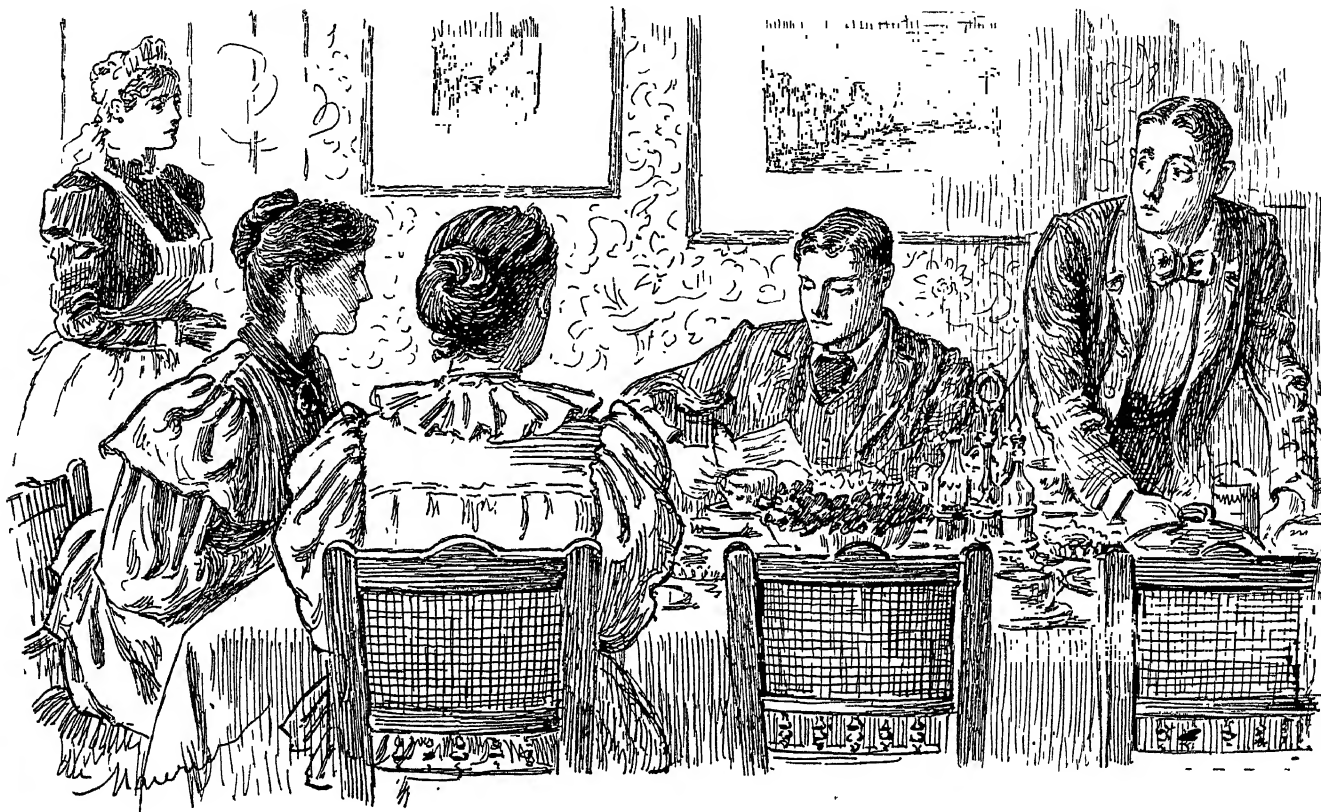
"A wild and whirling catherine-wheel."

And is it such a wild idea

To think that clever Mr. GOSSE'll

Rejoice he's reckoned not to be a

"Respectable, distinguished fossil?"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

Would-be Considerate Hostess (to Son of the House). "HOW INATTENTIVE YOU ARE, JOHN! YOU REALLY MUST LOOK AFTER MR. BROWN. HE'S HELPING HIMSELF TO EVERYTHING!" [Discomfiture of Brown, who, if somewhat shy, is conscious of a very healthy appetite.

A LESSON FOR "LABOUR."

["The overwhelming vote of the Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire miners against accepting any reduction, or even submitting the wages question to arbitration, does not encourage any very sanguine hopes of the Nottingham Conference."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

"MY sentence is for open war!" Thus spake Fierce Moloch, when within the marly lake "The Stygian Council" in dark conference met! "The scepter'd king's" advice prevailleth yet, And Mammon's self, who in his pristine might Stooped to the avowal that "all things invite To peaceful counsels," now in stubborn mood Urges resistance—at the cost of blood!

Yes, Mammon, musing on "the settled state Of order," at that dim chaotic date, Speaks, in the mighty-voiced Miltonic way, "Of Peace," and "how in safety best we may Compose our present evils, with regard Of what we are and were." Mammon's award

Is now more martial: Mammon, sworn and proud With domination o'er the moiling crowd, Lifts a most arrogant head, and coldly curls An insolent lip against the clod-soul'd churls Whose destiny and duty 'tis to slave 'Twixt cradle comfortless and cheerless grave, To glut his maw insatiate!

Proud is Pelf; But might not Legend lesson Labour's self?

"Thus sit'ing, thus consulting, thus in arms!" Comes not the echo loud of wild alarms To Labour's Conference? Violence and wreck, Incendiary hate that sense should check, Mad mob-intimidation, brutal wrath,— These are strange warders for the pleasant path Of human progress! While they crowd and clash In headlong stubbornness and anger rash, Whilst factories burn, and workmen fall in blood, And women mourn, and children moan for food, Unnumbered multitudes the misery feel Who share not in its making!

Mars' red steel Is sheathed to-day at Arbitration's nod; Hath this no lesson for the milder god? Vulcan, the smithy-toiler, and his crowd Of sooty Cyclops, raging fierce and loud, Impetuous, implacable, whilst Mars, That savage god of sanguinary wars, Awaits the award of Arbiters of Peace! Strange contrast!

"Cease, great hammer-wielder, cease!" Says the Sword-bearer. "Cease this frenzied fray.

Try Arbitration—'tis the gentler way, And wiser. I have tried it—shall not you? Call back your Cyclops, let not them imbrue Swart hands in Battle's sanguinary hue. Shall War, now partly driven from the field, Find refuge in the factory, nor there yield To the sage suasion of mild Equity, At whose just Arbitration even I

Suspend or drop the sword?"

So Mars, and so All friends of Labour. Raise no stubborn "No!"

At Arbitration's offering, seeing that there Lies fairest hope of an adjustment fair 'Twixt clashing claims, which if they "fight it out"

In war's wild way may put to utter rout Humanity's fairest hopes. Oh, time enough When Arbitration fails to essay the rough And ruddy road of Mars. Stay, Vulcan stay!

Or blameless hosts long-menaced by your fray

May have a stern effective word to say! And you, as once of old, though stout and tall,

Kicked out of heaven may have a maiming fall!

SURGEON-MAJOR PARKE.

(Doctor to Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Died September 10, aged 35.)

"RAREST doctor in the world!" Tribute rare from sturdy STANLEY! Skilful, tender, modest, manly! England's flag may well be furled Over the young hero's bier, Whose memory is to England dear. Africa has cost us much. Fortune send us many such!

Mrs. R. says she understands that dis-affecting (disinfecting) fluid was discovered by the great CONDY, a celebrated Frenchman.



A LESSON FOR "LABOUR."

MARS. "LOOK HERE, BROTHER VULCAN!—WHEN EVEN *I* HAVE KNOCKED UNDER TO 'ARBITRATION,'
SURELY *YOU* MIGHT TRY IT?"

TO DOCTOR FALBE.

You'RE not in-fa'be'-le,
 Doctor dear—
 Excuse the painful pun,
 Though you merit treat-
 ment e'en more severe
 For all the ill you've
 done. [doubt
 You held a nasty cloud of
 Above our sunlit sky,
 And now at length we've
 found you out, [by.
 Our summer is near gone

Yes, a summer indeed
 we've had this year,
 In spite of your doleful
 croak,
 Though perhaps your early
 prediction drear
 Was simply a practical
 joke—
 A wearisome joke that
 wouldn't die,
 For every man one met
 Would remind one of FALBE
 and his prophecy—
 "We're soon to have
 lots of wet."

But what of the tradesmen
 who laid in store
 Of "brollies" and mac-
 kintosh
 On the strength of your
 hint as to rain galore
 And unlimited Autum-
 nish slosh?
 Oh, FALBE, if they but got
 hold of you,
 What a tune they would
 perform!
 There's one prediction
 we'd warrant true—
 You'd find it extremely
 warm!



"WELL, REALLY, MY DEAR!"

Mrs. R. "CHRISTOPHER DARLING, I NEVER CAN REMEMBER WHETHER 'SODA-WATER' IS WRITTEN AS ONE WORD OR TWO JOINED TOGETHER BY A SYPHON!!"

THE THREE TARTARS.

(By One of the "Thirty-six Tyrants" of the Liberal Party.)

HANBURY, BOWLES, and
 BARTLEY,
 Talk and wrangle tartly;
 Sour as unripe cranberry
 Are BARTLEY, BOWLES, and
 HANBURY;
 Three most sorrel souls
 Are HANBURY, BARTLEY,
 BOWLES!
 They the blame would fix
 On the Liberal Thirty-six.
 As "tyrants," what are we
 Compared with that "Tar-
 tar Three,"
 Who—but I'll be mum:—
 "I hear the Tartar drum!"
 Loudly thumped, and
 smartly,
 By HANBURY, BOWLES,
 and BARTLEY!

Cherchez l'Homme.

["The appearance of a La-
 dies' Eight on the Thames in
 the Cookham district has at-
 tracted considerable attention.
 . . . Mr. R. C. LEHMANN has
 handled the rudder-lines on
 more than one occasion, and
 General HAMMERSLEY has
 also been out as coxswain."—
Daily News.]

THE Ladies' Eight at Cook-
 ham rows right well.
 There's many a crew of
 men would not get
 near them;
 But is it not a saddening
 truth to tell?
 The ladies often take a
 man to steer them!

GOLDEN MEMORIES.

(By a (not) Dumb Waiter.)

SUMMERS come and Summers go, Sir,
 As appints the course of Nater:
 In the winter I'm a grocer,
 In the Summer I'm a waiter.
 I'm a waiter at the sea-side;
 There's the "Grand Hotel" up yonder—
 Never hancient Rome or Greece eyed
 Poet of the Summer fonder.

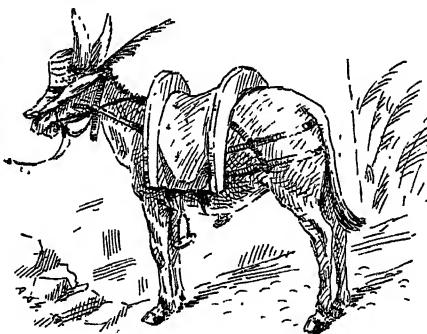
Though I'm quite self-heddycated,
 Yet I love the Summer golden;
 Every gent on whom I've waited
 Feels 'isselt to me beholden;
 As appropriate verse I quote, Sir,
 I can watch 'em growing gladder:
 They're aweer 'ow much I dote, Sir,
 On the golden light and shadder.

"Tipped with gold" the clouds and cops's,
 "Tipped with gold" yon arf-awake ox,
 "Tipped with gold" the sheep and wapses,
 "Tipped with gold" the 'arvest 'aycocks;
 "Tipped with gold" the cows as browses,
 Ditto waves and fish and sea-things,
 Ditto shops and dwellin'-ouses,
 Ditto our hotel and tea-things.

"Tipped with gold." It's langwidge
 splendid,
 Summing hup the Summer brightly—
 Good for Nater, good for men, did
 Gentlemen but read it rightly.
 "TIPPED with gold" still what I quote is:
 "Umbel folk should not be proud, Sir,—
 Which I 'opes you've marked our notice—
 "No gratuities allowed," Sir!

LINES ON (AND OFF) AN ITALIAN MULE.

O DUBIOUS hybrid, what your patronymic
 Or pedigree may be, does not much matter;
 But if my own attire you mean to mimic,
 And flaunt the fact that you, too, have a
 hatter— [you
 Well then, in self-defence I'll pick with
 A bone or two.



Perchance you have a motive, deep, ulterior,
 In donning head-gear borrowed from
 banditti?
 You wish to show an intellect superior,
 (And hide a profile which is not too pretty?)
 Or is it, simply, you prefer to go
Incognito?

A transmigrated BALAAM's self you may be,
 But still I bar your method of progres-
 sion;

For while I sit, as helpless as a baby,
 And scale each precipice in steep succes-
 sion, [the edge
 You scorn the mule-track, and pursue
 Of ev'ry ledge.

How can I scan with rapt enthusiasm
 These Alpine heights, when balanced à la
 BLONDIN, chasm?
 While you survey with bird's-eye view each
 I cry *Eyupp! Avanti!*—you respond in
 Attempts straightway to improvise a
 "chute" For me, you brute!

Basta! per Bacco! I'll no longer straddle
 (With cramp in each adductor and extensor)
 This seat of torture that they call a saddle!
Va via! in plain English, get thee hence,
 or— [rest,
 On second thoughts, to leave unsaid the
 I think, were best!

TO MAUDE.

(In and Out of Church.)

A LITTLE saint! At church I see you pray,
 As if a worldly thought would make you
 faint,
 Serenely walking on your heavenly way,
 A little saint.

And yet—although I would make no com-
 plaint,—
 You quickly doff the grave to don the gay.
 Your cheeks aren't wholly innocent of paint,
 You flirt outrageously the livelong day.
 Colloquially, dear MAUDE, in fact you ain't
 I'm thoroughly rejoiced to say
 A little saint.

LOVE AND LAW.

(A Fragment from a Modern Romance.)

"It would be distinctly an advantage to girls to serve as clerks in a lawyer's office before they launched forth on the world." — *Weekly Paper.*

EDWIN was sad indeed, for all had gone against him. He had lost everything. Even the furniture in the house he occupied was scarcely his—for all he knew, at any moment it might be seized in execution.

"What shall I do?" he asked again, wringing his hands and tearing his hair.

"Cheer up," was the reply, spoken in a soft voice and by a sweet-faced girl. It was ANGELINA.

"And you have come to me in my distress—after I have treated you so badly?" he said, with a flush of shame colouring his hitherto pale face.

"No, darling," returned the golden-haired maiden, looking into his brown eyes with optics of an azure hue. "Do not say that you have behaved badly to me. You wrong yourself; you do, indeed."

"Have I not deserted you?" he asked in a tone of bitter sorrow.

"But only after you had written me letters upon which I could base an action for breach of promise," murmured the forgiving girl.

"But do you propose to proceed upon them?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes, my own. To quote that touching song you so fre-



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cook (to Vicar's Wife). "AND WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH THE SOLE THAT WAS SAVED YESTERDAY, MA'AM!"

quently sang to me in the gilded days of the golden past, 'it will be the best for you and best for me.' I shall certainly ask for substantial damages."

"And is there no way to avoid this crushing, this final disaster?" asked the young man, in deep distress.

"Dearest, you know that I have studied the law. Well, I would propose that you should carry out your contract. I have here the form which requires but the registrar's signature to make us man and wife. What do you say to the matter being settled to-morrow?"

"If it must be so, it must," returned EDWIN, in a tone of resignation. "And now, as we are to be married to-morrow, let us dine together. I have an invitation from my aunt at Putney to stay with her until my goods have been seized and sold. I am off. She will extend to you her hospitality."

"Oh, my betrothed, I cannot come," she sobbed. "I am kept here by duty."

"Well, as you will," he replied, carelessly. "But I suppose we meet at noon at the registrar's to-morrow?"

"Yes, for by that time all will be over. The goods will be removed, and I shall be free—free to become your wife."

"But what have you got to do with my property?"

Then came the sorrowful admission.

"Oh, EDWIN, my own. You know I am in a lawyer's office. For the moment I am their guardian. Yes, darling, I am the woman in possession!"

BALLADE OF LOST REPORTEES.

WHEN mirthful humours reign supreme,
And heated revellers are prone
To make sound wisdom kick the beam,
While vain wine-bubble wit alone
Has weight, we, mostly, can depone
To feeling joy to blankness fade
On finding, now our chance has flown,
The repartee we might have made.

One prating fool is apt to deem
No jesting pretty save his own;
Another strives, whate'er the theme,
To make all comers, passive grown,
"Perform the office of a hone" *
For sharpening his witty blade;—
Too late below our breath we moan
The repartee we might have made.

Of course, it now contrives to seem
So patent to the dullest drone;
And, if we wake or if we dream,
It weighs upon us like a stone,
But, unlike, cannot now be thrown;
And thus we languish in the shade,
Because the world has never known
The repartee we might have made.

Envoi.

My friends, a certain sage has shown
What paving-stones below are laid;
Now learn that on each blast is blown
The repartee we might have made!

* "Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere que ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi."
HORACE. *De Arte Poetica.*

THE BURDEN OF BURDON SANDERSON.

"[Every organism must have sprung from a unicellular ancestor."—*Dr. Burdon Sanderson's Presidential Address to the British Association.*]

THAT life is a sell we most of us know,
But Doctor BURDON SANDERSON tells
It began in a cell oh! eons ago!

And Progress is merely the growth of cells.
And is that what you were fashioned for
Our "unicellular ancestor"?

"The specific energy of cells"
Is a taking phrase, but what does it mean?
Is it merely the Life that in most things
dwells,

Or must we go reading the lines between,
To find what you really were fashioned for,
Our "unicellular ancestor"?

Words, words, words! What matter if
They're scientific and pseudo-oracular.
Or, scouting a terminology stiff,
Couched in socialist's plain vernacular!
Do they tell us what you were fashioned for,
Our "unicellular ancestor"?

BURDON'S burden, like VILLON'S of old
Leaves us a prey to doubt and fear.
Your meaning and purpose when shall we be
told

Oh cells—or snows—of yester-year?
Or what you truly were fashioned for
Our "unicellular ancestor"?

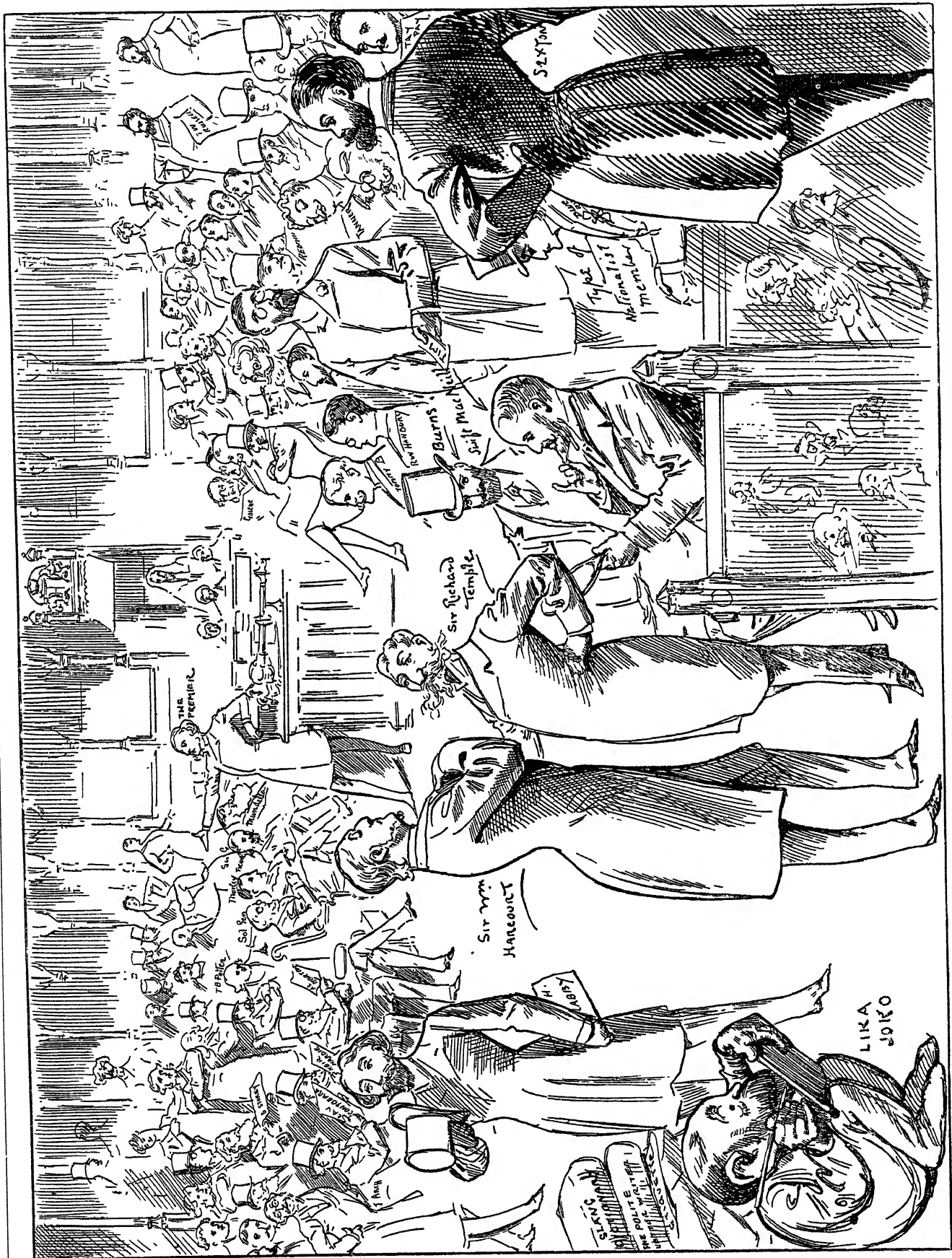
THE MODERN "TENDER" PASSION.—Bi-
metallism.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 11.
—ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS walking about the Lobby with a new foot-rule obtrusively held in his hand. Thought at first he was going to probe somebody, after the fashion of SWIFT MACNEILL, in rare access of ferocity.

"No," he said, when I asked him if that was his business; "we are presently going to debate question of appointment of Duke of CONNAUGHT to command at Aldershot. I want to know precisely how far out of the line of fighting the Duke was at Tel-el-Kebir. You know CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S suave manner. When I put question to him, he'll say, 'How can I tell the Hon. Member, not having a foot rule in my pocket.' As soon as he says that, I whip this out; he will sit confounded, and either we shall get at the truth of a matter with which country is deeply concerned, or CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN must go. I have no personal interest in such a contingency. If there were a vacancy at the War Office, it is, of course, quite possible that Mr. G. might think of me. I fancy in Committee on the Army Estimates I have shown I know a thing or two. But that is neither here nor there. It will be time to decide on the offer when it is made, if indeed prejudices, from which even Liberal Ministry are not free, do not stand in the way. At present I want to know, within a foot or two—no one can say I'm unreasonable—how far



A HOUSE OF APOLLO-TICIANS-AS SEEN BY THEMSELVES.

LIKA
JOIKO

off the fighting the Duke of CONNAUGHT stood, and CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN will have to answer the question."

Turned out that ALPHEUS did not find opportunity of bringing in the foot measure. DALZIEL raised question Appointment of Royal Duke to command at Alder-shot; a ticklish subject for young Member to take up. DALZIEL's manner excellent; gave tone to debate, happily preserved throughout; several times ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS brought out foot-rule and shook it at CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. War Minister, naturally well up in strategy, had observed precaution of placing on his flank his Financial Secretary, WOODALL, V.C. If there was any probing to be done that veteran would receive first onslaught. Thus assured, CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN made admirable defence of a position held in advance to be shaky. Came out of Division Lobby with flying colours and majority of 117.



Alpheus Cleophas's Foot-Rule.

Business done.—Army Votes in Committee of Supply.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Lords met to-day—at least Lord DENMAN and the Bishop of ELY did. They, facing each other from either side of otherwise empty chamber, heard Royal assent given to number of bills, and House adjourned for seven days. Don't know what we should have done this week in Lords but for DENMAN. Everyone else gone out of town. He still treads the burning deck, his plum-hued skull-cap giving touch of chastened colour to passages leading to and from the House. Severe taste might object that it is a little painful in conjunction with the brilliant red of the leather-covered benches. But whoever responsible for selection of that decoration should have thought of DENMAN's skull-cap. He was here yesterday; did quite a lot of business; moved Second Reading of his Woman's Suffrage Bill.

"My Lords," he said, rising from the seat which the burly figure of the MARKISS usually fills, "I think there is an opportunity of making substantial progress with this important measure. If your Lordships will be so good as to suspend the Standing Orders, as has just been done in case of Naval Defence Amendment Bill, we could carry the measure through all the stages before your Lordships rise."

For all answer KENSINGTON, on Woolsack in absence of LORD CHANCELLOR pacing the battlements of his lordly castle at Deal, put the question that the Bill be read a second time; declared in same breath "the Not-Contents have it;" and so DENMAN and his little Bill contemptuously swept aside.

"I thought better of them, TOBY," he said, when I met him an hour later still hovering round the closed doors of the House. Over his arm was his rusty old coat; in one hand a stick; in the other a hat that had seen silkier days. There was a tear in his eye, and a tremor in his still musical voice. "It seemed as if a better day had dawned, and that the House of Lords was about at last to recognise in me the worthy son of a father once their pride. Last week the change suddenly came. It was DENMAN this and DENMAN that, and 'we must see what we can do about your Suffrage Bill.' The MARKISS going to his seat on Wednesday gave me a friendly nod and smile. Usually he never sees me except when I get on my legs, when he forthwith moves the Adjournment of House. As for the Whips, I fancied they must have been looking up my speeches in *Hansard*, and learned what they had lost by not being in their place to hear them. 'I trust your lordship is well, and do not find the electric light too glaring?' 'You must take a place by the table so that you can hear SALISBURY and ROSEBERRY.' 'We shan't keep you up late on Friday; have arranged to take Division at midnight so that you may get home in good time. But you'll be there, of course?'"

"And were you there?" I asked.

"Of course I was there, and voted in majority against Home-Rule Bill. Came down yesterday prepared to make most of this new and pleasant turn. Got up to ask KIMBERLEY question as to whether postponement of Home-Rule Bill would date from Friday or Saturday. Nice point, you know. Everything depends upon it. No one had discovered point but me. Expected Government and House would be grateful. What happened? KIMBERLEY snubbed me; House sniggered; my Woman's Suffrage Bill, about which Opposition Whips so anxious last week, treated with usual contumely. I propose to deal with Coal Strike; they move the Adjournment, and leave me speechless at the table. Begin to think that all they wanted was my vote to swell majority against Home-Rule Bill. A weary world, TOBY. Saddest of all for neglected statesmen in our gilded Chamber. Should you ever be made a peer take an old man's advice and do everything you can to obscure your native abilities. Once you excite the jealousy of men like the MARKISS, and implant in their bosom suspicion that if they don't look out you may supplant them, you are lost. Perhaps I made a mistake when I admitted FARMER-ATKINSON to my councils. You remember him in the other House as Member for Boston? We had a plan—but no matter. Still, if FARMER-ATKINSON had led the Commons and I the Lords, you would have seen something. Perhaps we were too reckless in our open colloquy in the Lobby. GLADSTONE smelt a rat. SALISBURY saw it moving in the air; the instincts of self-preservation triumphed over political animosity and the rivalry of a lifetime. They put their heads together; the coffers of the secret-service money were depleted; the illimitable resources of the State were in other ways drawn upon. Where is FARMER-ATKINSON now? I am left solitary and friendless. For a while the Unholy Alliance triumphs; but they will find they have not done with DENMAN yet."

The old gentleman took off his skull-cap; carefully wrapped it up; hid its plumage in his tail-pocket; and pressing his hat over his brow, shook his grey head, and walked wearily down the corridor.

Business done.—House of Lords adjourned for a week.

Saturday, 2.40 A.M.—"Who goes home?" I hear the cry resounding through the Lobby. Well, if no one minds, I think I will. Been here since half-past three yesterday. For the matter of that, been here since the 31st of January. Coming down again at noon to sit till SQUIRE of MALWOOD can see his prospect clear to bringing about Adjournment next Saturday.

Business done.—Mostly all.

Calf-Love.

CALF-LOVE is a passion most people scorn,
Who've loved, and outlived, life and love's young morn;
But there is a calf-love too common by half,
And that's the love of the Golden Calf!

Chary of Charing.

["The occupation for women exclusively is that of charing."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHILST year by year men kinder grow,
And from employments won't debar Woman,
It's quite astonishing to know
Man's everything except a charwoman.

COMMERCIAL CON.

Q. Why is a modern advertiser like an ancient knight-errant?
A. Because he is inspired by the spirit of "ad"-venture.



"It was Denman this, and Denman that."



BETWEEN FRIENDS.

Mr. Spooner, Q.C. (a Neophyte). "THIS IS MY BALL, I THINK!"
Colonel Bunting (an Adept). "BY JOVE, THAT'S A JOLLY GOOD 'LIE'!"
Mr. Spooner. "REALLY, BUNTING, WE'RE VERY OLD FRIENDS, OF COURSE. BUT I DO THINK YOU MIGHT FIND A PLEASANTER WAY OF POINTING OUT A PERFECTLY UNINTENTIONAL MISTAKE!"

"DUE SOUTH!"

CONCERNING the houses on the East Cliff of "P'm'th" I cannot speak from residential experience. They appear to me to have been built with a view to using P'm'th as a winter resort only, and are consequently protected from the four winds of Heaven by fairly-grown firs, whose appearance is very suggestive of Christmas festivities on a gigantic scale, when they might be decorated with coloured lamps, flags, toys, and bonbons, all of which could be raffled for by the children at home for the holidays. Here in a still more sheltered spot, and standing, as the auctioneers and estate agents say, "in its own park-like grounds," of at least three acres and a half (more or less), is the Hot-and-Cold-Bath Hotel, which from its having entertained several crowned and half-crowned heads has fairly earned the right to the style and title "Royal" as a distinguishing prefix.

The interior of this excellent hostelry is, as far as my experience goes, absolutely unique. It is crammed full of works of art of all sorts, sizes, and varieties, so that the stranger within the hotel gates may spend a happy day should it rain, as it sometimes does even at P'm'th, in walking through the galleries, into the various rooms (by permission of the occupiers), and if there be no catalogue (I do not remember to have seen one), then he might do worse than make the acquaintance of the amiable Bric-à-bracketing and Peculiarly Polite Proprietor, Mr. WYTE WESCOTES, who, if the occasion be opportune, will with pleasure become his *cicerone*, and show him all the treasures of this unique establishment. Or he may entrust himself to the other *genius loci* of the place, represented by the acting manager rejoicing in a foreign name not to be mastered all at once by the sharpest British ear. To my mind, full of many early theatrical reminiscences, it is immediately associated with the name of a Chinese Princess in an ancient extravaganza entitled *The Willow-Pattern Plate*, where Her Royal Highness is thus mentioned in the prologue:—

"And this is the room of his daughter KOONG-SZE,
Who's shut up, as she's found in the first scene to be,
Whence she looks on the gardens and looks on the trees,
That wibbledy wobbledy go in the breeze,
Whose verdure and shade such a paradise made
Of the house of the Mandarin HER-SING."

All which description can be adapted to present circumstances, and be applied to the interior and exterior of the Royal Hot-and-Cold-Bath Hotel, Pinemouth, where the fare is excellent, and the price moderate; and, if there are, here and there, in the three hundred and sixty-five days some bad ones, what of that? Is there any establishment, however perfect, which, open all the year round, is not open to cavil and also to improvement?

Trip to Lulworth Cove.—By new L. and S. W. line. This line, like the stitch in time, 'saves nine, or it saves at least seven miles formerly traversed in prehistoric times of quite six months ago. We are *en route* for Lulworth. Soothing name Lulworth! Drowsy murmur of a Sleepy-Hollow sort drones about the name of Lulworth.

Delightful drive of five or six miles from station to Lulworth Cove. Expect of course to be received by "The Cove" himself in person. As the road thither is occasionally steep, stout persons are requested to get out and walk up the hills, which they do with as good a grace as is possible under the circumstances on a broiling September mid-day.

In our shandravan there is a modern version of Miss BIFFIN, who can't possibly walk, but not for the physical reasons which prevented the above-mentioned "abbreviated form" from pedestrianising; and there is also with us the usual genial, stout, elderly dissembler, who, affecting to be troubled with a touch of highly respectable gout, feigns the deepest regret at being unable to descend from the car and join the pedestrians in their delightful toil up the hard and stony hill. At the summit we are refreshed by a gentle breeze, and between the heights, about three miles distant, obtaining a view of the deep blue sea, we feel invigorated.

"*Thalatta! Thalatta!*" exclaims a youth of our party, who is home for the holidays. No one understands him except the stout man with the gout, who smiles approvingly, and asks the lad some recondite question concerning XENOPHON and the Anabasis, whereat the schoolboy shakes his head, and murmurs something about "not having got quite so far as that." No schoolboy home for the holidays ever has got as far as the question you put to him. All our schoolboy knows has been exhausted in that one quotation, and perhaps the stout gentleman with the touch of gout is not sorry that the boy's knowledge of Greek is limited. It is a venturesome thing for a man over fifty, who has not "kept up his classics," to tackle a boy fresh from school.

We lose sight of the sea, and descend into the little sleepy fishing village of Lulworth. An out-of-the-way place, with an excellent inn (the name of which escapes my memory, but it is the only inn near the bay), where there is good accommodation for man and beast. Here the lobsters belong to precisely the same family as do those caught at Swanage, and no higher praise can be bestowed on any lobsters, those of Cromer, in Norfolk, included, than this. "Show me your lobster, and I'll show you the man to eat it!" This is my sentiment down South-West, or due North. The stout and gouty hero, who might have failed to tackle the boy "fresh from school," now shows himself an adept at tackling a lobster fresh from the sea. But more about Lunch, Lobsters, and the Legend of Durdle Door "in our next."

GOOD NEWS FOR FIZZIONOMISTS. — To quote *The Merchant of Venice*, "*The World* says, and I say so too," (*i.e.* *The World* of last week,) that "the quality of the Champagne (the writer is speaking of Moët and Chandon and Pommery and Greno) will be good." The crop is to be "six times that of last year." Excellent—if only it be six times superior! And oh! if it would only be just one-third less in price!! As the poet (which word rhymes with "Moët") of the Champagne country sings,—

"To keep a *mens sana in corpore sano*,
Give me in plenty my Pommery Greno."

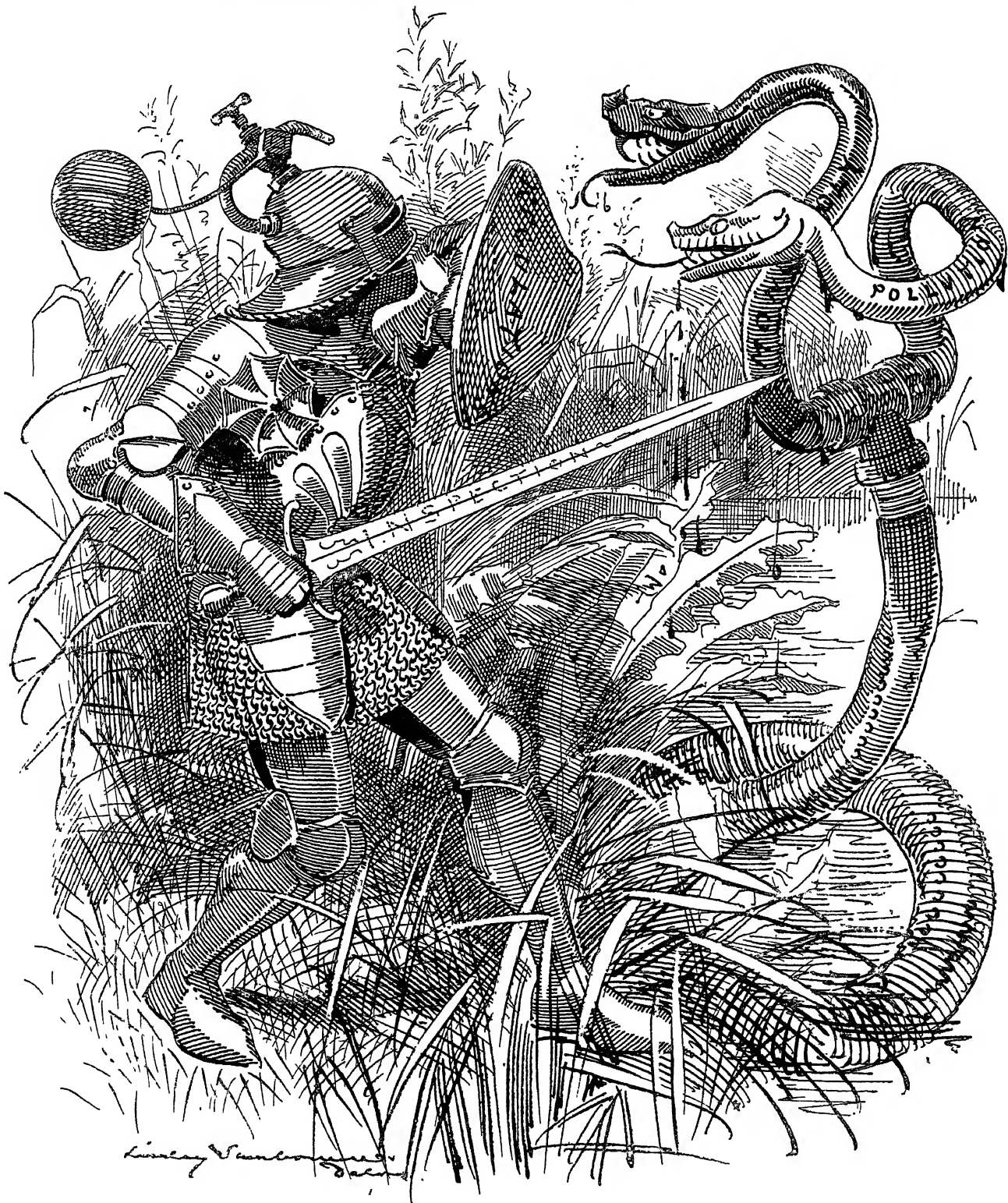
But, at all events, so far as they are professionally judging from the face of the country about Epernay and Rheims, the Fizzionomists are more than likely to be right. *Ainsi soit-il.*

"DOLLARS AND SENSE."—According to all accounts, Mr. DALY has shown his "sense" in reviving this piece (for a short run), so we hope he'll pull in "the dollars."

MRS. R. WANTS TO KNOW.—"Who was the celebrated Scotchman," she asks, "who took 'the Cameroons' to East Africa?"

SIR AQUARIUS TO THE RESCUE!

Or, The Valiant Knight of the Watering Pot, and the Laidly Dragon of London.



["The Report of the Royal Commission appointed for the purpose of ascertaining whether the sources available within the watersheds of the Thames and Lea are adequate in quantity and quality for the water supply of the metropolis, has been laid upon the table of the House of Commons. . . . The Commissioners are convinced that much filth of various kinds is discharged unneces-

sarily and illegally into the rivers. . . . They insist upon the necessity for frequent inspection by an authority appointed for the purpose. . . . The treatment of the water after abstraction from the river is a subject to which the Commissioners have devoted a good deal of attention . . . they suggest that regulations should be drawn up after competent inquiry, and strictly enforced, the

enforcement being entrusted to a Public Water Examiner, who should have the legal right of entry to all the waterworks."—*The Times*.]

ATR—"The Dragon of Wantley."

Old stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,



"QUITE AT HOME."

Podgers (who is somehow managing to spend his holiday at a Country House for the shooting). "WELL, SPEAKING OF BOOTS, SIR JOHN, YOU SEE THESE SHOES I HAVE ON. THEY COST ME EXACTLY FOUR-AND-SIXPENCE. NOW I DARE SAY YOU GAVE TWICE AS MUCH FOR YOURS!"

With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a.
But our Laidly worm, who can wriggle
and squirm,
Our health long time hath undone;
And it's oh! for a knight, or some man of
might,
To demolish the Dragon of London!

This dragon hath two horrid heads,
For forage and for foison;
The one's all jaw, and devouring maw,
Whilst the other breathes forth poison.
Monopolist Greed is the one, indeed,
Whilst the other means Pollution;
And a hide of iron doth environ
Each scaly convolution.

You've heard, of course, of the Trojan horse;
Well, this Dragon is thrice as big, Sir!
With the mouth of a hog, or a Pollywog,
Or Egyptian Porcupig, Sir!
Like the Snapping Turtle he'll hustle and
hurtle,
And gulp like the Gobbling Grampus;
And smite and shock, like the Jabberwock,
Or the Chawsome Catta-Wampus!

On the river's banks he plays his pranks,
An Amphibious Amphibæna;
By the Thames and the Lea his coils you'll
see,
A-stretch—like a concertina.
For the Thames to him, from brim to brim,
Is a sort of a private Pactolus,
In whose sands of gold this Dragon bold
Can roll and wallow—*solus*!

With one head he grabs L. S. D.
(Like a Nibelungen Treasure),

With t'other, whose breath means disease
and death,
He befouls it beyond measure.
And those two heads o'er the watersheds
Of the Thames and Lea do hover,
Till a noxious brewage of slime and sewage
Is the draught of the water-lover.

Where's the "More of More Hall with
nothing at all,"
To bring swift retribution,
And put the gag on this two-headed Dragon
Of Greed and of Pollution?
Hurroo! Hooray! Some have had their say
(And their counsels have been various).
But there looms in sight a "peerless knight,"
Which his name is "Sir AQUARIUS."

This Public Water Examiner,
"With legal right of entry,"
Should right the wrong of this Dragon strong,
And o'er river-rights stand sentry.
More of More Hall was nothing at all
For a balladist to brag on,
Compared with our Knight of the Watering
Pot—
If he'll slay our River Dragon!

STRICTLY ENTREE NOUS (communicated by
Sir Ben Trovato).—Quite recently Mr.
CONDIE STEPHEN had the honour of dining
with Her Majesty at Balmoral. He expressed
himself highly pleased with a certain port
wine at dessert. Sir ALGERNON "of that
ilk" suggested that a bin of it should be
put by in the Royal cellars, to be kept speci-
ally for Mr. STEPHEN'S visits, and labelled
"*Condie's Fluid*."

TURPIN AND TRAINS.

RAILWAY travelling in Chicago must be
pleasant. "The express train to New York,"
says Dalziel's Express in the *Times* of the
13th, "on the Lake Shore Railway was stopped
by robbers about 140 miles east of Chicago."
Twenty robbers, masked, did the business,
killing the engine driver, and blowing open
the express compartment of the car with dynamite!
When travelling by steam was introduced we
congratulated ourselves on our
roads being freed from DICK TURPIN, PAUL
CLIFFORD, and Co.; and with steamers,
Atlantic liners, and so forth, it was presumed
that the last had been heard of PAUL JONES
and the Red Rover. But can this immunity
be any longer guaranteed? May we not in
due course expect to hear of "A. P. and O.
steamer robbed on the High Seas by a Pirate
Craft," or "The Bath Express stopped soon
after leaving Swindon by PAUL CLIFFORD,
jun., and his gang of desperadoes"?

SOMETHING LIKE A CENTENARIAN.—The
Daily Chronicle gives a most useful sum-
mary of notable events for every day in the
week. Here is one to be quoted as ever
memorable, which appeared on Wednesday,
Sept. 20:—

"Battle of Newbury. Lord Falkland killed, 1643.
Bishop John Gauden died, 1662.
Battle of Valmy, 1792.
Sir Edward James Reed, K.C.B., born, 1830!!
Battle of the Alma, 1854."

We congratulate Sir EDWARD on having
attained his Two-hundred-and-sixty-third
birthday!! The oldest inhabitant isn't in
it with him.

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE V.—A General Waiting-room at Clapham Junction. CURPHEW is leaning against the mantelpiece. Mr. TOOVEY is seated on one of the horsehair chairs against the wall.

Mr. Toovey (to himself). I do wish he'd sit down, and not look at me in that austere way! (Aloud.) Won't you take a chair? It would be so much more comfortable. [He shifts his seat uneasily.]

Curphey (stiffly). Thanks, Mr. Toovey, but I'd rather stand—for so short a time. (A pause.) Well, Sir, you have something to say to me, I believe?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). Oh dear, I'm almost sorry now I—he won't make sufficient allowances for me. (Aloud, after another pause.) The fact is, Mr. CURPHEW, I—I've just made a—very painful discovery, which—is there any water in that decanter? because I—I feel a little thirsty.

[CURPHEW pours him out a glass of water, which he sips.]
Curph. Come, Sir, we needn't beat about the bush. I think I can spare you the preliminaries. I suppose you've heard about the Eldorado?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). He knows already! These journalists find out everything. (Aloud.) I—I have indeed, but I assure you that, up to the very moment my nephew informed me, I had no more suspicion—

Curph. You naturally consider that I ought to have told you at once, but the fact is, I—well, I had some reason to doubt whether Mrs. TOOVEY—

Mr. Toov. Oh, you were quite right, it would never have done—never have done. I haven't breathed a word to Mrs. Toovey myself as yet. I was afraid I might be obliged to this morning. She discovered that dreadful Eldorado programme in one of my pockets, and was curious, very naturally curious, as to why I had kept it, but I passed it off—I managed to pass it off. I—I thought it better, at all events, till—till I had talked it over with you.

Curph. (to himself, relieved). He takes it wonderfully well. I shouldn't be surprised if I could talk him over. (Aloud.) Oh, decidedly, Sir. And may I ask you what your own views are?

Mr. Toov. I—I don't know what to think. For a man in my position to have even the remotest connection with—a London music-hall! Wouldn't it be considered scandalous, or at least indecorous, if it were to leak out now? Shouldn't I be regarded as—as inconsistent, for example?

Curph. Oh, no one could reproach you, at all events, Sir!

Mr. Toov. (to himself). And I thought he was going to be so hard on me! (Aloud.) I am glad you take that view of it—yes, I can't be held responsible for what I did in absolute ignorance; but, now that I do know, I can't go on, can I?—after a lifetime spent in condemning such entertainments!

Curph. But are you quite sure, Sir, that your condemnation was based on any real foundation; mayn't you have been too ready to think the worst? Have you ever troubled yourself to inquire into the way they were conducted?

Mr. Toov. (to himself, in astonishment). Why, he's actually making excuses for them! (Aloud.) I have always been given to understand that they were most improper places, Sir; that was sufficient for me—quite sufficient!

Curph. I daresay I have no right to speak; but you may not be aware that all music-halls are now subject to the strictest supervision. And a body like the London County Council is not likely to sanction any impropriety in the entertainments.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). If I could only persuade myself that I might keep the shares with a good conscience! To give up three hundred and fifty a year, without necessity! I wonder what he would say. (Aloud.) True, that didn't occur to me before; and the

London County Council, they wouldn't encourage anything really—If I could only be sure—and I'm open to conviction—I hope I'm always open to conviction.

Curph. (to himself). He's coming round; he's not such a pig-headed old Pharisee as I thought. (Aloud.) I am sure you are. You are not the man to condemn any form of amusement, however harmless, merely because you find no attraction in it yourself.

Mr. Toov. No, no. And I see the force of what you say; and if I could only once satisfy myself that the entertainment was really harmless—

Curph. (to himself). He couldn't very well object to my part of it—it's an idea, and worth trying. (Aloud.) My dear Sir, why shouldn't you? In any case I should terminate my connection with the music-hall as soon as possible.

Mr. Toov. (disappointed). Would you? Then you do think—? But the sacrifice, my dear young friend, it—it's a great deal of money to give up!

Curph. (lightly). Oh, that's of no consequence. I shouldn't think of that, for a moment!

Mr. Toov. (to himself, annoyed). It's all very well for him to

talk like that, but it's my sacrifice, and I do think of it! (Aloud.) But—but wouldn't it be a little Quixotic to withdraw from this Eldorado, supposing I found there was no moral objection to it, eh?

Curph. I thought you would be the first to insist that the Eldorado should be given up! Surely, Sir, when I tell you that I love your daughter; that I hope, though I have not spoken as yet, to enter your family some day as your son-in-law, you will look at it differently?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). He does want to marry our THEA? CORNELIA will be delighted—delighted, but I really can't allow him to dictate to me whether to sell the shares or not! (Aloud, with dignity.) My good young friend, I have lived longer than you in the world, and you will permit me to say that if, after investigation, I see no cause to disapprove of the Eldorado, there is no reason that I can discover why you should hesitate to enter my family. I—I must act on my own judgment—entirely on my own judgment!

Curph. (to himself). He is an old trump! Who would have thought he'd be so reasonable. (Aloud, overjoyed.) My dear Sir, how can I thank you? That is all I ask—more than I could possibly have expected. And I was about to suggest that you might drop into the Eldorado some evening this week and judge for yourself.

Mr. Toov. (recoiling in consternation). I? I drop into a music-

hall? Oh, I couldn't, indeed! Why, I never was in such a place in all my life. And if anybody were to see me there!

Curph. You need not be seen at all. There are private boxes where no one would notice you. I could easily get them to send you one, if you like.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). What a power the Press is, to be sure! I remember CHARLES said that newspaper writers could get seats for everything. (Aloud.) Really, I hardly know what to say; it's so very contrary to all my habits, and then—to go alone. Now if you would only accompany me—

Curph. You forget, Sir, that's quite impossible. I can't come in the box with you!

Mr. Toov. (to himself). There it is—it's against his principles to go himself, and yet he expects me to! (Aloud, peevishly.) Then why are you so anxious to have me go, eh?

Curph. Why? Because there are Mrs. Toovey's prejudices to be considered, and I'm anxious that you should be in a position to assure her from your own personal experience that—

Mr. Toov. Oh, my dear young friend, if I did go, I don't think I could ever mention such an experience as that to Mrs. TOOVEY. She—she might fail to understand that I merely went for the satisfaction of my own conscience.



"I drop into a music-hall?"

Curph. She might, of course. So long as you satisfy yourself, then. And—what night will suit you best?

Mr. Toov. You're in such a hurry, young man. I—I never said I should go. I'm not at all sure that I can go; but if I did allow myself to venture, it would have to be some evening when my wife—let me see, on Saturday she's going out to some special meeting of her Zenana Mission Committee, I know. It had better be Saturday, if at all—if at all.

Curph. (making a note). Very well. I will see you have a box for that evening, and I hope you will manage to go. But there's a train coming in—I must really be off. Good-bye, Sir, and very many thanks for the kind and generous way in which you have treated me. I am very glad we have had this explanation, and thoroughly understand one another. Good-bye—good-bye!

[He shakes Mr. Toovey's hand with cordial gratitude, and rushes out.]

Mr. Toov. (looking after him in some mystification). A most high-minded young man, but a little too officious. And I don't understand why he makes such a point of my going to this Eldorado now. But, if I do go, I mayn't see anything to disapprove of; and, if I don't, I shall keep the shares—whether he likes it or not. He may be a very worthy young man, but I doubt whether he's quite a man of the world!

END OF SCENE V.

A STUDY IN PRESS-LAND.

(An Actuality, in one short Scene, at the service of the Institute of Journalists.)

SCENE—*An Editor's Room.* Editor discovered in conversation with Would-be Reporter.

Editor (preparing to resume his work). Well, from all you tell me, I imagine you must be a most accomplished person.

Would-be Reporter (smiling). Well, I believe I am up to the standard required by the Institute of Journalists. My classics are fairly good, but I do not know as much as I should of mixed mathematics. However, I took a double first at Oxford; but then I had a particularly easy year. All the men against me were practically duffers.

Ed. (slightly interested). Do you know anything of modern languages?

W.-be Rep. Well, yes. I can speak and write European in all its branches, including Swedish and Norwegian *patois*, and the *argot* used on the borders of Turkey and Greece. I am fairly well up in Chinese, but have only a general idea of the grammar of Afghanistan. But I may add that I am spending four hours a day in completing this part of my training.

Ed. I think you said that you have passed in engineering, orchestra-playing, astronomy, naval and military tactics, and the history of the world, and the other components of the planetary system?

W.-be Rep. Certainly; I have in every way (save that I have still to pass in Roman Law) satisfied the requirements of the Institute of Journalists. I am all but qualified for the reception of an Associate's degree.

Ed. (with a view to closing the interview). Very well, then; we shall be glad to use anything you may be good enough to send us—of course, at the customary rate.

W.-be Rep. (gratefully). A thousand thanks. I know; three-half-pence a line, with a minimum of three shillings.

Ed. Precisely. *(Taking up his pen.)* And now, as my Sub-editor told me that there was a fire somewhere in the neighbourhood, you had better look after it.

W.-be Rep. Thank you so much. But as I have forgotten to bring my reporter's-book, perhaps you will kindly lend me some copy-paper?

Ed. Certainly; you will find some in that corner. *(He approaches speaking-tube, to which he has been summoned by a whistle.)* Ah! You need not trouble after the fire, for I find we have already received a report from someone on the spot.

W.-be Rep. (in a tone of disappointment). What a bore! just as I was going to it report myself! However, better luck next time.

Ed. (courteously). I hope so; good morning. *(Exit Would-be Reporter.)* What a nuisance these fellows are! Highly educated, of course, and all that sort of thing; but I am not sure that the rough-and-ready school was not the better.

W.-be Rep. (re-entering hurriedly). My good Sir! Fancy! the man who has sent you the report of the local fire was educated at a small grammar-school, and never even entered a university!

Ed. Well, what of that?

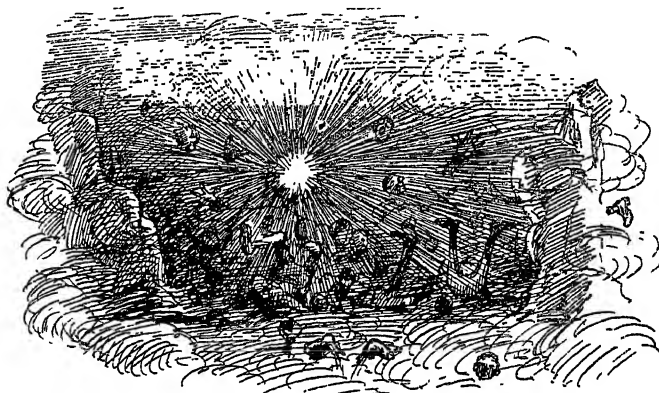
W.-be Rep. (surprised). You surely won't use his copy?

Ed. (decisively). I surely shall. First come, first served. And now you must allow me. *(Returns to his work, to the surprise and disgust of Would-be Reporter. Curtain.)*

"PIECE AND WAR!" AT DRURY LANE.

"VICTORY sits on our helmets!" cries Sir DRURIOLANUS AUCTOR to HENRICUS PARVUS ETIAM AUCTOR, as they drive back to "The Helms, Regent's Park," after the curtain has descended on the last scene of the last act of *A Life of Pleasure* at Drury Lane. Twice has Sir DRURIOLANUS appeared before the footlights at the end of the Fourth Act, when some battle in Burmah is gallantly won by the united dramatic forces under the heroic but comic Captain HARRY NICHOLLS, Colonel Lord FRANK FENTON AYONDALE, Sergeant CLARENCE HOLT, and a handful of the bravest soldiers that ever marched to glory over the boards of old Drury Lane. What the story is, and how these heroes got into the jungle and out again, and how the right man married the right woman, and how the wronged woman would have saved the villain from the vengeance of HENRY DESMOND O'NEVILLE,—who, alas, had to stay in the green-room while the others were distinguishing themselves in Burmah,—is known to the clever collaborators and a few of their trusted confidants. Of that strange history I, a mere civilian, had every detail blown clean out of my head by the din of the great battle. In fact, never have I heard of any "theatrical engagement" equal to this.

That Miss LILY HANBURY looked lovely, and touched my heart; that Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE suddenly developed a brogue that, on occasion, betrayed her nationality; that Miss LE THIÈRE was a villainous matron; that Miss LAURA LINDEN was sprightly and pretty; that



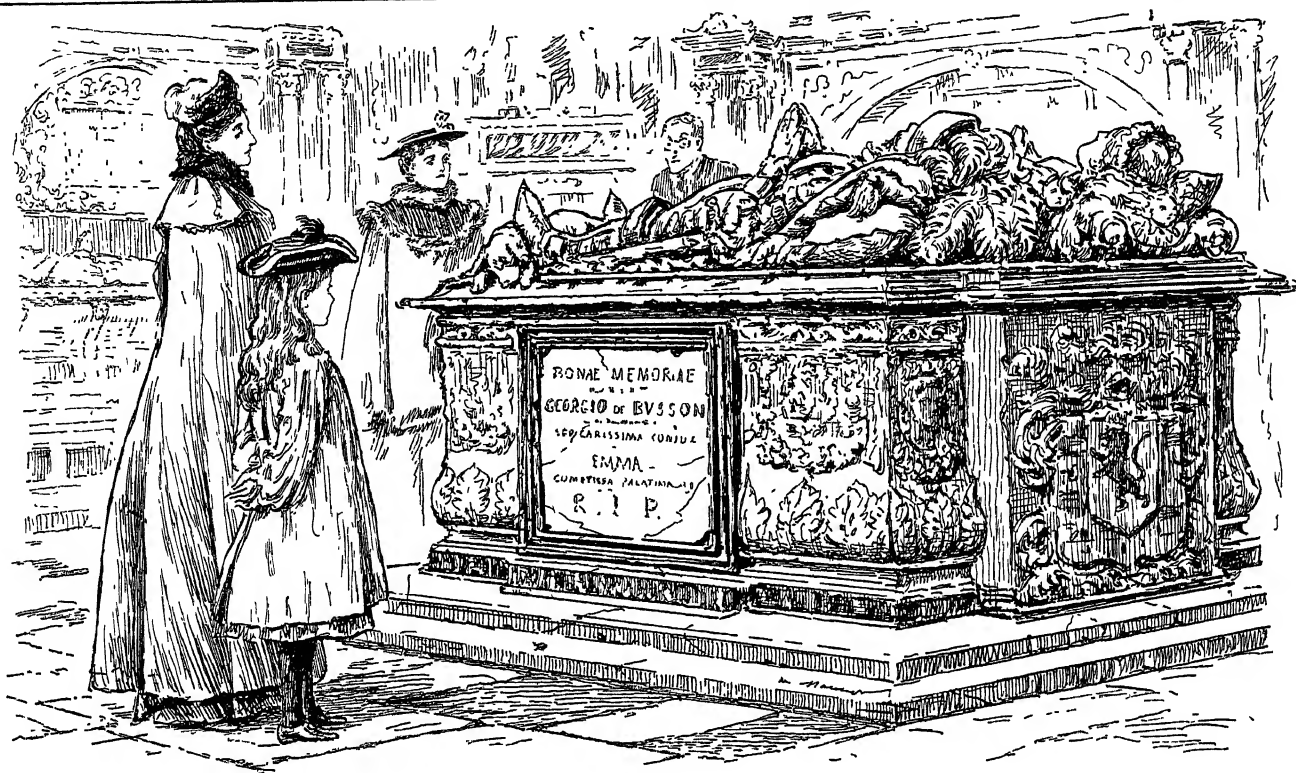
"The Action of the Piece."

Mr. ARTHUR DACRE was the best representative of lop-sided villainy ever seen on the stage; and that Mr. ROBERT SOUTAR reappeared as an elderly masher about town; all this, I am ready to admit, would have been good enough for me, without any attempt on my part at stringing them together in a consecutive story. Didn't I know from the very moment she appeared in deep black, and with a very pale face, that Miss LE THIÈRE was a villain of the deepest dye in petticoats? Could I have trusted Mr. ARTHUR DACRE, in his neat grey suit, with a sixpence, much less with my life? As for Mr. ETON, representing the Hebraic money-lender—indispensable of late years to all Drury Lane dramas—wasn't I well aware that he was to be the comic villain, only set up to be knocked down again, and to be finally bowled out by the apparently simple HARRY NICHOLLS? Then there is the scene at the Empire, admirably stage-managed, but the ladies should try to take just a trifle more interest in the strange proceedings of that eventful night, as they should also do when re-appearing as wedding guests in the last act. But these fair ladies are heartless; all's one to them, happen what may. Then there was the House-boat, equally well-arranged; but everything is entirely eclipsed by the Military Act, in three scenes, which contains "the action of the piece," and leaves the audience half-deafened by mitrailleuses, and half-choked by the gunpowder. But as the smoke gradually cleared away, the stalwart figure of the Commander-in-Chief, yeapt DRURIOLANUS himself, was seen bowing his acknowledgments.

But what was it all about? "Why, that I cannot tell," quoth Old CASPAR, 'but 'twas a famous victory!' And if you, my non-combatant readers, wish to know how the Burmese War was undertaken for the special benefit of HARRY NICHOLLS, you just go and see for yourself the new drama, mysteriously entitled *A Life of Pleasure*, at T. R. Drury Lane, and for this advice you will thank

"OLD CASPAR."

A MOOT POINT.—The G. O. M. is reported to have been engaged in translating *Horace*. Is this a picturesque way of referring to the recent elevation of Sir HORACE DAVEY?



UNHAPPY INFLUENCE OF MODERN MUSIC-HALL MELODIES.

"THERE LIES THE BRAVE KNIGHT, DARLING, WITH HIS FAITHFUL DOG AT HIS FEET, AND HIS WIFE BY HIS SIDE!"
 "AND HAS SHE GOT A DOG, TOO, MUMMY?" "No, DARLING, ONLY A CUSHION!"
 "Ah, I SUPPOSE HER DADDY WOULDN'T BUY HER A BOW-WOW-WOW!"

THE "FORLORN HOPE."

"It is understood (says the *Daily News*) that Mr. GLADSTONE will speak in Edinburgh on Wednesday, September 27, on the action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Home-Rule Bill. His followers are expecting him to give the word of command for an attack on the Upper House."

"CHILDE ROLAND to the Dark Tower came!" So runs
 The boding refrain BROWNING visioned out.
 CHILDE ROLAND valiant was, and wondrous stout;
 But that Dark Tower, which never noonday
 Full-garrisoned by feudal myrmidons,
 Might strike to ROLAND's heart the chill
 of doubt.

Four-square to the four winds the fortress stands,
 Pinnacled high upon a frowning rock.
 It hath survived the many-centuried shock
 Of elements, the assault of myriad hands,
 And to the attack will you now lead your
 bands,
 Whose rage crag-crowning battlements
 True from those battlements they've hung,
 in scorn,
 Your herald, whose torn trappings wildly
 In the rough wind. Though 'tis too late
 to save
 You'd fain avenge. Such flouts are hardly
 By Leaders whilst old lips can sound a horn
 And hands, though ancient, yet can lift a
 glaive.

Sound an alarm! Let the fierce war-cry sound!
 Your followers listen for it. They will cheer
 When its defiant shrill salutes their ear.
 Down with the Fortress! Raze it to the
 ground!
 End it, not mend it! So they rattle round,
 The shoutings and the floutings far and near.

And you, the new CHILDE ROLAND, what
 think you,
 At heart, behind that bold and fluent
 Lead a Forlorn Hope? Yes, though
 Death's self flung
 Its form of bony shape and grisly hue
 Athwart your path! But—is here aught
 to do
 That's worth the venture, when all's said
 [and sung?]

"If, at their counsel, I should turn aside
 Into that ominous tract which all agree
 Hides the Dark Tower? If acquies-
 cingly
 I do turn as they've pointed! Neither pride
 Nor hope rekindling at the end deserved [be.
 So much in gladness that some end should

"Thus, I have so long suffered in this quest
 Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
 So many times among 'The Band'—to wit
 The knights who to the Dark Tower's search
 addressed
 Their steps—that just to fail as they, seemed
 And all the doubt is now—shall I be fit?"

"What in the mist lies but the Tower itself?
 The square squat turrets, blind as the fool's
 heart,
 Built of grey stone, without a counterpart
 In the whole world. The tempest's mocking
 elf

Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
 He strikes on, only when the timbers start."

So mused CHILDE ROLAND! Chief of the
 white crest,
 With thine adventure doth the strain not
 Most strangely? Looms the Dark Tower
 turret-lit

By autumn rays low, chilly, from the west,
 So waterish wan. Oh! crowning test
 Of mortal valour and of human wit!

Lead the Forlorn Hope on! E'en Hopes
 Forlorn
 Do not fail always. Scale the craggy
 height!
 Cheer on your clamorous followers to the
 fight.

Citadels deemed impregnable, in scorn
 Have mocked their rash beleaguers at morn
 To see them swarm their battlements ere
 night.

And you, your courage seems to master Fate
 And mock at Time. Yet Time and Fate,
 at last,
 In the greatest life-game have the latest
 cast.

Heroic 'tis to see you, strong, elate,
 Heading the onset, and in *Punch's* pate
 Rings the old rhyme of the romantic past.

"There they stood, ranged along the hill-
 sides—met
 To view the last of me, a living frame
 For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
 I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
 Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set
 And blew. 'CHILDE ROLAND to the Dark
 Tower came.'"

CONTRIBUTED BY ONE "IN STATU PUPIL-
 LARI."—Great changes are expected in Egypt.
 It is said that a certain well-known oculist,
 no, we beg his pardon, we should have de-
 scribed him as "Ophthalmic Surgeon," whose
 name is something between "Crotchet" and
 "Cricket," and whose recent evidence in a
 police-court was quite "an eye-opener," to
 the worthy magistrate and the prisoners, is
 going out to remove the First Cataract. We
 wish him every possible success. He will
 be returned for the next Parliament as the
 Member for Eye.



THE "FORLORN HOPE."



"BREEZES"

—in the "Daily Graphic" Office!!

THAT "Weather Young Person" has been caught out in a piece of barefaced duplicity of which Mr. Punch would not have suspected her capable. From a sense of professional duty, no doubt, she has been surreptitiously attending the meetings of the "Congress of Journalists," leaving a plausible substitute in her place! Climatic disturbances have revealed the fraud!!

Storm Cone hoisted!!

CROWNING THE EDIFICE.

(A Study Translated into English from Zolaesque.)

EMILE was triumphant. The arm-chair of the Academy was still vacant. He did not yet fill it. But, for all that, he was triumphant, for he had performed a brave action. He had achieved a veritable success. It was more than thousands from the coffers of the publishers, more than pages of praises of the papers. It was a great event at length wonderfully accomplished.

EMILE sat in his London lodgings satisfied with all his surroundings. Of course, he was interviewed. He had been followed from France to England, and had seen in an evening paper an account of the temporary indisposition of one very dear to him on board the boat. He was prepared for his visitor.

"I am very comfortable. I think England charming; love its fog, and am deeply impressed with the LORD MAYOR. I soon had enough of the first meeting of the Congress of the Institute, but thought the ball at Guildhall excellent. I really have no more to say. Next please." But his Interviewer was not to be discarded hurriedly. He stood to his guns, or, rather, his reporter's book.

"Are you not proud of all your volumes? Do you not think that by writing them you have achieved the success of the century?"

"I am certainly proud of my work. But my work is not my greatest achievement. No, a thousand times no, it is not my greatest achievement."

"Well what is?" asked the Interviewer; and then he added, "Please look sharp about it, as I have to do the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Mr. MONTE CARLO WELLS, and Mr. BALFOUR, before I return to the office."

"Yes, I am prouder of this last feat," pursued the Master, ignoring the presence of the Reporter. "than the rest put together. It has taken me all my life to make up my mind to do it; but it is done at last."

"Of what are you speaking?"

"Yes, what are my novels compared to the heroism of those sixty-five minutes! That hour has been a bar to my compatriots. It has kept them in France. And now I am their superior. I have at length the right to boast a triumph!"

The Interviewer made an entry in his note-book, then he asked for further explanation.

"And so you are prouder of this event than all your hard-earned fame. And now tell me what event has so greatly moved you?"

"With pleasure. But listen. For twenty years I have laboured to write the history of France in romance. And when I say the history of France, I mean that part of the nation's story which has sprung from the Third Empire."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Interviewer; "and you have done it well. But pardon me, I am pressed for time. His Grace of CANTERBURY awaits me at Lambeth. Out with it! What is your special cause for pride?"

"Yes, I have been maligned, misunderstood, insulted, hated. But men must now call me a man of great courage, a man of infinite determination. For I have done it. Yes, after a lifetime of careful consideration I have done it!"

"Done what?" asked the Interviewer, who was growing impatient.

Then came the reply, uttered in a tone of indescribable emotion:

"I have crossed the Channel!"

"MY CUMMERBUND."

Sunday.—At Club. Conversation (learned) about epidemics. Heard somebody (an authority of course on the subject) say, "Oh, rub plenty of camphor into your cummerbund." Replied, "Yes; good idea." Wrote it down. Was going to question him as to details, but found he had quitted the club. Know what camphor is, not quite certain as to "cummerbund." Think it's Indian. Called in at Oriental Club. Old Oriental says, "Only natives wear cummerbunds." Oh, then "cummerbund" is not something to eat or drink? "No; it's a kind of cloth. Get 'em anywhere now." Anywhere? It appears I am behind the age. Everyone, except myself apparently, knows all about a "cummerbund." It sounds a bit Scotch; also German. "Cummer" Scotch; "Bund" German. German Bund. To be obtained at hosier's, or at any emporium for Indian clothing. Good.

Monday.—Bought cummerbund. Bright colour; neat. Bought also large bottle of camphor. Rubbed it in. Strong smell—more than strong. But self-preservation is first law, &c., &c., so get accustomed to it. After one day's wearing, don't notice saturated cummerbund. Quite accustomed to it.

Tuesday.—Went to see SMITH. "Hullo, old fellow," he says, "afraid of moths in your clothes, eh?" Ask what he means. He mentions strong smell of camphor. I explain my preventive measures. "Oh, that's all very well!" he returns; "but the very best thing is to soak your shirt in turpentine. I'm sure of it." Sure he is right, because he is a student at Guy's. Thank him warmly for this life-saving hint. Rush home; follow his advice. Beastly smell at first, but soon cease to notice it. Continue wearing camphorated cummerbund also, as an extra precaution. Call on Mrs. MONTGOMERY-MUMBY. Sweet girl her niece! Somehow she seems to avoid me, a thing she never did before. So they all do, and I have no one to talk to but a crippled uncle of theirs, who apparently has a bad cold in his head, for he holds his handkerchief to his nose all the time. JONES called. Says he has seen SMITH. "By Jove!"

he exclaims, "you've been going in for oil painting, or chemistry, or something. There's a tremendous smell of turpentine." I explain. "Oh, there's no harm in that," he says; "but a far better thing is to wet your waistcoat with carbolic acid. Antiseptic, you know." Now he is a student at Bart's, and probably knows as much as SMITH. Thank him, and resolve to try his preventive in addition to the other. Down to Eastbourne. Everyone clears out of railway carriage soon after I get in, except one old man, who says he is a medical man, and that a plentiful use of disinfectants is no doubt advisable.

Wednesday.—Meet ROBINSON on the Parade. Says he saw SMITH on Tuesday. Asks me what I think of the epidemic scare. Explain my precautions. "Thought I noticed an awful smell," he says. "Hope it's all right. As for me, I believe there's nothing like pouring sulphuretted hydrogen all over the inside of your coat. Had it from my uncle, who was Medical Officer of Health at Benares." An invaluable suggestion; buy a bottle, and follow his directions when dressing for dinner. Horrible stench, like rotten eggs! However, soon get accustomed to it. To a dance at the CHOLMONDELEY-CHICKS's. Never more annoyed in my life. Every girl says she has no dance left. What can have offended them all? The only partner I have is CHOLMONDELEY-CHICK's maiden aunt, and she faints in my arms after going once round the room. However, I have a good supper, for the dining-room is quite empty all the time I am in it, so I can get as much as I like.

Thursday.—Back to town. TOMKINS looks in. Says he saw SMITH the other day. Then looks curiously all round room. "Do you keep eggs in this room?" he asks; "hot weather turned 'em bad, eh?" Explain that I have used sulphuretted hydrogen. "Those chemical things," he says, holding his nose, "are not half so good as plain, homely preparations. The finest thing of all is to soak all your clothes in gin and peppermint. Had it from a man who ought to know, for he spent last autumn in Hamburg and used bottles full." Thank him with sincere gratitude, and as soon as possible try this new precaution. To theatre. People near me begin a great talking. Commissionaire asks me to leave. Says "money will be returned." Hanged if I go! I've paid for this seat." Then a fearful uproar starts. Do not remember details of fight, but find myself "chucked" into the roadway. Policeman picks me up as drunk and incapable. Spend night in police-cell. **** Explanations magisterially accepted. ... Apology given and taken. Off (with the cummerbund), and away for a tour in the North.



A VERY GREAT MAN.

(Cub Hunting.)

Young Farmer. "WELL, MASTER JACK! OUT AGAIN?"

Master Jack. "WHY, YES. FACT IS, YOU KNOW, ALWAYS LIKE TO GET AS MUCH IN AS POSSIBLE BEFORE WE BEGIN TO ADVERTISE. BRINGS SUCH A BEASTLY LOT O' DUFFERS OUT, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

CHATTO AND WINDUS have just issued a new edition of OUIDA'S *Dog of Flanders*. The well-got-up and cheaply-priced volume contains three other Stories, nearly as charming. In the quartette OUIDA, my Baronite says, will be found at her best—OUIDA, without the weeds of grossness and comical classicity that sometimes grow in her pastures. Of this volume of her works it may be said that, happily, L'EMPRERE is not in it.

To those about to travel, whether there and back, or there or back, is immaterial, the Baron strongly recommends *The Great Shadow* and *Beyond the City*, two stories in one volume by CONAN DOYLE, published in ARROWSMITH'S three and sixpenny series. It is a long time since the Baron has read a more dramatically told story than that of *The Great Shadow*. Truly, if his opinion had been asked, he would have seriously advised any novelist against attempting, in any form, a description of the Battle of Waterloo. Yet, though CONAN DOYLE has done it admirably, there is, thinks the Baron, just one chapter too much of this work. No one, since CHARLES LEVER wrote, has achieved anything like it, though there is just a smack of *Orthus Mulcaney & Co.* about it which—"but that is another story." The Baron finding no fault with the illustrations as illustrations, wishes that the tales had been left to themselves, and that they had been told without these superfluous aids. It is a pleasure to recommend such a book, and it is recommended by everybody's trusted Literary Adviser, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

What the Vicar of Amesbury Inclines to Say.

(Judging from his Letter in the "Standard," September 22, on the Desecration or Preservation of Stonehenge Question.)

My friends, for goodness' sake forbear
From fussy interference here.
Blest be the man who "makes no bones,"
And blamed be he who stirs these stones!

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

(A Thought at the Haymarket Theatre.)

THE first appearance "of the Personal Devil"
Was nigh the Tree of Knowledge, good and evil;
And so the Tempter's latest rôle we see
Is still associated with a TREE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, September 20.—Met WOODALL, V.C., crossing Lobby just now on the way to his battlemented tower. Shouldn't have known him—indeed, had passed him, when I recognised his voice hailing me. It had an unusually tinny sound, due to fact that it made its way through the interstices of a closed visor.

"Good gracious, WOODALL!" I said; "is that you? I thought it was one of the figures from the Tower taking an airing."

"Yes," said the Financial Secretary to the War Office with same vibrating, tinny intonation, "by my halidome (so to speak) it's me; and precious hot and generally uncomfortable it is, too, I can tell you. The things don't fit, you see; borrowed them from the Tower; some a size too large, which is bad; others a turn too small, which, considering they are made in metal, is worse."

WOODALL got up, regardless of expense, in helmet, breastplate, things like kneecaps, and a piece of sheet-iron fitted to the small of his back.

"What do you do it for, then?"

With difficulty WOODALL, V.C., unhooked something in his visor, and, after cautiously looking round, took it off.

"Haven't you heard," he said, as he mopped his forehead. "of the Secret Society, sworn to decimate us fellows of the War Office? Began with ST. JOHN BRODRICK, who narrowly escaped assassination in the streets; went on to CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who was



WHO WOULD BE AN M.P.?

A Warning to Aspiring Legislators.

threatened with sudden death. Now they've turned their attention on me. Every post brings an anonymous letter, advising me that my end approaches. They are in



Woodall, V.C.

different handwriting, but the note-paper enjoys in common the adornment of a death's-head and cross-bones. Sometimes there's a coffin underneath; occasionally this accessory is omitted; it is made up for in the added ferocity of the communication. This makes one very uneasy. I daresay you have observed how stout CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN looks of late. It's only his shirt of mail, worn under his ordinary linen. He says he's going to Marienbad to get rid of it; that's only his joke. As for me, I don't think it's worth mincing matters. I, as you see, go the whole animal; but it's very wearing. SANDHURST told me it was a case of armour or assassination. Having tried the armour for three days, am not quite sure I should not prefer assassination. Excuse me, there's a strange man lingering in the corner."

And WOODALL, shutting his head up in the helmet, warily walked off.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a Second time.

Friday.—All over. Royal Assent given to Appropriation Bill. Curtain falls on last scene in Act I. of Session 1893; a play in two Acts.

"And whose Session should you say it has been, TOBY?" asked ROWTON, a man of universal sympathies, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge.

"Mr. G.'s, I suppose. At least, that will be the general verdict. He has outshone himself. Whether you like what he has done or detest it, you must pay homage to the tireless energy, the infinite skill, and the matchless eloquence with which it has been accomplished. JOSEPH has excelled himself as a Parliamentary force; PRINCE ARTHUR has taken a long stride in the direction of establishing himself in position of Leader. These things are obvious, and will be said everywhere. But since you ask me whose Session it has been, I should say it has been MARJORIBANKS'. It's all very well to have a supreme Parliamentarian leading majority, small but compact. If you haven't got a Whip that can keep them together, who not only has them there on big field night, but always on the spot to repel surprises, where are you? In ordinary times it's comparatively easy to keep the Conservatives in hand, whether in office or out. Out or in the Liberals are skittish. This Session things have been peculiarly critical, as is shown in the cases of NAPOLEON



Expiring Law Continuance Bill passing through Committee.

BOLTONPARTY and the SENTENTIOUS SAUNDERS. To keep a majority safe and steady at such times requires in a Whip a rare combination of gifts and graces. With the assistance of an excellent team, MARJORIBANKS has done this. It is a minor Ministerial post, but the service rendered is incalculable. So if you want to name the Session, call it MAJORITYBANKS'."

Business done.—Parliament adjourned till November 2.

PERSONAL COURAGE.—A Reuter's telegram last week states that "The Brazilian Minister here refuses to be interviewed."

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAIDS.

AND have you not read of eight jolly young watermaids,
Lately at Cookham accustomed to ply



And feather their oars with a deal of
dexterity,
Pleasing the critical masculine
eye?
They swing so truly and pull so
steadily,
Multitudes flock to the river-side
readily;—
It's not the eighth wonder that all the
world's there,
But this watermaid eight, ne'er in want
of a stare.

What sights of white costumes! What ties and what hatbands,
"Leander cerise!" We don't wish to offend,

But are these first thoughts with the dashing young women

Who don't dash too much in a spurt off Bourne End?

Mere nonsense, of course! There's no "giggling and leering"—

Complete ruination to rowing and steering;—

"All eyes in the boat" is their coach's first care,

And "a spin of twelve miles" is as naught to the fair.

THEATRICAL NEWS.—During the absence of *Beckett* from London, and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* having left town, *The Tempter* in the Haymarket tried to entice *Charley's Aunt* from the Globe to go in for *A Life of Pleasure* at Drury Lane, but *The Other Fellow* from the Court induced her to go for *A Trip to Chicago* in The Vaudeville, where he cruelly abandoned her, to take up with *La Fille de Madame Angot*, at the Criterion. But she soon let him know what *A Woman's Revenge* at the Adelphi was like, and he sailed away in the Shaftesbury, *Morocco Bound*, pursued by *Don Quixote*, who had watched the proceedings from the Strand. The lady who in the meantime had obtained the fortunate talisman of *La Mascotte* from the Gaiety, was provided by DALY'S Company with *Dollars and Sense*, and is now doing uncommonly well. But the villain, who would have made her his victim, will soon experience the result of *Sowing the Wind* at the Comedy.

"SUBGRADUATUS INDIGNANS" writes.—"SIR,—Within the last fortnight on one day I find in the *Standard* that 'seventy degrees were recorded at Cambridge.' How's this? During Long Vacation!! Who conferred these degrees? What degrees? Who got 'em? Where's the Vice-Chancellor? I pause for a reply. P.S.—Beg pardon! Find I have overlooked head of paragraph, 'The falling barometer,' &c., &c., so that *perhaps* I may be in error."

"DUE SOUTH!"

On Shore in Lulworth Cove.—Odd names on this Southern coast. The "Tilly Winn Caves," for example; likewise "Durdle Dhor," or "Durdle Door." Who was MATILDA WINN; familiarly styled "TILLY"? An old fisherman mending his nets,—he is evidently



"The Cove of Lulworth Cove,"—gives me the following tale, which I set down as the

LEGEND OF TILLY WINN
AND

DURDLE D'OR.

The winsome Lady MATILDA WINN,
Was a-ris-to-crati-cal-ly thin,
With dove-like eyes. Her golden hair
Was circled with gems so rich and rare.
White and pink was the healthy skin
Of the winsome Lady MATILDA WINN.

The Lord of LULWORTH, a somnolent Earl,
Gave his moustache an extra curl

As he woke in the morn, and ope'd his eye,
A passing fair lady was passing by!
Then he swore to himself, "Through thick and thin,
I'll win the Lady MATILDA WINN."

The Lord of LULWORTH, that somnolent peer,
Gained the young lady's father's ear.
Who said, "My TILLY must me obey.
One week to-morrow shall be the day
When Lulworth's Earl shall become our kin,
By wedding my daughter! my TILLY WINN!"

MATILDA WINN made signs from shore
To her pirate lover, bold DURDLE D'OR.
Who came at night with ladder of rope,
For TILDA WINN had agreed to elope.
"We're privately married, so 'tis no sin,"
Quoth the beautiful Lady MATILDA WINN.

But the somnolent Earl and the testy Lord
Pursued and caught, ere they got aboard
The pirate vessel, the lovers twain,
Who leapt from the boat! And ne'er again,
When past and gone was the tempest's din,
Were seen DURDLE D'OR and his TILLY WINN.

There is as pleasant a little hostelry in Lulworth Cove as is to be found anywhere in a quiet sort of way, with lunch made and provided, ready for all comers, be they never so plentiful. Mind always on this coast command the lobster, he is *toujours à vos ordres*. Those who can be content with the minimum of variety in the way of amusement, and with the maximum of health will assuredly find it here, where they can live the life of a sort of luxurious *Robinson Crusoe*—bathing, fishing, walking—five or six miles from the nearest railway station, and visited occasionally by steamboats, which cannot come in quite close to shore, bringing passengers, from whom tidings may be obtained of what is going on in the outer world.

Note—Of music on board.—Almost every steamboat is accompanied by a couple of instrumentalists—a harpist and a violinist. These duettists do uncommonly well pecuniarily, and musically too, considering the difficulties presented by the sea passages. One of their more favourite performances is the *intermezzo* from the *Rusticana*. Returning from Swanage the wind rather interferes with the strings by attempting to unfasten the music paper. But the violinist, well on the alert, has foreseen the probability arising of there being "three sheets to the wind," and has nailed his colours to the mast, that is, has tied the music-paper firmly on to the stand. Still, in order to grapple with rude Boreas, he has to drop a few bars of his part in the *intermezzo*, a proceeding that causes no sort of inconvenience to the harpist, who ingeniously "slows off" and adapts time and tune to the exceptional situation, until the wind, being out of breath with its mischievous exertions, allows the fiddle-strings to resume their part in the concert, and kindly permits the two musicians to finish triumphantly. Their gallant efforts are well rewarded, and the musical pilgrims collect *largesse* in a scallop-shell. Back again to P'm'th.

THEN AND NOW.

MR. PUNCH'S REPLY TO THE PREMIER.

"[There is a popular periodical which, whenever it can, manifests the Liberal sentiments by which it has been guided from the first—I mean the periodical *Punch*. At that time I had the honour of figuring, if I remember right, in a Cartoon of *Punch*, in connection with the rejection of the Paper Duty, and a clever Cartoon it was, for I was represented as a little lad in school, sitting (it was *standing*, Sir—Mr. P.) upon a small stool, and Lord DERBY—the Lord DERBY of that day, who led the House of Lords—was standing over me with an immense sheet of paper, made into a fool's-cap, which he planted on my head."—Mr. Gladstone at Edinburgh, Sept. 27, 1893.]

See Cartoon, "The Paper Cap," in *Punch* (p. 223, vol. xxxviii.), June 2, 1860.

THIRTY-THREE years ago, my WILLIAM, thirty-three years ago, Yet you, as of yore, are well to the fore, and *Punch*, too, is in front also; And that paper cap was a popular crown, as *Punch* at the time With the real fool's-cap, by a singular hap, "the Lord DERBY" himself was invested.

Punch "advised his friend GLADSTONE to look out for squalls, and likewise look out his umbrella." (*Prophetic* that, but then *Mister P.* was always that sort of a fella!) You have used a good many "umbrellas" since then, both Old and New (Castle) "brollies," As you needed a stout one in DERBY's storm, so you will, my dear WILLIAM, in SOLLY's.

You have "had the honour of figuring," Sir, many times since then in my pages; As I hope, my dear WILLIAM, with all my heart, you'll continue to do—oh! for ages! The same great designer of "clever cartoons" ("our Sir JOHN") is as lively as ever, And if you'll give him suitable subjects, dear boy, he'll still furnish cartoons quite as clever.

"Liberal sentiments"—"manifest still"—"whenever I can," you say? Well, Sir!

My sentiments, WILLIAM, are liberal *always*—but with a small *non-party* I, Sir!

"Liberal souls devise liberal things"—you know the authority grand, Sir!

If your Liberal things are "liberal," always, by liberal things you shall stand, Sir.

There! *Verb. sap.*, my long-honoured old chap! May a real fool's-cap crown you never, But a Crown of Honour be yours at the end—which we'd wish to postpone, Sir, for ever! Thanks very much for your genial touch. We have pleasant joint memories, many, Since you fought the good fight on the Paper Duty and a Press at the Popular Penny!

Colourable.

"[The banners of most of the Dutch regiments have hitherto been those captured from the French at Waterloo in 1815, since when they have never been renewed."—*Daily News*, September 22.]

THE Dutch have had second-hand flags to fight under;
And so if "Dutch courage" mean borrowed, what wonder?

HISS-TRIONIC QUERY.—Where exists the theatrical manager who, utterly regardless of tradition and reckless as to the omen of "the Bird," would have produced a new piece for the first time *last Friday night*, which was *Michaelmas Day*, the day sacred to the Goose? We know of only one manager likely to be so bold, and he would not be so audacious as to defy the combined omens of ill.

Ichabod!

(As it generally seems now in Sculling Matches on the Thames.)

Row, brothers, row! But you don't row fast!
It's foreigner first, and Britisher last!
JOHN no longer can sing now, "I says the Bull"
(As in *Poor Cock Robin*), "because I can pull!"

COAL AND DRAMA.—MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD says that the Princess's Pit, which has been closed for a long time, will be at once re-opened. The price has been generally accepted.

NEWS OF THE MATABELE.—The "Impi" are "suffering from want of supplies." They are impi-cunious.

THE MOST GRATUITOUS FORM OF VICE.—Ad-vice!

THE REIGN OF RINGLETS.

["It is announced that ringlets are to be worn again by ladies, and that side whiskers are coming in for fashionable men."—*Daily News*.]

Oh prospect Elysian! It
called back a vision
Of youth, and those
girls of JOHN LEECH's,
JOHN LEECH's,
Of "corkscrews" that
Of "doddle" all round
a fair noddle,
Blue eyes and flushed
cheeks like ripe
peaches, ripe peaches.
I think of sweet NELLY,
whose curls, like a
jelly,
Shook soft as she
"spooned" me at
croquet, at croquet.
But then came lawn
tennis old fashion to
menace,
And croquet and curls
were dubbed "pokey,"
dubbed "pokey."

But ringlets! O rapture!
One spiral to
capture
Of NELL's many hun-
dreds and snip it,
and snip it,
Was simply delightful.
She'd swear she
"looked frightful"
As into my bosom I'd
slip it, I'd slip
it.

But one among dozens,
on heads like my
cousin's,
Love-larceny was, and
not robbery, robbery.

If now I dared sever from "tousle-mops"
clever
One tress, there would be a rare bobbery,
bobbery.

Ah me! how times alter! My scissors would
falter
In trying a *Rape of the Lock* to-day, *Lock*
to-day.

NELL's trim buxom body, with curls thick
and "doddy,"
Would strike the æsthete with a shock to-
day, shock to-day.



Oh how they [doddle
around her old nod-
dle!
She's "songful," a
taste which I share
fully, share fully.
But when she will warble
of Halls—they're of
Marble,—
Or Meetings by Moon-
light, I'm sorry, I'm
sorry
To see curls, and passion,
so out of the fashion,
Made mock of by "Up-
to-date" FLOBBY,
-date FLOBBY.

But ringlets reviving?
Miss TWIDDY's long
striving
For "Passion's Re-
sponse" mayn't be
hopeless, be hopeless.
In "Days of Pomatum"
(for that's how I
date 'em)
They used more Macas-
sar, and soap less,
and soap less!
Inopportune rain then
put things out of
train then,
NELL's mop, how a
shower would spoil
it, would spoil it!
Curl-papers, concealing
—but there, I'm
revealing
The mysteries dark of
the toilet, the toilet.

You only see ringlets on some "poor old
thing." Let's
Be kind to the *passé*, but primness, but
primness,
With "winkle" curls shaking, is not very
taking,
When linked with old-spinster-like slim-
ness, -like slimness.

I know an "old Biddy"—her name is Miss
TWIDDY—
Who revels in ringlets curled carefully,
carefully.

But ringletted friskers, and mutton-chop
whiskers,
For "buns" and blue gills closely
shaven, -ly shaven!
'Tis sheer revolution! High Art's contribu-
tion
Will be first to croak *à la raven*, *la raven*.
Will girls then all giggle with ringlets
a-wriggle,
[youth did?]
As most of the maids of my youth did, my
Will male "mutton-chopper," scowl pom-
pously proper,
Like *Dombe*—as *our* sires in sooth did, in
sooth did?

LIFE (AND DEATH) IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(Diary of the week's doings, from our own Correspondent on the Spot.)

Monday.—Matters are still very unsettled, and it will take some time before public confidence is entirely restored. The policy of the President in defending the Tramways Extension Bill from the citadel with grape-shot is condemned as an unwise stretch of the provisions of the Constitution. It has caused a reorganisation in the Cabinet, the Secretary for the Interior having resigned, taking with him six regiments of cavalry, four battalions of infantry, and three brigades of artillery. This desertion has naturally lessened the chance of the Employers' Liability Amendment Bill passing this session except at the point of the bayonet. The division on the first reading of the Telegraph State Construction Bill was Ayes, 50 killed, 3 wounded; Noes, 12 killed, 172 wounded. Should this measure pass its second reading it will be opposed from barricades in committee.

Tuesday.—Trade shows some signs of revival, but the continual bombardment of the Stock Exchange by the opposition fleet in the offing causes considerable confusion and annoyance. The Minister of War has retired into a parliamentary cave accompanied by the militia. It is considered not improbable that this member of the ministry may throw his ammunition into the scale against his colleagues. The Pauper Property Insurance Bill has not much chance of passing during the present year, unless its supporters can

bombard the capital. The second reading of the Lunacy Acts Consolidation Bill was passed with the assistance of three ironclads and a torpedo catcher. In spite of the pacific turn that events are now taking, some of the older inhabitants express considerable uneasiness.

Wednesday.—The British Consul has given notice that he will hold the ministry responsible for the damage done to his residence. On account of the bombardment he and his family have been forced to reside in a distant greenhouse. The remainder of the consulate is razed to the ground. This being the President's birthday, the hall of the *bureau* has been crowded with infernal machines sent as presents. The loud ticking of the concealed machinery has caused several complaints to be made to the *concierge*. The President and his family have returned to the seaside. They are being hotly pursued by a large body of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. However, on the whole the outlook is brighter, and the trains and omnibuses have recommenced running.

Thursday.—The President has returned to the capital, as the lodgings he had taken at the seaside were discovered by the rebel fleet, and bombarded. The business of the session progresses slowly but surely. The Minister for War, with the assistance of the Militia, has secured the passing of the vote dealing with his department. He led the charge in person that carried the "Ayes" Division Lobby. If it were not for the constant bombardment of all the principal buildings, and the occasional slaughter of Members of Parliament, things would be almost normal. There is no doubt that the outlook is peaceful.



HOW TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING!

[“For the purposes of this production the orchestra has been enlarged, so that some of the instrumentalists have to sit among the audience in the stalls.”
Daily Paper.]

Friday.—Things still quieting down. Traffic in the main thoroughfares is suspended, because the roads are required for charges of cavalry, and the squares are now used for shell practice. The fleet have approached closer. This, of course, causes some additional damage; but as the populace can now hear the bands of the various ships during the pauses in the bombardment, the arrangement is rather popular than otherwise. The Government have apologised to the British Consul for having blown up his house and stables. The incident consequently is at an end. Several Members of the Cabinet have accepted the Consul's invitation to lunch.

Saturday.—The Revolution is practically at an end. The fleet are still bombarding the forts, and the military charge every ten minutes the populace. The Judges, too, find cause for annoyance in the constant invasion of the judicial bench by armed artisans. Most of the fashionable part of the city is in flames, but this is a detail. However, taking all things into consideration, peace and tranquillity may be said to be now restored. Of course they are not exactly the peace and tranquillity of Europe, but they are what people are accustomed to over here. Should anything of further importance transpire it shall be wired immediately; but to all appearance the insurrection is at an end.

TO THE CONTESTANTS IN THE COAL WAR.

Oh, stint your rage, abate your rash insanity!
Fight not like fiends, as brother men agree;
And be “the sweet, sad music of humanity,”
Played in the *minor* key!

THE IDEAL CONVERSATION.

[Miss EMILY FAITHFULL, in the *Ladies' Pictorial*, suggests that girls should always learn up some contribution to make to the family conversation at table.]

MISS FAITHFULL, let me send a line
Of most sincere congratulation
On your magnificent design
To raise the tone of conversation;
The plan you kindly recommend
Rejoices many a careful mother,
And, for the future, we intend,
As runs the phrase, “To use no other.”

At breakfast-time we used to talk
On topics commonplace together,
Designed a picnic, planned a walk,
And even criticised the weather;
We gossiped in an idle way,
And made in turn our several guesses
About the age of Mrs. A.,
The price of Lady X.'s dresses.

But now, according to your scheme,
Each carefully-instructed maiden
Discourses on a worthy theme,
And comes with fact and figures laden;
To-day, for instance, MURIEL gave
Some gems from CICERO's orations,
While MAUD reviewed, in language grave,
The Lower Tertiary Formations.

And KATE—the mischief-making KATE
Who formerly would merely prattle—
Described, in accents most sedate,
The use of cavalry in battle.
In fact, by this most noble plan,
Which on your kind advice we're using,
Our conversation never can
Deserve your censure as amusing!

THE FOOL WITH A GUN.

(To the Tune of the “Temptation of St. Antony.”)

THERE are many fools that worry this world,
Fools old, and fools who're young;
Fools with fortunes, and fools without,
Fools who dogmatise, fools who doubt,
Fools who snigger, and fools who shout,
Fools who never know what they're about,
And fools all cheek and tongue;
Fools who're gentlemen, fools who're cads,
Fools who're greybeards, and fools who're [lads;
Fools with manias, fools with fads,
Fools with cameras, fools with tracts,
Fools who deny the stubbornest facts,
Fools in theories, fools in acts;
Fools who write Theosophist books,
Fools who believe in Mahatmas and spooks;
Fools who prophesy—races and Tophets—
Bigger fools who believe in prophets;
Fools who quarrel, and fools who quack;
In fact, there are all sorts of fools in the
Fools fat, thin, short, and tall; [pack,
But of all sorts of fools, the Fool with a Gun
(Who points it at someone—of course, “in
fun” —
And fools around till chance murder is done)
Is the worstest fool of them all!

“BEING AT CHARGES.”—A subject for companion picture to the well-known “*The Last Charge at Waterloo*” would be “*The Last Charge of the Archbishop of Canterbury*.” For ourselves, in preference to either the ecclesiastical or the military view of a charge, we like to hear the Lord Mayor's toast-master call out, “Gentlemen! Charge—your glasses!”

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE VI.—The Breakfast-room at Hornbeam Lodge.

TIME—8.40 A.M. on Saturday morning. Mrs. TOOVEY is alone, making the tea.

Mrs. Toovey (to herself). I cannot think what has come to THEOPHILUS. He has come down late for prayers every morning this week. Such a bad example for any household, and Cook is beginning to notice it—I could see it in her eye as she came in. He is so strange in his manner, too; if I did not know he was absolutely incapable of—but why did he secrete that abominable programme of CHARLES's? He said he kept it with a view to making inquiries, but I have heard nothing about them since. (Aloud, to PHOEBE, who brings in dishes and two letters.) Oh, the post, PHOEBE? It's late this morning. (PHOEBE goes out.) One for Pa, and one for me—from ALTHEA—it was certainly time she wrote. (Reading her letter.) "Delightful visit . . . the MERRIDEWS so kind . . . so much to see and do . . . back on Monday . . . no time for more at present." Not a word of where she's been or what she's seen—not at all the letter a girl should write to her mother! I wonder whom Pa's letter is from? (She turns it over.) What's this? "Eldorado Palace of Varieties" printed on the flap! Why, that's CHARLES's music-hall! Then Pa has been making inquiries after all. As CHARLES's aunt I have a right to— (She is about to open the envelope.) No, I'd better not. I hear Pa's hum—he will be sure to tell me what they say.

Mr. Toovey enters (humming, to give himself a countenance). Ha, so you've had prayers without me? Quite right—quite right.

Mrs. Toov. (severely). Anything but right, Pa. You ought to have been down long ago. I heard you brushing your hair as I went out.

Mr. Toov. (feebly). It was very tiresome, my love, but my collar-stud got under the wardrobe, and I couldn't get it out for ever so long.

Mrs. Toov. Your things have taken to behave in a very extraordinary manner, Pa. Yesterday it was your braces!

Mr. Toov. I—I believe it was my braces yesterday. Ah well, we must bear with these little vexations—bear with them! (To himself.) A letter for me? From the Eldorado! It's the box! I—I hoped Mr. CURPHEW had forgotten. [He thrusts it into his pocket unopened, in a hurry.]

Mrs. Toov. Is there any reason why you shouldn't read your letter, Pa? It may be of importance.

Mr. Toov. I—I don't think it is, my love—particularly. It—it will keep till after breakfast. What is this—kedgeree? Ha! I've come down with quite an appetite—quite a famous appetite!

[He pecks at his kedgeree ostentatiously.]
Mrs. Toov. Perhaps I'd better ring and have two more eggs boiled if you're so hungry as all that, Pa?

Mr. Toov. (in terror at this suggestion). Not for me, my love, not for me. I—I've made an excellent breakfast!

Mrs. Toov. Then now, Pa, perhaps you will be at leisure to read your letter. I am curious to know what correspondence you can possibly have with an Eldorado Palace.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). Oh, dear me, she's seen the flap! Why do they put the name outside—so thoughtless of them! (He opens the letter.) Yes, it is the order. I can't show it to CORNELIA! (Aloud.) I—I told you I was making inquiries.

Mrs. Toov. About CHARLES's habits? So you've written to the Manager, without consulting me! Well—what does he say?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). I don't like these deceptions—but I must consider poor CHARLES. (Aloud.) Oh—hum—very little, my love, very little indeed, but satisfactory—most satisfactory—he's no complaint to make of CHARLES—none whatever!

Mrs. Toov. As if it was likely you would get the truth from such a tainted source! Let me see his letter.

Mr. Toov. (pocketing the letter again, hastily). No, my dear love, you must excuse me—but this is a private and confidential communication, and—and, in common fairness to CHARLES—I'll trouble

you for another cup of tea. (To himself.) It's for this very night. I've a great mind not to go. How am I to make an excuse for getting away? (Aloud.) I've half a mind to run up some time, and—and look in on CHARLES.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). If CHARLES is misconducting himself, I ought to know—and I will, sooner or later. I'm sure THEOPHILUS is keeping something from me. (Aloud.) I've only put in one lump, Pa. You may find him at home if you went up this afternoon.

Mr. Toov. (relieved). An excellent suggestion, my love. I will go this afternoon. He—he might ask me to stay and dine with him; so if—I don't come back, you'll know where I am—eh? You won't be anxious?

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). He's trying to spare me, but I can see he's most uneasy about CHARLES. (Aloud.) Well, Pa, I don't like the idea of your dining out without me—it will be the first time for years—but still, I shall have to be away myself this evening; there's a special meeting of the Zenana Mission Committee, and Mrs. CUMBERBATCH made such a point of my attending—so, if you feel you really ought to see CHARLES—

Mr. Toov. Oh, I do, my dear. He—he wants looking after. And perhaps, if I could have a little quiet, serious talk with him, after dinner—or over a game of draughts. (To himself.) What a dissembler I've become; but I do mean to look in on CHARLES, before I go to this Eldorado place, and there may be time for a game of draughts!

Mrs. Toov. You would learn more, THEOPHILUS, by putting a few questions to his landlady. But remember, when you come back, I shall insist on being told everything—everything, mind!

Mr. Toov. Oh, of course, my love, of course. (To himself.) If my visit proves satisfactory, I—I might tell her. It will depend on how I feel—entirely on how I feel.

END OF SCENE VI.

SCENE VII.—The Drawing-room.

It is after luncheon. Mrs. TOOVEY is sitting knitting.

Mr. Toovey (entering, in a frock-coat, carrying a tall hat). Er—CORNELIA, my love, you don't happen to know where the—the latchkey is kept, do you?

Mrs. Toovey. The latchkey, THEOPHILUS! One has never been required in this house yet. What can you possibly want with a latchkey?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). These performances go on till a somewhat advanced hour, I've no doubt, and I might feel it my duty to stay as long as— (Aloud.) I—I only thought it would save PHOEBE sitting up for me, my dear.

Mrs. Toov. You need not trouble yourself about that, THEOPHILUS. I will sit up for you, if necessary.

Mr. Toov. (quaking). But you forget your Zenana Mission, my love; you will be out yourself this evening!

Mrs. Toov. (severely). I shall be back by a reasonable hour, Pa,—and so will you, I should hope.

Mr. Toov. I hope so, my love, I'm sure, but—but I may have a good deal to say to CHARLES, you know.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). There's some mystery about that wretched boy, I'm certain. If I could only find out what was in that letter. I wonder if it's in Pa's pocket—I'll soon see. (Aloud.) Turn round, Pa. Ah, I thought as much; one of your coat-tail buttons is as nearly off as it can be!

Mr. Toov. (innocently). Dear me! My Sunday coat, too. I never observed it. Could you just fasten it on a little more securely?

Mrs. Toov. If you take off your coat. I can't do it with you prancing about in front of me, Pa. (Mr. T. takes off his coat.) Now, I can't have you in my drawing-room in your shirtsleeves—suppose somebody called! Go into your study and wait there till I've done. (Mr. T. departs submissively.) Now if the letter isn't in one of these pockets, it must be in— (She discovers the envelope.) There it is. Now I shall know what CHARLES—I'm sure his poor dear mother would wish to be informed. (She opens the letter.) "Eldorado Palace of Varieties. Admit Mr. TOOVEY and party to Box C. This portion to be retained." (She tears off a perforated slip.) I will retain it! So THEOPHILUS has been deceiving me—



"Eldorado Palace of Varieties. Admit Mr. Toovey and Party to Box C. This portion to be retained."

this is his business with CHARLES! This is why he kept that programme! And he's allowing himself to be misled by his own nephew! They're going to this music-hall to-night, together! He shall not go—never while I—stop, let me think—yes, he shall go—he shall fill up the measure of his iniquity, little dreaming that I have the clear proof of his deceit! (*She thrusts the slip she has torn off into her workbox, and replaces the envelope with the remainder of the order in the pocket.*) There. He won't notice that anything is missing. He's coming back. I must control myself, or he will be on his guard.

[*She pretends to secure the button with unsteady fingers.*

Mr. Toov. (*entering*). CORNELIA, my love, don't trouble to do more than is absolutely necessary to keep the button secure—because I'm rather in a hurry. It doesn't matter, so long as it looks respectable!

Mrs. Toov. (*with an effort to restrain her feelings*). I daresay it is quite respectable enough, Pa, for where you are going.

Mr. Toov. Quite, indeed, my dear. But it would never have done to go and call on CHARLES with a button off the back of my coat—no, no. It was fortunate you noticed it in time, my love.

Mrs. Toov. I hope it will prove so, THEOPHILUS. (*To herself.*) And this monster of duplicity is Pa! Oh, I wish I could tell him what I thought of him, but not yet—we will have our reckoning later!

Mr. Toov. (*after putting on his coat*). Then I think I must be going. Any message I can take to CHARLES?

Mrs. Toov. Yes, tell him that I trust he will profit by his good Uncle's example, and that I expect him to dinner on Monday. I may require to have a serious talk with him myself, if your account of this evening is not perfectly satisfactory.

Mr. Toov. I'll tell him, my love, but there's no reason to make yourself uneasy about CHARLES—he'll behave himself—he'll behave himself. (*To himself, as he goes out.*) I must go and see CHARLES now. Oh dear, I do feel so apprehensive about this visit to the Eldorado.—If I could put it off.—But I can't continue to hold those shares without some knowledge.—And Mr. CURPHEW made such a point of my going. No, I must go. I—I don't see how I can get out of it!

Mrs. Toov. (*alone*). There he goes, looking so meek and lamblike! Who would suspect, to see him, that that black coat of his was buttoned round a whited sepulchre? Oh, Pa, Pa! That after all these years of blameless life you should suddenly be seized with a depraved desire for unhallowed amusement like this! While I am at the CUMBERBATCHES, engaged in discussing the affairs of the Zenana Mission, you and CHARLES will be—Stop. How do I know he is going with CHARLES at all? If he is capable of deceiving me in one respect, why not in all? (*She takes out the slip and looks at it.*) Mr. TOOVER and party! What party? May not Pa have been leading a—a double life all these years for anything I can tell? He is going to the Eldorado to-night with *somebody*—that's clear. Who is it? I shall never be easy till I know. And why should I not? There's the meeting, though. I might have a headache. Yes, that will do. (*She goes to her writing-table.*) No, I won't write. I can make some excuse to ELIZA when I see her. And instead of going to the CUMBERBATCHES this evening, I can easily slip up to Waterloo and ask my way to this place. There will be no difficulty in that. Yes, I will go, whatever it costs me. And when Pa goes into this Box C of his, he will find his "party" is larger than he expected!

END OF SCENE VII.

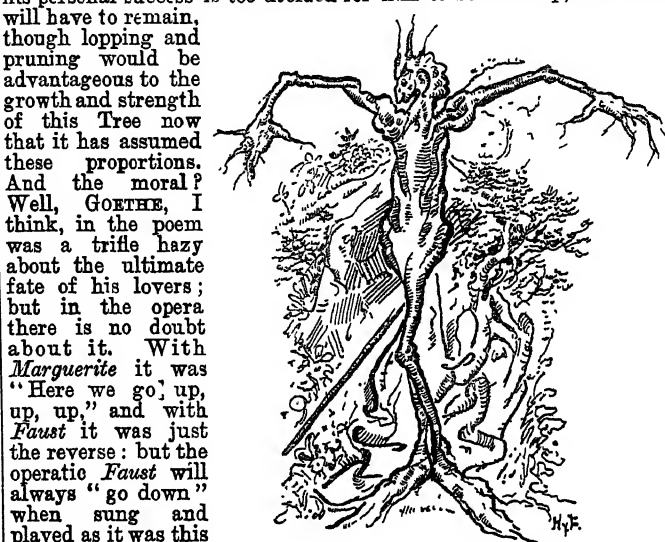
PLAYING THE DEUCE AT THE HAYMARKET.

OF course, to speak with theological accuracy, *The Tempter*, being the "very devil incarnate," ought to be "damned." That this has not been his fate at the Haymarket is owing to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE primarily, to his company secondarily, and to the author remotely. To treat in any fresh dramatic form the story of *Faust and Marguerite*, a dramatist must be the subject of a special and peculiar inspiration. Now what this play lacks is inspiration.

What in this piece ENRY HAUTHOR JONES mistook for the "divine afflatus" is mere long-windedness. His *Tempter* may be an entertainer assuming various disguises, and more and more like himself on every occasion, but a real devil he is not, except so far as Mr. TREE with wonderful art makes him; and, even then, the question is forced upon us, would any devil with any sort of self-respect, pick up a cross-handled dagger just as if it were an ordinary walking-stick, and politely return it to its owner? This is the first time that a devil on the stage hasn't shuddered and grovelled at the sight of a cross-handle. Again, how far more effective would some of the supernatural movements of this irreclaimably wicked personage have been had they been performed by means of some clever arrangement of "wires," such as that with which Mlle. JENEA used to astonish the public? Where are the stage mechanists who assisted GEORGE CONQUEST, that unique representative of sprites and gnomes, who achieved success by "leaps and bounds?"

Fortunately the piece does not depend for its success on mere mechanism, but on the acting of Mr. TREE, which is in all respects admirable in its diabolical variety; much depends, too, on Mrs. TREE, who is charming and sympathetic in a small part. Mr. TERRY, who occasionally, in tone and look, reminds me of HENRY IRVING, contributes his share towards the general histrionic excellence, as also does Miss JULIA NEILSON, who in tone and action frequently makes me wish that once and for ever she would give up attempting an imitation of ELLEN TERRY. But be it said that the acting of this couple is remarkably good in the love scene, as it is also in the very trying death scene, which could have been so easily and so utterly ruined.

The author is at his best in his curt, cynical, sentences. Epigrams are few and far between in the play, but what there are go to the devil, that is, are given to the "Old Gentleman," with the best possible result. ENRY HAUTHOR is at his worst in the long speeches, not one of which, no matter to whom it may fall, but would be the better for cutting. Of course, suggestions for abbreviating the *Tempter's* part would not be favourably entertained by the principal actor, as, naturally enough, any Tree objects to being cut down; and as his personal success is too decided for him to be "cut up," the Tree



"Arbor in Arbore." A Wood Engraving.

what Boiro does with his erring couple, but where Mr. JONES's demon resembles Boiro's, and also BYRON'S, Satan, is in his monologues addressed directly to the Supreme Being. But those Satans were Fallen Archangels of Heaven; this of ENRY HAUTHOR'S is a Fallen Angel of Islington. This illogical demon sneers at one of the characters for not using language sufficiently strong to express his feelings; yet when his own turn comes his blasphemy is vulgar, and so mild that not the sternest magistrate would like to fine him for it. And strange to say, in one passage (which most persons would have deemed objectionable, did it not come to them on the authority of the Lord Chamberlain's Theatrical Licensing Office), the Prince of Darkness shows himself a gentleman curiously ignorant of such elementary Christian theology as he could have picked up from a penny catechism. How Mr. TREE was ever induced to attempt the *Tempter* by ENRY HAUTHOR, will remain a mystery to the end of the run, and if that should be in the far distant future, the mystery will be Tree-mendous, and absolutely impenetrable. The costumes are artistic and superb, the scenery effective, though the majestic proportions of Canterbury Cathedral are rather dwarfed by the imposing figure of the Very Deuce, who is "all over the place."

Morning Thought.

(By a chilly Autumn Guest at a Country House.)

GR-R-R-R! No fire in the grate—for our hostess is thrifty—Although the thermometer stands below fifty!

Well, I wish to be courteous and sober;
But the *biggest* of pests is that pig of a host—
In a climate like ours, too!—who makes it his boast
That "he never starts fires till October!"

A GOOD KICK-OFF.—The "Rugby" decision against "professional" football. Let us hope it will be followed by an equally energetic "kick-out" of the growing "rowdy" element in this popular, if somewhat over-praised, "National game." All good sportsmen long to see a "penalty kick" administered to black-guardism in the football field.



THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

Ducal Butler (showing Art Treasures of Stilton Castle). "THE THREE GRACES—AFTER CANOVA!"
Mrs. Ramsbotham. "HOW INTERESTING! AND PRAY, WHICH IS THE PRESENT DUCHESS?"

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

(Modern Teutonic Version.)

"My complaint being of a nervous character, I share the opinion of my doctor that, if I pass the winter in the midst of my accustomed surroundings and occupations, it will be the most likely means of promoting my recovery."—*Prince Bismarck's reply to the German Emperor's Letter.*

Diogenes (of Kissingen) loquitur:—

Only to leave me to my tub! Ha! had him there I flatter me!
Too late, my ALEXANDER, now to butter or to batter me!
You "Dropped the Pilot"—with that youthful confidence that some adore—

The "whirligig of time" has turned; the "Pilot" drops the "Commodore."

A *fac* for Imperial "Pots," and their young princely progenies:
 Belated condescension won't conciliate DIOGENES.
 Cynic and Conqueror exchange compliments Ciceronian,
 But—there's a sting in some smooth words, for a mouthing Macedonian.

Mine are not *sanitary* "tubs," the Varzin, or the other one At Friedrichsrub, you hint. Oh get away, and do not bother one! I've got a "nervous system" now, and noisy, young, despotical, "Shock-headed Peters" worry one, when aged and neurotical.

Your castles, and your palaces, and things, in Central Germany, I "trample on"—like Plato's pride Ha! does that make you squirm any?

Confer with your Court Marshal, if you like; I only promise I'll Transfer my Tub—to Friedrichsrub, when up to change of domicile.

"How to command men" is my skill, as 'twas of him of Pontus, Sire,

You can't command such men as I just when you chance to want us, Sire!

As soon as Doctor SCHWENINGER says he has no objection, Sire, I'll travel to another Tub—but not of your selection, Sire.

Sings—

'Midst castles and palaces though I *might* roam,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
 The charm of the Tub seems to hallow me there,
 Which all Central Germany's castles can't share.
 Home! home! Sweet, sweet home!
 Though 'tis only a Tub, there is no place like home!

An exile from court, castles dazzle in vain.
 Oh! give me my Tub and I'll gladly remain.
 A proud ALEXANDER I'm sorry (!) to snub,
 But—keep your fine castles, leave me to my Tub!
 Home! home! Sweet, sweet home!
 Though you mayn't like its "climate," there's no place like home!
[Left curled up in it.]

"PAS MÊME ACADÉMICIEN!"

[ALBERT MOORE, the exquisite decorative painter, died on September 25, at the age of fifty-two, "without Academic honour."]

"Love is enough." Beauty, it seems, is not.
 And yet upon our land's artistic fame,
 It seems—does it not, Sirs?—a bitter blot
 That the official roll lacks this great name!
 No matter! The R. A., with tight-closed door,
 Hath less—of honour; English Art hath MOORE

"DID you hear PADEREWSKI the pianist?" asked someone of our old friend Mrs. R. "Oh, yes," she replied; "I was most fortunate. He played for several hours at a friend's house, and he gave us the whole of his Repertee."

RIDDLE BY 'ARRY.—"Look 'ere, if you're speakin' of a young unmarried lady bein' rather 'uffy, what well-known river would you name?—Why, 'Miss is 'ippy, o' course."



ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

ALEXANDER. "IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU? CASTLE? OR ANYTHING OF THAT SORT?"
DIOGENES. "NO—ONLY TO LEAVE ME TO MY TUB!"



GUESTS TO BE AVOIDED.

"HULLO, OLD MAN! HOW'S IT YOU'RE DINING AT THE CLUB? THOUGHT YOUR WIFE TOLD ME SHE HAD THE BROWNS AND SMITHS TO DINNER THIS EVENING?"

"NO—THAT WAS YESTERDAY. THIS EVENING SHE HAS THE ODDS AND ENDS!"

RIFLEMEN—"FORM!"

(A new Volunteer Song, "in vulgar parlance." Brought up to date, after Lord Tennyson.)

"It is not going too far to say that thousands of men best fitted, physically and morally, to serve as officers or in the ranks, hold aloof from the Volunteers, because they are keenly alive to inefficiency of the average Volunteer. In vulgar parlance they look upon Volunteering as 'bad form.'"—*The Times*.]

THERE is a sound that must terribly jar
On the ears of the West in our finical day;
'Tisn't a sound of battle and war,
But of something much worse in its
"vulgar" way.

Storm's warm about Volunteer "form,"
Ready, be ready against that storm!
"Form!" "Form!" Riflemen, "Form!"

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
What? "Bad form!"—that's a prig's
last plea.

Are figs of thistles? or grapes of thorns?
How can W. feel with E. C.?
"Form!" "Form!" Riflemen, "Form!"
Ready to meet "Sassiety's" storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, shun "bad form!"

Reform your "form"! Abide nothing
"low"!

Look to yon butts, and take good aims!

But better a miss, or a magpie or so,
Then that bad, bad form which "Sassiety"
shames.

Storm's warm about Volunteer "form,"
Ready, be ready against that storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen—"Form!!!"

For "form" be ready to do or die
"Form," in "Sassiety's" name, and the
QUEEN'S!
"In vulgar parlance" "good form"'s the
cry—

Though only a fribble knows what it means.
But "Form!" "Form!" Riflemen, "Form!"
Ready, be ready to meet the storm
Against the Riflemen's "shocking bad form!"

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD VADE MECUM.

Question. What are the functions of the School Board?

Answer. To protest against the conduct of the Educational Department.

Q. In this protest has the Board the sympathy of the public?

A. Unquestionably; because the conduct of the Educational Department is calculated to send up rates.

Q. But does not the Department look after the sanitary side of the matter?

A. Perhaps so; but sanitation is too

expensive a matter to be treated without the maturest consideration.

Q. Are the recommendations of the Department unreasonable?

A. Very. The Board is required to make the most costly alterations in buildings that have already eaten up a large sum of money, and should not consume a penny more.

Q. But are not the suggested improvements ones that would be accepted nowadays in any new design?

A. Certainly, but then their adoption would be the cause of little or no expense.

Q. Then should science stop still until the rates become abated?

A. That would be the practical course for science to pursue.

Q. But leaving grievances out of the question, what can be said about education?

A. That is a matter of secondary importance, when compared with the latest sanitary developments.

Q. But how about the children? Have they been educated? What can be said about them?

A. Nothing. So far as the School Board is concerned, the question of education in general is absolutely of secondary importance.

Q. Then the career of a child need not be considered nor watched?

A. Of course not. The sole means suggested for teaching a child is to squabble with the Government and to more or less ignore the requirements of the schoolmaster.



"ON THE CHANCE."

Young Mamma. "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, MY GOOD MAN?"

The "Good Man" (seeing she is not a Potato Customer). "ONLY BOILING WATER, MA'AM. YOU SEE, THIS TIME O' YEAR, THE SEA GETS RATHER COLD, AND SOME OF THE LADIES ARE SO PARTICULAR ABOUT THEIR LITTLE TODDLERKINS. BLESS 'EM!"

Young Mamma (struck with the idea). "OH, THEN, PLEASE BE HERE TO-MORROW MORNING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, AND BRING TWO CANS!"

[At once tenders him a Shilling. Needless to say Our Artist was not up in time to see if appointment was kept punctually.]

BISHOP BOBADIL.

"As to the course which the English Government should take in this matter, he was in favour of their acting on the principles enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount; but when it was found that a contrary course was necessary, then they must drop the sermon and have recourse to the sword."—The Bishop of DERRY, in Westminster Abbey, on the subject of Mashonaland.]

Of old the bully swaggered free,
He recked not how the fight arose;
He wore his warlike panoply,
A hireling and a man of blows.

He knew no mercy, was not meek
(The meek are blessed, said the Lord);
If one should smite him on the cheek,
He turned, but turned to draw his sword.

He trod the weaker in the mire,
Nor stayed from blood his mailed hand,
And tramped in fury and in fire
Through many a devastated land.

I blame him not, it was his trade;
Though small his care for wrong or right,
At least he fought himself, nor stayed
At home to bid the others fight.

Long since we've placed him on the shelf;
Behold instead, his crosier drawn,
Within the sacred Minster's self
A bully blustering in lawn.

A broad-brimmed stirrer up of strife,
"I hold," he cries, "of small account
His sense who stoops to base his life
Upon the Sermon on the Mount.

"That is, if unprepared to strike,
Some help that Sermon may afford.
You suit yourselves, and, when you like,
You drop it and you draw the sword."

Go to, you loud and foolish priest,
Nor scorn the precepts you should keep.
Still is it true that, west or east, [sheep.
The wolves are sometimes clothed like

And here ('twas thus in ancient days)
False prophets shame the Master still.
And congregations chant the praise
Of blatant Bishop BOBADIL.

WOODMEN, SPARE THOSE TREES!

New (New Forest) Version.

[MR. AUBERON HERBERT says "the rapacious and spendthrift" woodmen of the Crown have recently felled two hundred oaks in the New Forest.]

WOODMEN, spare those trees!
You're playing up rare jokes
In felling, at your ease,
Hundreds of British oaks.
We'd ax you stay your axes.
Come! no official rot!
Or *Punch's* wrath may wax,
And then—you'll get it hot.

Those old familiar trees
Are glory and renown.
Don't think your business, please,
Is just to hew them down!
We ask you, for the nonce.
If such appeal is vain,
We'll bid you, sharp, at once,
"Cut"—and don't come again!

"GOOD SIR JOHN!"

(To Sir John Gilbert, R.A., on his receiving the Freedom of the City. By an Old Boy.)

Good Black (and White) Knight,
Our youth's joint delight,
With that other Black Knight, dear Sir
WALTER'S

(Whom you pictured well),
Ancient memories swell,
Till language, in praising you, falters.
You drew, with such dash,
All our heroes; they flash

On our memories. Ah, we thanked you so
For Dons, Rosinantes,
And Sanchos (CERVANTES')

"Leather-Stocking" and Robinson Crusoe.
Our fancies still carry
Your (SHAKESPEARE'S) King Harry,
We know our own boyhood's sound slumbers
Were haunted by Pucks,
Robin Hoods, Friar Tucks,
And scenes from your brave Christmas Num-
bers.

God bless you, Sir JOHN,
For your Knight and your Don,
Who moved our youth's fervour and pity!
Sure every Old Boy
Hopes you long may enjoy
The freedom (and health) of our City!

RIDDLE FOR THE GREAT REALIST.

Q. WHEN is a sailor like a French journalist?
A. When he has to "sign articles."



WHO WOULD NOT BE A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT?



A NEAT WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Cabby (to Clergyman, who has paid the legal fare). "WON'T LEAVE ME MUCH FOR THE HOFFERTORY NEXT SUNDAY, SIR, WILL IT?"

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By *Cunwin Toth.*)

NO. V.—THE HUNGARIAN DIAMOND.

EVERYBODY must remember the apparently causeless panic that seized the various European governments only a few years ago. It was the dead season. Members of Parliament were all disporting themselves on the various grouse-moors which are specially reserved for that august legislative body in order that there may be no lack of accuracy in the articles of those who imagine that the 12th of August brings to every M.P. a yearning for the scent of heather and the sound of breech-loading guns. Suddenly, and without any warning, a great fear spread through Europe. Nobody seemed able to state precisely how it began. There were, of course, some who attributed it to an after-dinner speech made by the German Emperor at the annual banquet of the Blue Bösewitzers, the famous Cuirassier regiment of which the Grand Duke of SCHNUPFTUCHSTEIN is the honorary commanding officer. Others again saw in it the influence of M. PAUL DEROULEDE, while yet a third party attributed it with an equal assumption of certainty to the fact that Austria had recently forbidden the import of Servian pigs. They were all wrong. The time has come when the truth must be known. The story I am about to tell will show my extraordinary friend, PICKLOCK HOLES, on an even higher pinnacle of unmatchable acumen than that which fame has hitherto assigned to him. He may be vexed when he reads my narrative of his triumphs, for he is as modest as he is inductive; but I am determined that, at whatever cost, the story shall be made public.

It was on one of those delightful evenings for which our English summer is famous, that HOLES and I were as usual sitting together and conversing as to the best methods of inferring an Archbishop from a hat-band and a Commander-in-Chief from a penny-whistle. I had put forward several plans which appeared to me to be satisfactory, but HOLES had scouted them one after another with a cold impassivity which had not failed to impress me, accustomed though I was to the great man's exhibition of it.

"Here," said HOLES, eventually, "are the necessary steps. Hat-band, band-master, master-mind, mind-your-eye, eye-ball, ball-bearing, bear-leader, Leda and the Swan, swan-bill, bill-post, post-

cart, cart-road, roadway, Weybridge, bridge-arch, arch-bishop. The inference of a Commander-in-Chief is even easier. You have only to assume that a penny-whistle has been found lying on the Horse-Guards' Parade by the Colonel of the Scots Guards, and carried by him to the office of the Secretary of State for War. Thereupon you subdivide the number of drummer-boys in a regiment of Goorkhas by the capital value of a sergeant's retiring pension, and—"

But the rest of this marvellous piece of concise reasoning must remain for ever a secret, for at this moment a bugle-call disturbed the stillness of the summer night, and HOLES immediately paused.

"What can that mean?" I asked, in some alarm, for Camberwell (our meeting place) is an essentially unmilitary district, and I could not account for this strange and awe-inspiring musical demonstration.

"Hush," said HOLES, with perfect composure; "it is the agreed signal. Listen. The great Samovar diamond, the most brilliant jewel in the turquoise crown of Hungary, has been lost. The Emperor of AUSTRIA is in despair. Next week he is due at Pesth, but he cannot appear before the fierce and haughty Magyars in a crown deprived of the decoration that all Hungary looks upon as symbolical of the national existence. A riot in Pesth at this moment would shake the Austro-Hungarian empire to its foundations. With it the Triple Alliance would crumble into dust, and the peace of Europe would not be worth an hour's purchase. It is, therefore, imperative that before the dawn of next Monday the diamond should be restored to its wonted setting."

"My dear HOLES," I said, "this is more terrible than I thought. Have they appealed to you, as usual, after exhausting all the native talent?"

"My dear POTSON," replied my friend, "you ask too much. Let it suffice that I have been consulted, and that the determination of the question of peace or war lies in these hands." And with these words the arch-detective spread before my eyes those long, sinewy, and meditative fingers which had so often excited my admiration.

Our preparations for departure to Hungary were soon made. I hardly know why I accompanied HOLES. It seemed somehow to be the usual thing that I should be present at all his feats. I thought he looked for my company, and though his undemonstrative nature would never have suffered him to betray any annoyance had I remained absent, I judged it best not to disturb the even current of his investigations by departing from established precedent. I therefore departed from London—my only alternative. Just as we were setting out, HOLES stopped me with a warning gesture.

"Have you brought the clue with you?" he asked.

"What clue?"

"Oh," he answered, rather testily, "any clue you like, so long as it's a clue. A torn scrap of paper with writing on it, a foot-print in the mud, a broken chair, a soiled overcoat—it really doesn't matter what it is, but a clue of some kind we must have."

"Of course, of course," I said, in soothing tones. "How stupid of me to forget it. Will this do?" I continued, picking up a piece of faded green ribbon which happened to be lying on the pavement.

"The very thing," said HOLES, pocketing it, and so we started. Our first visit on arriving at Pesth was to the Emperor-King, who was living *incognito* in a small back alley of the Hungarian capital. We cheered the monarch's heart, and proceeded to call on the leader of the Opposition in the Hungarian Diet. He was a stern man of some fifty summers, dressed in the national costume. We found him at supper. HOLES was the first to speak. "Sir," he said, "resistance is useless. Your schemes have been discovered. All that is left for you is to throw yourself upon the mercy of your King."

The rage of the Magyar was fearful to witness. HOLES continued, inexorably:—"This piece of green ribbon matches the colour of your Sunday tunic. Can you swear it has not been torn from the lining? You cannot. I thought so. Know then that wrapped in this ribbon was found the great Samovar diamond, and that you, you alone, were concerned in the robbery."

At this moment the police broke into the room.

"Remove his Excellency," said HOLES, "and let him forthwith expiate his crimes upon the scaffold."

"But," I ventured to interpose, "where is the diamond? Unless you restore that—"

"Potson," whispered HOLES, almost fiercely, "do not be a fool."

As he said this, the door once again opened, and the Emperor-King entered the room, bearing on his head the turquoise crown, in the centre of which sparkled the great Samovar, "the moon of brilliancy," as the Hungarian poets love to call it. The Emperor approached the marvellous detective. "Pardon me," he said, "for troubling you. I have just found the missing stone under my pillow."

"Where," said HOLES, "I was about to tell your Majesty that you would find it."

"Thank you," said his Majesty, "for restoring to me a valued possession and ridding me of a knave about whom I have long had my suspicions." The conclusion of this speech was greeted with loud "*Eljens*," the Hungarian national shout, in the midst of which we took our leave. That is the true story of how the peace of Europe was preserved by my wonderful friend.



DIVERSE AIMS.

(Early Morning.)

The Curate. "YES, IT'S A LOVELY MORNING, TRENCHMAN; JUST THE SORT TO GIVE ONE AN APPETITE FOR BREAKFAST."

Farmer Trenchman. "AH! A HAPPITTE FOR YER BREAKFAST, SIR. NOW THERE'S THE DIFFERENCE, YER SEE. I BE COME OUT FUR TO GET A BREAKFAST FOR MY HAPPITTE!"

"DUE SOUTH."

A Trip round "the Island," and back to P'm'th.

Happy Thought (on board crowded steamboat).—"Obstinacy is the best policy." The obstinate man won't move, and won't speak, except in monosyllables; he won't budge one inch for anybody; he puts everybody in a worse temper than everybody was before, and, in the end, he wins. To the credit of the obstinate man be it said that "he knows how to keep his place," and does keep it too.

A kind of second-rate sporting bookmaker, with sandy whiskers and dirty hands, who has secured a corner seat near me, smokes like a chimney, and the chimney, his pipe, ought to have been swept and cleaned out long ago. Also he seems quite unable to take five whiffs without prolific expectoration. From experience I believe he will be visited by the steward, and told not to smoke. I am awaiting this with malicious anticipation of pleasure. I am disappointed. A junior steward, of whom I make the inquiry in hearing of the objectionable fumigator, replies that "Smoking is allowed here, but not abaft." Thanks, very much. The sandy-whiskered man won't go "abaft," wherever that is. Perhaps he will presently. After a time, when it becomes a bit rougher, he disappears. No doubt he has gone "abaft." Let him stay there.

"The Needles."—Why needles? There's no more point in the name than there is to the rocks.

Opposite Freshwater it very naturally commences to be a bit freshish; some people in the forepart are getting very wet; there is a stampede; it is still fresher and rougher; but I have every confidence in the Captain, who, as I observe, is negligently standing on the bridge, deliberately cracking specimens of that great delicacy the early filbert, or it may be the still earlier walnut.

Happy Thought.—There can be no danger when the Captain is engaged in cracking nuts as if they were so many jokes.

Splashing and ducking have commenced freely. The waves do the splashing, and the people on board do the ducking.

There are those who look ill and keep well; and others who look well at first, but who turn all sorts of colours within a quarter of an hour, struggle gallantly, and succumb; children lively, but gradually collapsing, lying about doubled up helplessly; comfortable, comely matrons who came on board neat and tidy, now horribly uncomfortable, and quite reckless of appearance. Here, too, is the uncertain sailor, who considers it safer to remain seated and who, at the end of the voyage, is surprised to find himself in perfect health.

Sighting Ventnor.—The man "who knows everything" informs us that this is Bonchurch, which information a man with a book has of course felt himself bound to correct. The latter tells us that it is a place called Undercliff (which nobody for one moment believes), and both informants are put right by a mariner with a map, who points out all the places correctly, and confides to us in a husky voice that "that ere place among the trees is Ventnor."

More shower-bathing; the fore-part of the vessel quite cleared by the attacking waves.

However, "it soon dries off," says a jolly middle-aged gentleman in a summer suit, drenched from tip of collar to toe of boot.

Being well out at sea (how many are never "well out at sea"!), we catch sight of Bonchurch and the landslip. Of course we gay nautical dogs pity the poor lubbers ashore who "live at home at ease," and who are probably suffering from intense—(Here my remarks, made to a jovial companion on a camp-stool, are interrupted by a blob in the eye from a wave. On recovery I forget what I was going to say, but fancy "the missing word" is "heat.")

Passing Sandown. Of course the well-informed person says, "This is where the races are," and equally of course he is immediately contradicted by a reduced chorus of bystanders, who pity his deplorable ignorance. Total discomfiture of well-informed person. He disappears. "Gone below," like a Demon in a pantomime at the appearance of the Good Fairy.

Nice place Sandown apparently, where, it being 1.30, the happy Wight-islanders are probably sitting down in comfort to a nice hot lunch, while we, the jovial mariners—well, no matter. I shall wait till I can lunch ashore.

Our arrangements are to land at Southsea, where (so we were given to understand) we ought to be at 2 P.M. But already it is 2 P.M., and I dive into my provision-pocket for a broken biscuit. * * * * An interior voice whispers that the broken biscuit was a mistake. I tremble. False alarm. Southsea!! Saved!! But we are forty minutes late, and our time for refreshment is considerably curtailed.

We crowd off through a sort of black-hole passage. Debarking and re-embarking might be very easily managed on a much more comfortable plan. We pay one penny for the pier-toll, and we make for the hotel at the entrance to the pier. Any port in a storm. Cold luncheon is ready for those who can take it, that is, one in six.

Back again.—Past Cowes and Ryde. Weather lovely; sea calm.

There are some persons of whom I would make short work were I a Captain on board, with power to order into irons anyone whose presence was objectionable. And these persons are, Firstly, stout greasy women, with damp, dirty little children. Secondly, fat old men and women (more or less dirty) eating green, juicy pears with pocket knives. Thirdly, smokers of strong pipes. Fourthly, smokers of cigars. Fifthly (imprisonment with torture), for smokers of bad cigars. Sixthly, people who will persist in attempting to walk about and who, in order to preserve their perpendicular, are perpetually making grabs at everything and everybody. Seventhly, aimless wanderers, who seem unable to remain in one place for five minutes at a time.

5.45. Old England once more. We land on P'm'th Pier.

"'LUX' AGAINST HIM."—At the Church Congress last week the gentleman known as "Father IGNATIUS," who evidently considers an Ecclesiastical Congress at Birmingham a mere "Brummagem affair," became uncommonly excited. It cannot be said that his violence took the form of demanding the blood of any antagonist, as he distinctly objected to the presence of Gore. But Mr. GORE, author of *Lux Mundi*, won the toss, stood his ground, and spoke; his speech being very favourably received. "Yet," as the President remarked (probably to himself, as it was not reported), "we must draw the line somewhere, and it is only a pity the LYNE has been 'drawn' here." Subsequently the LYNE shook hands with the police, peace was restored, and the LYNE lay down with the lamb. "See how these Christians love one another!"

WHY is an utterly selfish man always a most presentable person in the very best society?—*Ans.* Because never for one minute does he forget himself.

MR. PUNCH'S APPEAL—TO COAL-OWNERS, MINERS, AND ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.



WAR! Is it still to be war, wild war in the heart of the land?
 Are we children of England, busied in tearing our mother's breast?
 And is there no ruling counsel, and is there no warning hand
 To bring this folly to reason, and still this fury to rest?
 WAR! And the boons of Nature are wasted in stubborn strife,
 And women, children, non-combatants, suffer and starve
 and stand by;

Ye will not list to each other, then listen to me and to these,
 Whose mute appeal I must voice, and whose pitiful cause
 I must plead!

You of the hardened hearts playing autocrat much at your ease,
 And you of the hardened hands who the end of the way little
 heed;

Listen and look and consider! The blows that you blindly strike
 Like shafts that are shot at a venture, fall not alone upon foes.
 The arrow shot o'er the house may a brother hurt, belike—
 Who knows?

Who cares? I'll Not you, it would seem. For you stand with
 stubborn front,
 And backs in hatred averted, and ears to all counsels closed;

* *Hamlet*, Act V., Sc. 2.

While ten thousand innocent lives of *your* quarrel are bearing the brunt,

And a myriad hands hang idle because *you* are fiercely opposed. Look at them! Gathered hungry about an empty grate.

Whilst the coal they crave lies idle within the unpeopled mine, And Wealth and Work, at odds, when invited to arbitrate—
Decline!

Capital sets its face, and cocks a contemptuous nose,

And Labour, lounging sullenly, snaps its jaws like a spring;
And the land must stand at gaze whilst they fight it out as foes!

How long must we wait the issue, how long must we "keep the ring"?

Are there no rights save yours, no claims save your warring wills?

Sense has a word to say, Justice a thing to do.

Are we to wait and wait while the land with suffering thrills,
For *you*?

Sympathy? Ay, good friends! But sympathy's not like wrath,
One-eyed, one-sided, partial. Sympathy's due to all [path.

Who fall, fate-tripped and bruised, in your quarrel's Juggernaut

We think of the wives and children—Charity heeds their call;

Does she not proffer her dole

"without prejudice"?—

Yes, but they

Are not sole sufferers now
from the Coal War's venomous strife.

Thousands of unknown hearts
are pleading for Peace to-day— And *Life*!

Strong men "out of work,"
weak women as "out of heart,"

Factory gates unopened, and
Workhouse gates fast shut,

Traffic hampered, arrested, piled
trains unable to start.

Famine in homes and hearths,
trade dead-lock and market-glut!

The coal lies there in the mine,
untouched of hammer and pick,

While yon pale widow-woman
must haggle in vain for enough

To charge her tiny grate! Faith!
the heart that turns not sick
Is tough!

Tough, my lords of Capital!

Hard as the coal-seam black

Your Cyclops-drudges dig at

—when you will allow them

to dig.

Say, on your conscience now, is

your purse so slender and

slack

That you *cannot* bend a little

to those who have made you

big?

The wealth the sunlight stored men hew for you in the dark,

From the black and poisonous caverns which once were forests

free,

'Tis yours—till certain questions are asked and answered! Hark

To me!

Men will not *always* stand, while Monopoly wages war,

Mute, unquestioning, suffering. Greed, and starvation wage,

The crowd of want-urged captives shackled to Mammon's car,

Show not the welcomest things to this curious, questioning age.

To-day the appeal's to Pity. To-morrow—well, never mind!—

Look on the sorrowful picture that *Punch* commends to your view!

Man many a time has found there is wisdom in being kind.

Will *you*?

And you poor thralls of the pit, remember that you and yours

Are not sole sufferers now from this fratricidal strife.

Yes, a starving garrison—*fight*s; sharp ills demand sharp cures;

But when in your stubborn wrath you swear it is "war to the

knife,"

Remember that knife's at the throat of others than those who'd gain

By a victory for you in this fiercest of labour fights.

And these, too, who *must* lose, yet have—shall they not maintain?—

Their rights!

RIPPIN'.

(*A Song of the Modern Masher.*)

OH! other centuries have had their blades, their bucks, their dandies,
Who had redeeming qualities, but what no man can stand is
The up-to-date variety, that miserable nonny,

The self-conceited jackanapes who calls himself a "Johnny."

He hasn't got the brawn or brains to go in for excesses,

His faults are feeble—like himself,—he dawdles, dines, and dresses,

His words, his hair, his silly speech to sheer negation clippin',

And when he wants to praise a thing, his only word is "Rippin'."

Chorus.

Oh! he's rippin', rippin'! A tailor's block set skippin',

He's all bad debts and cigarettes and bets and kummel-nippin',

His head's without a grain of sense, his hand he's got no grip in,

He drags his walk and tags his talk with "Rippin', rippin', rippin'!"

His faultless dress is the result of unremitting study,

He's quite the perfect "Johnny," never messed and never muddy,

His coat is always baggy and his hat is always shiny,

His boots are always varnished to their pointed toes so tiny.

His shirts, his ties, his walking-

sticks are marvels to remember,

And with the seasons change

from January to December.

He always wears a "buttonhole,"

and in a huge carnation

Of hideous hue 'twixt green and

blue finds special delectation.

He has a language of his own

which he elects to talk in;

He cuts his final g's and speaks

of shootin', huntin', walkin';

With slipshod phrase and hybrid

slang his speeches fairly bristle,

And vulgarisms "smart" he

loves as donkeys love a thistle.

He'll lay "a hunderd pound,"

or say "he ain't," quite un-

compunctive;

He systematically spurns the

use of the subjunctive.

He knows "how the best people

talk," and quite ignores the

clamour

Of any "dash'd low nonsense,"

such as euphony and grammar.

He's great upon the music-halls,

can tell you what befalls there;

He drops in at the Gaiety, and

ornaments the stalls there;

He knows each vapid joke by

heart, and wishes that he

knew more;

They quite conform in quality

to his idea of humour.

He skims the sportin' papers, and

devours the shillin' thriller;

He counts the bard of comic songs

a cut above a SCHILLER—



"AND SHE OUGHT TO KNOW!"

"THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A PORTRAIT OF LADY SOLSEBURY. BUT,
BLESS YER, IT AIN'T LIKE HER A BIT IN PRIVATE!"

In fact, they scoff at poets in his very wide-awake sphere,
And in his secret soul he has a fine contempt for SHAKESPEARE.

He dawdles dully through his day in quite the latest fashion—

A round of folly minus wit, and vice without its passion.

At five he walks "the Burlington," in which esteemed Arcade he

Meets various of his chosen chums—the silly and the shady;

Then to the Berkeley or Savoy at eight o'clock or later,

Much over-dressed, to over-dine, and over-tip the waiter.

The theatre next, and last his club (the which he takes delight in),

To prove his pluck by "lookin' on at other Johnnies fightin'."

His conversation's all made up of stable and of scandal, ["handle."

And tales of "chaps he knows"—whose names have mostly got a

He "don't go in" for ladies much, their style of charm is *not* his,

Which follows on the model of the "Lotties" and the "Totties."

He doesn't sing, he doesn't dance, he has no recreation

That doesn't sap his scanty brains or sear his reputation,

In short,—for him, his antics and his never-ceasin' "rippin'." [pin'.

There's just one cure would answer, and that's whippin', whippin', whip-

Oh! Whippin', whippin', I'd like to set him skippin',

To end his bets and cigarettes and stop his kummel-nippin',

With cure in kind his flabby mind to put a little grip in, [pin'!

To brisk his walk and sense his talk with whippin', whippin', whip-

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE VIII.—A prettily-furnished Drawing-room at the MERRIDEWS' House in Hans Place. TIME—About 5.30 on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. MERRIDEW has a small tea-table in front of her. ALTHEA is sitting on a couch close by. Both ladies are wearing their hats, having just returned from a drive. Mrs. MERRIDEW is young and attractive, and her frock is in the latest fashion; ALTHEA is more simply dressed, though her hair and toilette have evidently been supervised by an experienced maid.

Mrs. Merridew. I don't think I've ever known the Park so full before Easter as it was to-day. Try one of those hot cakes, THEA, or a jam sandwich—we don't dine till late, you know. It's been so nice having you, I do wish you hadn't to go on Monday—must you? Althea. I'm afraid I must, CISSIE; it has been the most delightful week; only—Clapham will seem dreadfully flat after all this.

(She sighs.)

Mrs. M. Notwithstanding the excitement of Mr. CURPHEW's conversation?

Alth. Mr. CURPHEW, CISSIE?

Mrs. M. Now don't pretend ignorance, dear. You have quoted Mr. CURPHEW and his opinions often enough to show that you see and think a good deal of him. And, really, if you colour like that at the mere mention—

Alth. Am I colouring? don't see Mr. CURPHEW at all often. He is more Mamma's friend than mine—she has a very high opinion of him.

Mrs. M. I daresay he deserves it. He's a fearfully learned and superior person, isn't he?

Alth. I—I don't know. He writes for the paper.

Mrs. M. That's vague, dear. What sort of paper? Political, Scientific, Sporting, Society—or what?

Alth. I never asked; but I should think—well, he's rather serious, you know, CISSIE.

Mrs. M. Then it's a comic paper, my dear, depend upon it!

Alth. Oh, CISSIE, I'm sure it isn't. And he's very hardworking. He's not like most men of his age, he doesn't care in the least for amusements.

Mrs. M. He must be a very lively person. But tell me—you used to tell me everything, THEA—does this immaculate paragon show any signs of—?

Alth. (in a low voice). I'm not sure—Perhaps—but I may be mistaken.

Mrs. M. And if—don't think me horribly impertinent—but if you're not mistaken, have you made up your mind what answer to give him?

Alth. (imploringly). Don't tease me, CISSIE. I thought once—but now I really don't know. I wish he wasn't so strict and severe. I wish he understood that one can't always be solemn—that one must have a little enjoyment in one's life, when one is young!

Mrs. M. And yet I seem to remember a girl who had serious searchings of heart, not so very long ago, as to whether it wasn't sinful to go and see SHAKESPEARE at the Lyceum!

Alth. I know; it was silly of me—but I didn't know what a theatre was like. I'd never been to see a play—not even at the Crystal Palace. But now I've been, I'd like to go to one every week; they're lovely, and I don't believe anything that makes you cry and laugh like that can be wicked!

Mrs. M. Ah, you were no more meant to be a little Puritan than I was myself, dear. Heavens! When I think what an abominable prig I must have been at Miss PRUNGS'.

Alth. You weren't in the least a prig, CISSIE. But you were different. You used to say you intended to devote yourself entirely to Humanity.

Mrs. M. Yes; but I didn't realise then what a lot there were of them. And when I met FRANK I thought it would be less ambitious to begin with him. Now I find there's humanity enough in FRANK to occupy the devotion of a lifetime. But are you sure, THEA, that this journalist admirer of yours is quite the man

to— He sounds dull, dear; admirable and all that—but, oh, so deadly dull!

Alth. If he was brilliant and fond of excitement we shouldn't have known him; for we're deadly dull ourselves, CISSIE. I never knew how dull till—till I came to stay with you!

Mrs. M. You're not dull, you're a darling; and if you think I'm going to let you throw yourself away on some humdrum plodder who will expect you to find your sole amusement in hearing him prose, you're mistaken; because I shan't. THEA, whatever you do, don't be talked into marrying a Dryasdust; you'll only be miserable if you do!

Alth. But Mr. CURPHEW isn't as bad as that, CISSIE. And—and he hasn't asked me yet, and when he finds out how frivolous I've become, very likely he never will; so we needn't talk about it any more, need we?

Mrs. M. Now I feel snubbed; but I don't care, it's all for your good, my dear, and I've said all I wanted to, so we'll change the subject for something more amusing. (Colonel MERRIDEW comes in.) Well, FRANK, have you actually condescended to come in for some tea? (To ALTHEA.) Generally he says tea is all very well for women; and then goes off to his club and has at least two cups, and I daresay muffins.

Col. M. Why not say ham-sandwiches at once, CECILIA, my dear? pity to curb your imagination! (Sitting down.) If that tea's drinkable, I don't know that I won't have a cup; though it's not what I came for. I wanted to know if you'd settled to do anything this evening, because, if not, I've got a suggestion—struck me in

the Row just after you'd passed, and I thought I'd come back and see how you felt about it. (He takes his tea.) For me?—thanks.

Mrs. M. We feel curious about it at present, FRANK.

Col. M. Well, I thought that, as this is Miss TOOVER's last evening with us, it was a pity to waste it at home. Why shouldn't we have a little dinner at the Savoy, eh?—about eight—and drop in somewhere afterwards, if we feel inclined?

Mrs. M. Do you know that's quite a delightful idea of yours, FRANK. That is, unless THEA has had enough of gaiety, and would rather we had a quiet evening. Would you, dear? (To ALTHEA.)

Alth. (eagerly). Oh, no, indeed, CISSIE, I'm not a bit tired!

Mrs. M. You're quite sure? But where could we go on afterwards, FRANK; shouldn't we be too late for any theatre?

Col. M. I rather thought we might look in at the Eldorado; you said you were very keen to hear WALTER WILDFIRE. (He perceives that his wife is telegraphing displeasure.) Eh? why, you did want me to take you.

Alth. (to herself). WALTER WILDFIRE? why, it was WALTER WILDFIRE that CHARLES advised Mr. CURPHEW to go and hear. Mr. CURPHEW said it was the very last thing he was likely to do. But he's so prejudiced!

Mrs. M. (trying to make her husband understand). Some time—but I think, not to-night, FRANK.

Col. M. If it's not to-night you mayn't get another chance; they say he's going to give up singing very soon.

Mrs. M. Oh, I hope not! I remember now hearing he was going to retire, because his throat was weak, or else he was going into Parliament, or a Retreat, or something or other. But I'm sure, FRANK, ALTHEA wouldn't quite like to—

Col. M. Then of course there's no more to be said. I only thought she might be amused, you know.

Alth. But indeed I should, Colonel MERRIDEW, please let us go!

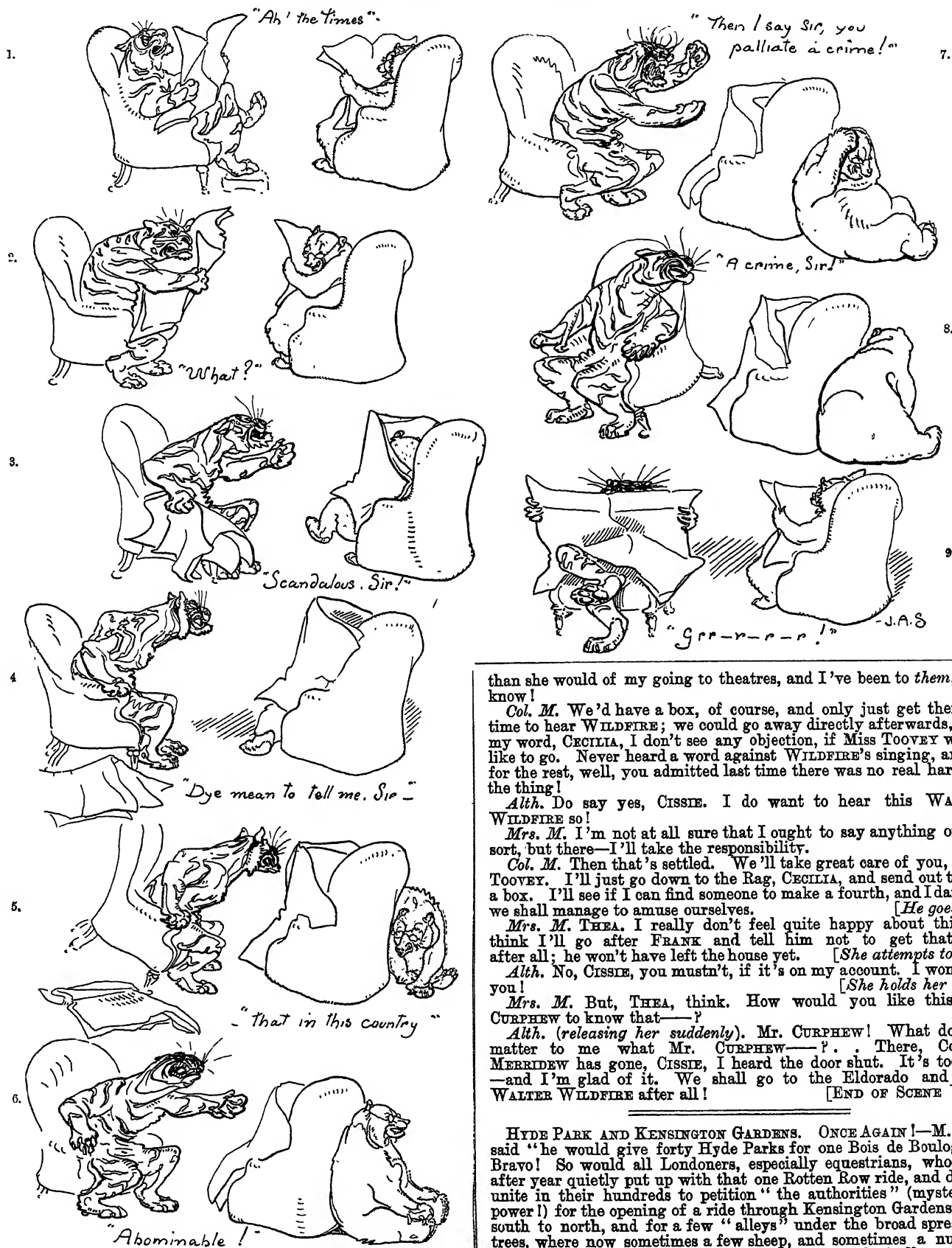
Mrs. M. But, THEA, dear, are you sure you quite understand what the Eldorado is?—it's a music-hall. Of course it's all right, and everyone goes nowadays; but, still, I shouldn't like to take you if there was any chance that your mother might disapprove. You might never be allowed to come to us again.

Alth. (to herself). They're both dying to go, I can see; it's too hateful to feel oneself such a kill-joy! And even Mr. CURPHEW admitted that a music-hall was no worse than a Penny Reading. (Aloud.) I don't think Mamma would disapprove, CISSIE; not more



"Yes; but I didn't realise then what a lot there were of them."

"THAT BORE THE MAJOR!"



than she would of my going to theatres, and I've been to *them*, you know!

Col. M. We'd have a box, of course, and only just get there in time to hear WILDFIRE; we could go away directly afterwards, 'pon my word, CECILIA, I don't see any objection, if Miss TOOVEY would like to go. Never heard a word against WILDFIRE's singing, and as for the rest, well, you admitted last time there was no real harm in the thing!

Alth. Do say yes, CISSIE. I do want to hear this WALTER WILDFIRE so!

Mrs. M. I'm not at all sure that I ought to say anything of the sort, but there—I'll take the responsibility.

Col. M. Then that's settled. We'll take great care of you, Miss TOOVEY. I'll just go down to the Rag, CECILIA, and send out to get a box. I'll see if I can find someone to make a fourth, and I daresay we shall manage to amuse ourselves. *[He goes out.]*

Mrs. M. THEA. I really don't feel quite happy about this. I think I'll go after FRANK and tell him not to get that box after all; he won't have left the house yet. *[She attempts to rise.]*

Alth. No, CISSIE, you mustn't, if it's on my account. I won't let you! *[She holds her back.]*

Mrs. M. But, THEA, think. How would you like this Mr. CURPHEW to know that—?

Alth. (releasing her suddenly). Mr. CURPHEW! What does it matter to me what Mr. CURPHEW—? There, Colonel MERRIDWE has gone, CISSIE, I heard the door shut. It's too late—and I'm glad of it. We shall go to the Eldorado and hear WALTER WILDFIRE after all! *[END OF SCENE VIII.]*

HYDE PARK AND KENSINGTON GARDENS. ONCE AGAIN!—M. ZOLA said "he would give forty Hyde Parks for one Bois de Boulogne." Bravo! So would all Londoners, especially equestrians, who year after year quietly put up with that one Rotten Row ride, and do not unite in their hundreds to petition "the authorities" (mysterious power!) for the opening of a ride through Kensington Gardens from south to north, and for a few "alleys" under the broad spreading trees, where now sometimes a few sheep, and sometimes a nursery maid and her charge, do stray: A "proposition" logically precedes a "rider;" in this case the proposition should come from the riders.



A LARGE ORDER.

"WHAT CAN WE GET FOR YOU, MADAM?"

"WINGS!"

"MASTERLY INACTIVITY."

"The terms of the Treaty give complete satisfaction to the claims of France."—*M. le Myre de Vilers on the Franco-Siamese Draft Treaty.*

John Bull, loquitur:—

SETTLING it! Humph! And my Jingoos, no doubt,

Would like me to shout "British Interests!" and "Robbery!!!"

Well, of course, 'tis quite clear what those two are about, [bobbery.

But I do not feel called on to kick up a Poor little Siam! It's rather a shame; But—at present—I shan't take a hand in the game.

Complete satisfaction? Well, *that's* something gained!

"The claims" I had fancied a trifle elastic; "The terms" looked ambiguous, made to be strained,

To politic pressure prepared to be plastic. *Micawber* craved time, and a chance of "turn-up;"

And craft has its uses as well as a Krupp.

Sturdy assertion on one side that table, While scared acquiescence is seen on the other!

Further development of the old fable.

Wolf and the Lamb next, as brother with brother,

Or new Franco-Siamese twins may appear; Well, I pity the Lamb, but I feel little fear.

It isn't smart Treaties alone secure Trade, And if I keep the Trade they may keep all their Treaties. [made.

'Tis not by mere craft your true Trader is The Frank as a diplomat neat and complete is,

As Colonist-Trader, at settlement—shipment—[his equipment.

Well, there's something seems wanting about Trade gravitates somehow, by natural law,

To stickers and stayers, the firmest and fittest. A fig for mere parchment and diplomat jaw!

Dear France, thou thy insular neighbour oft twittest [and shall stop;

As "Shopkeeper"! Well ma'am, *j'y suis*, For a Shopkeeper's one who—of course—

keeps the Shop!

I've had some experience. Far Hindostan, And Canada, Africa, Egypt—ah! pardon!

That's just a sore point, and I am not the man A rival of me and my ways to be hard on.

No; at a neat "counter" a cur only blubbers; And they who play bowls must expect to

have rubbers.

I may have a word to put in by and by; Young ROSEBERRY, doubtless, will know how

to put it. At present on matters I'll just keep an eye.

The World's gate is Trade, and nobody can shut it

So tight—by mere Treaties—skill can't turn the handle.

One might as well bolt the back door with a candle.

'Tis all Swag and Swagger! I very much fear That's true of us cock-a-whoop "Civilised

Races," Who hold that our "Influence" must find its "Sphere,"—

At the cost of the poor yellow-skins or black faces. [upbraid,

We are so much alike, 'twere sheer cant to So I mean to stand-by—and look after my

Trade!

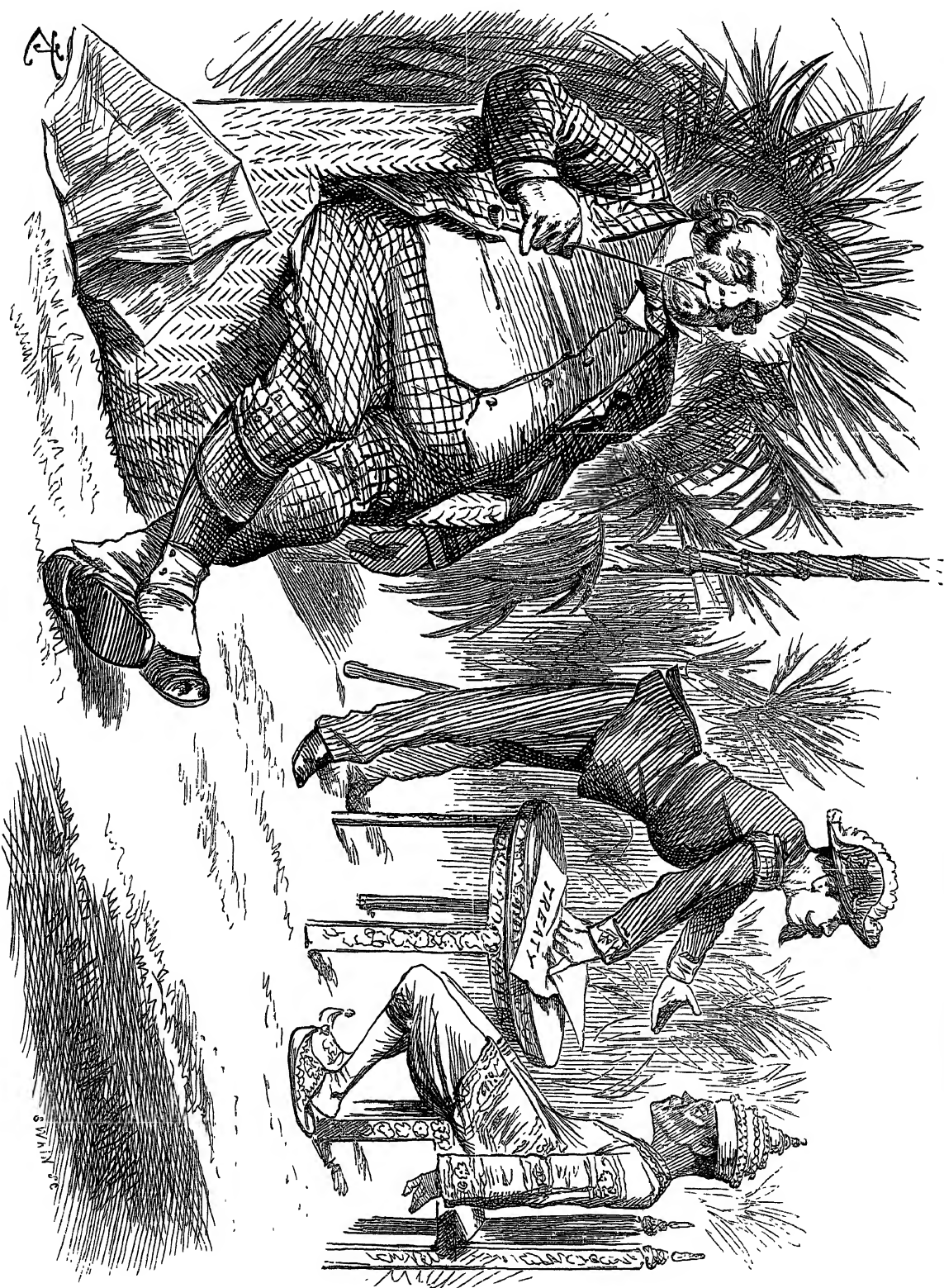
NAMES FOR OTHER NAMES.

THE London County Council having considered the propriety of changing the name of Great George Street, Westminster, we append a list of localities that possibly may, later on, attract their attention. In each case we have appended a suggested new name, chosen in the customary arbitrary and (except in the last specimen) meaningless fashion:—

Trafalgar Square—Water-squirt Place.
Piccadilly—Snooks' Avenue.
Mayfair—Mews' Gardens.
Eaton Square—Pimlico Enclosure.
Haymarket—Picture-dealers' Row.
Charing Cross—Araminta Place East.
Covent Garden—Cabbage Buildings.
The Strand—Western Central High Street.
Buckingham Palace—Guelph House.
Pall Mall—Pavement Promenade.
Westminster Abbey—Members' Meeting House.
St. Paul's Cathedral—Lord Mayor's Church.
Temple Bar—Law Courts' Corner.
Chancery Lane—Smith Street East.
Fleet Street—Pedlington Place.
Whitehall—Rosebery Row.
and
Spring Gardens—County Council Folly.

SERIOUS NEWS FROM ETON COLLEGE.—Strike of the *Minors*. The *Dii Majores* and the *Maximi* have come to terms, and the *Minors* have resumed fagging.

QUERY FOR AUTHOR AND MANAGER AT COMEDY THEATRE.—When you've been *Sowing the Wind* is the result *A Stitch in the Side*?



“MASTERLY INACTIVITY.”

JOHN BULL. “TREATY OR NO TREATY—I SHALL DO THE TRADE ALL THE SAME!”

THE RULES OF THE RUDE.

1. THE one object which all cyclists should keep steadily in view is to become "scorchers." There are three essentials before you can earn this proud title. First, you must totally disregard the convenience or safety of the public. Second, you must ride at a minimum rate of 15 miles an hour. Third, you must develop pronounced curvature of the spine as quickly as is compatible with your other engagements.

2. Races should always be held on the high roads, at a time of the day when traffic is busiest.

3. Should you be unfortunate enough to knock down a pedestrian, do not trouble to stop and apologise, or inquire if he's hurt. It is his business to get out of your way, and you should remind him of this obligation in the most forcible language at your disposal. This will tend to make the pastime exceedingly popular among non-cyclists.

4. If you notice an old gentleman crossing the road, wait till you get quite close to him, then emit a wild war-whoop, blow your trumpet, and enjoy the roaring fun of seeing what a shock you have given him.

5. A still better plan, if a wayfarer happens to be walking in the middle of the road, and going in your own direction, is *not* to signal your approach at all, but to startle him into fits by suddenly and silently gliding by him when he believes himself to be quite alone. The nearer you can shave his person the better the sport.

6. Of course the last plan is much improved if the wayfarer should be a market woman carrying milk or eggs, and if in her fright she drops her can or basket. Unfortunately few cyclists have the good fortune to witness this exquisite bit of rural comedy.

[These Rules will now probably be thoroughly revised, as the "National Cyclists' Union" has issued a well-timed manifesto warning all wheelmen against "furious riding."

"WELL," observed the amiable Mrs. SHARPTON SNAPPLE, "there's only one person whom I rate very highly—and that's my husband." [So she did—and rated him—soundly.]



A NEW TARIFF.

"THIRD-CLASS SINGLE TO RUSWARP, PLEASE, AND A DOG-TICKET. HOW MUCH?"

"FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY—THREEPENCE FOR THE DOG, AND THREE-HALFPENNY FOR YOURSELF."

"AH! YOU RECKON BY LEGS ON THIS LINE."

NOT A FAIR EXCHANGE.

(An Exercise to be Translated from English into any Foreign Language.)

THIS is a thoroughly British home. I find chairs, sofas, curtains, and carpets. They all seem to be of British manufacture.

No, they are not of British manufacture. On the contrary, they are all made in Germany.

But surely this window is English? No, it is not English; it is put together in Sweden, and erected by Swiss workmen.

But are not these pictures, these fire-irons, these card-tables, of home growth? No, for the pictures come from France, the fire-irons from Belgium, and the card-tables from Austria.

The sofa, however, was surely bought in London? It may have been bought in London, but it was certainly made in Denmark.

But the brass nails must have arrived from Sheffield? No, they are now received from parts of Portugal, Spain, and Northern Russia.

And the coal-scuttles, surely they are made in Lambeth, Manchester, and Liverpool? They were manufactured in those places for a while, when other branches of trade were lost to the country, but for a long time they have been imported from Constantinople.

It may be assumed that the coals come from Newcastle? Certainly not, considering that they have only just been received from New York.

Are the bread and butter, and the other ingredients of the tea-table, English? Oh dear no; the toast comes from Australia, the tea from Ceylon, the sugar from the South Pole, and the butter from Gibraltar.

It really would appear that there is nothing English about the house; nothing save the rent and taxes, which of course are of home growth? You are correct in your supposition; however, in exchange for these conveniences from abroad, we have made a present to the foreigner of something once held very dear in this country.

And what was that?

Our trade. English trade has left England, probably permanently, for the Continent.

"PICTURES FROM 'PUNCH.'"

"[Let me draw the People's pictures, and whosoever will may preach their sermons.]"—*Maxims of Punchius.*

"PICTURES from *Punch*!" Good luck!

How one's memories backward it carries. This artful collection of BRIGGSSES, and TOMPKINSSES, ROBERTS, and 'ARRIES!

Forage of fifty years from Art-granaries fuller than Coptic!

What first pleased our grandfather's eye may now brighten our grandchild's blue optic! Art that's humane never ages, and humour that's human's perennial.

Turn to these pages and try! You'll perceive that impeccable TENNIEL

Moved men to mirth in the Fifties that folks in the Nineties continue;

Your midriff indeed must be numb if his Yeomanry Major won't win you;

And such "Illustrations to Shakespeare," so finely drawn and so funnily,

Might tickle Miss DELIA BACON, and knock sawdust out of "crank" DONNELLY.

Why praise those plump, "pretty girls," with their cheeks round and rosy as peaches,

And as full of fun as of beauty, well known to the world as JOHN LEECH'S?

All the fun of the *Fair*! Still their arch eyes attractively flash on

The British male creature, although he may growl at the follies of Fashion.

But e'en fashion cannot kill fun. If you'd enter the evergreen Smile-Lands,

Turn over to page twenty-one and accompany BRIGGS to the Highlands!

Br-r-r-r! There's a happy explosion in each individual picture!

"Sport" such as BRIGGS escapes the most "humanitarian" stricture.

KEANE—gentle CARLO! again! His braw feeshermen—even o' Sundays!

Might soften a Scotch Sabbatarian. Even the grimmest of GRUNDIES

Must smile at his toppers and tubthumpers, while, as for true English scenery,

Where is the magical touch that could so render gay breadths of greenery?

Drawing-room humours, and dainty *technique*, do you favour? Fame's *laurier*, Everyone knows—as here proved—for all that falls on subtle DU MAURIER.

"DICKY DOYLE'S" opulent fancy, quaint SAMBOURNE'S exhaustless invention—

But there, 'tis a "Humorous Art Gallery" by "Great Hands" too many to mention.

When you have feasted on TENNIEL and KEANE, then of PARTRIDGE the turn is,

And ted full on JOHN LEECH'S "fire," you will find lots of ditto in FURNISS.

"Pictures from *Punch*!" That means pictures from full half a century's story;

Humours, and fashions, and fads, English Mirth—English Girls—English Glory!

VICTORIA'S reign set to laughter; a gay panorama of Beauty!

Buy Britons, study, enjoy! 'Tis your interest, aye, and your duty!

Here are "England—Home—Beauty" in one, and at sixpence a month. That's not much, man!

If 'tis not your duty to "see that you get it," then *Punch* is a Dutchman!



HIS OPPORTUNITY.

Young Hawkins (finding young Mr. Merton, the model of his office, in an unexpected haunt).
 "HULLO, MERTON, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HAVE A SHERRY AND BITTERS?"
Young Merton. "NO, THANK YOU, HAWKINS; I'M AFRAID IT WOULD GO TO MY HEAD."
Hawkins. "SO MUCH THE BETTER, OLD MAN. NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM, YOU KNOW."

BOBO.

(The kind of Novel Society likes.)

"SLING me over a two-eyed steak. BILL," said BOBO.

BILL complied instantly, for he knew the lady's style of conversation; but Lord COKALEEK required to be told that his Marchioness was asking for one of the bloaters in the silver dish in front of his cousin, BILL SPLINTER.

Now, dear reader, I'm not going to describe Cokaleek House, in the black country, or COKALEEK, or BOBO, or BILL. If you are in smart society you know all about them beforehand; and if you ain't you must puzzle them out the best way you can. The more I don't describe them the more vivid and alive they ought to seem to you. As for BOBO, I shall let her talk. That's enough. In the course of my two volumes—one thick and one thin—which is a new departure, and looks as if my publisher thought that BOBO would stretch to three volumes, and then found she wouldn't—you will be told, 1, that BOBO had brown eyes; 2, that she was five foot eight; and that is all you'll ever know about the outside of BOBO. But you'll hear her talk, and you'll see her smoke; and if you can't evolve a fascinating personality out of cigarettes, and swears, and skittish conversation, you are not worthy to have known BOBO.

I am told that some people have taken "BOBO" for a vulgar caricature of a real personage. If they have, I can only say I feel flattered by the notion, as it may serve to differentiate me from the

vulgar herd of novelists who draw on their imagination for their characters.

CHAPTER I. (and others).

BOBO began her bloater.

"Why the beast has a hard roe!" she cried. "COKALEEK, you shall have the roe;" and she dropped it into his tea before he could object. "You're not eating any breakfast. Put the mustard-spoon in his mouth, BILL, if he insists upon keeping it wide open while he stares at me. Ain't I fascinating this morning? Why the devil don't you notice the new feather in my hat? I always wear feathers when I'm going out cubbing, because I plume myself upon being smart. Here, somebody see if my spur's screwed on all right."

"I wish your head was screwed on half as well," said BILL, as BOBO planted her handsome Pinet boot, No. 31z, on the breakfast-table.

COKALEEK looked on and smiled, with his mouth still open. It was all he had to do in life. He had married her because she was BOBO; and the more she out-Bobo'd BOBO, the better she pleased him. He was a marquis, and a millionaire, but he had only one drawing-room at his country-seat; and the smoking-room was upstairs—obviously because there was no room for it on the ground-floor. And there was only one piano in the house, at which BOBO's gifted young friend, SALLIE RENGAW, was engaged in the early morning, picking out an original funeral march with one finger, and throwing breakfast-eggs about in the fury of inspiration.

An *œuf à la coque* came flying across the passage at this moment, through the open door of the dining-room, and hit BILL SPLINTER on the nose. BILL was COKALEEK's first-cousin, and heir-presumptive; in love, *pour le bon motif*, with BOBO.

"You should always give SALLIE poached eggs," he remonstrated, holding his nose; "they make a worse mess when she pitches them about, but they only hurt the furniture."

"Does she always chuck eggs?" asked COKALEEK, mildly.

It was BOBO's first autumn at Cokaleek House, and the Marquis wasn't used to the ways of her gifted friends. She had another friend, besides the musical lady, a Miss MIRANDA SKEGGS, whose conversation was like a bad dream; and these two, with BILL SPLINTER, were the house-party. COKALEEK, waking suddenly from an after-dinner nap, used to think he was in Hanwell.

"She chucks anything," answered BOBO; "kidneys, chops, devilled bones. How can

she help it? That's the divine afflatus."

"It sounds like ta-ra-ra-boomdeay," said COKALEEK, who thought his wife meant the melody that SALLIE's muscular forefinger was thumping out on the concert-grand.

"Come, come along, every manjack of you!" shrieked SALLIE, from the other side of the passage. "Ain't this glorious? Ain't it majestic? Don't it bang BETHOVEN, and knock SULLIVAN into a cocked-hat? Hark at this! Ta-ra-ra! *largo*, for the hautboys and first fiddles. Boom! cornets and ophicleides. De—ay! bassoons, double-basses, and minute-guns on the big drum. There's a funeral march for you! With my learned orchestration it will be as good as SEBASTIAN BACH."

"Back? Why he's never been here in my time," faltered COKALEEK. "I don't know any feller called SEBASTIAN."

"Rippin'!" cried BOBO; "and now we'll have the funeral. Get all the cloaks and umbrellas off the stand, MIRANDA. BILL, bring me the coal-scuttle—that's for the coffin, doncherknow. COKALEEK, you and BILL are to be a pair of black horses; and me and MIRANDA 'll be the mourners. Play away, SALLIE, with all your might. We're doing the funeral."

Out flew BOBO into the garden, driving BILL and COKALEEK before her, scattering coals all over the gravel walk, and slashing at the two men with her pocket-handkerchief. She rushed all round the house, past the windows of the back parlour, kitchen, and scullery; and then she suddenly remembered the cub-hunting, and



FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. GOSCHEN, MR. PUNCH VISITS EDINBURGH.

tore off to the stables, tally-ho-ing to COKALEEK and BILL to follow her. The next thing they all saw was a shower of baking-pears tumbling off the garden-wall, as BOBO took it on her favourite hunter. She had been essentially BOBO all that morning.

CHAPTER XIII.

"BILL," said BOBO, one winter twilight, by the smoking-room fire, after her fourteenth cigarette, "I want you to run away with me."

"Rot," answered BILL.

"Yes, I do. I've ordered the carriage for half-past ten this evening. We shall catch the mail to Euston."

"You won't catch this male," said BILL. "No, BOBO, you're very good fun—in your own house, but I don't want you in mine. You are distinctly BOBO, but that's all. It isn't enough to live upon. It won't pay rent and taxes."

"You're a cur."

"No, I'm trying to be a gentleman. Besides, what's the matter with COKALEEK? Hasn't he millions, and a charming house in the heart of the collieries?"

"He's all that's delightful, only I happen to hate him. Directly I leave off chaffing him I begin to think of arsenic, and, brilliant as I am, I can't concusate all day. It's very mean of you not to want to elope."

"I daresay; but I'm the only rational being in the book, and I want to sustain my character."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

BOBO stayed, and BILL went in the carriage that had been ordered for the elopement; and then there happened an incident so rare in the realms of fiction that it has stamped my novel at once and for ever as the work of an original mind.

COKALEEK, the noble, unappreciated husband, got himself killed in the hunting-field. He went out with BOBO one morning, and she came home, a little earlier than usual, without him, and smoked cigarettes by the fire, while he stayed out in the dusk and just meekly rolled over a hedge, with his horse uppermost. He wasn't like GUY LIVINGSTONE; he wasn't a bit like dozens of heroes of French novels, who have died the same kind of death. He was just as absolutely COKALEEK as his wife was BOBO.

And did BILL marry BOBO, or BOBO BILL?

Not she! Another woman might have done it—but not BOBO. She knew too well what the intelligent reader expected of her; so she jilted BILL, in a thoroughly cold-blooded and BOBO-ish manner, and got herself married to an Austrian Prince at half-an-hour's notice, by special licence from the A. of C.

LE PREUX CHEVALIER ENCORE!—After a little dinner at FRASCATI'S, which is still "going strong," we paid a visit to the Renovated and Enlarged Royal Music Hall, Holborn, and were soon convinced that the best things Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER has yet done are the coster songs, not to be surpassed, including the "*Little Nipper*," in which is just the one touch of Nature that makes the whole audience sympathetically costermongerish. "*My Old Dutch*" was good, but lacking in dramatic power, and the latest one "*The Lullaby*," sung by a coster to his "bibi" in the cradle, wouldn't be worth much if it weren't for Mr. CHEVALIER'S reputation as a genuine comedian. It is good, but not equal to the "*Little Nipper*." "Full to-night," I observed to Lord ARTHUR SWANBOROUGH, who is Generalissimo of the forces "in front" of the house. "Yes," replies his Lordship, casually, "it's like this every night. Highly respectable everywhere. Only got to have in a preacher, we'd supply the choristers, and you'd think it was a service—or something like it."

BY OUR OWN PHILOSOPHER.—Woe to him of whom all men speak well! And woe to that seaside or inland country place for which no one has anything but praise. It soon becomes the fashion; its natural beauties vanish; the artificial comes in. Nature abhors a vacuum; so does the builder. Yet Nature creates vacuums and refills them; so does the builder. Nature is all things to all men; but the builder has his price. Man, being a landed proprietor and a sportsman, preserves; but he also destroys, and the more he preserves so much the more does he destroy. Nature gives birth and destroys. Self-preservation is Nature's first law, and game preservation is the sporting landlord's first law.

PAIN IN PROSPECT.—Says AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS (*Advertisus*), "*A Life of Pleasure* will last until it is crowded out by the Christmas pantomime." Epigrammatically, our DRURIOLANUS might have said, "*A Life of Pleasure* will last till the first appearance of PAYNE."

"TAKE MY BEN'SON!"—"Don't! Don't!" a moral antidotal story as a sequel to "*Dodo*."

A VERY BAD "SCUTTLE POLICY."—The Coal Strike.

A DALY DREAM.

If it be true that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," then *The Foresters* at Daly's Theatre ought to have a good run, instead of being limited to a certain number of representations. Rarely has a scene of more fairy-like beauty been placed on the stage than *Maid Marian's* dream in Sherwood Forest. The peculiar light in which the fairies appear gives a marvellous elfinesque effect to the woodland surroundings. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S music, too, may be reckoned as among some of his happiest efforts, and the gay Savoyard (who has only one rival, and he is at the Savoy) is fortunate in such principals as the *First Fairy*, Miss GASTON MURRAY, and Miss HASWELL as *Titania*. The Fairy Chorus and the Forester Chorus are remarkably efficient. Mr. LLOYD DAUBIGNY as *Young Scarlet* the Outlaw, is bright both as tenor and actor. Mr. BOURCHIER is an easy-going representative of the *Earl of Huntingdon*, with just enough suggestion of "divilment" in his face to account for his so readily and naturally taking to robbery as a profession.



Allan & Daly, Robin Hood's Chief Forester.

Rosalind, she delights us in her doublet and hose. Fortunate is Tailor-Maid *Marian* to obtain a situation in the country where so many "followers are allowed"! *Little John*, *Will Scarlet*, *Old Much* who does little, but that little well, with many others, make up the aforesaid "followers," who are of course very fond of chasing every little dear they see among the greenwood trees. Miss CATHERINE LEWIS as *Kate*, with a song, one of Sir ARTHUR'S extra good ones, about a Bee (is it in the key of "B," for Sir ARTHUR dearly loves a merrie jest?), obtained a hearty encore on the first night. Not only her singing of the bee song is good, but her stage-buzziness is excellent.

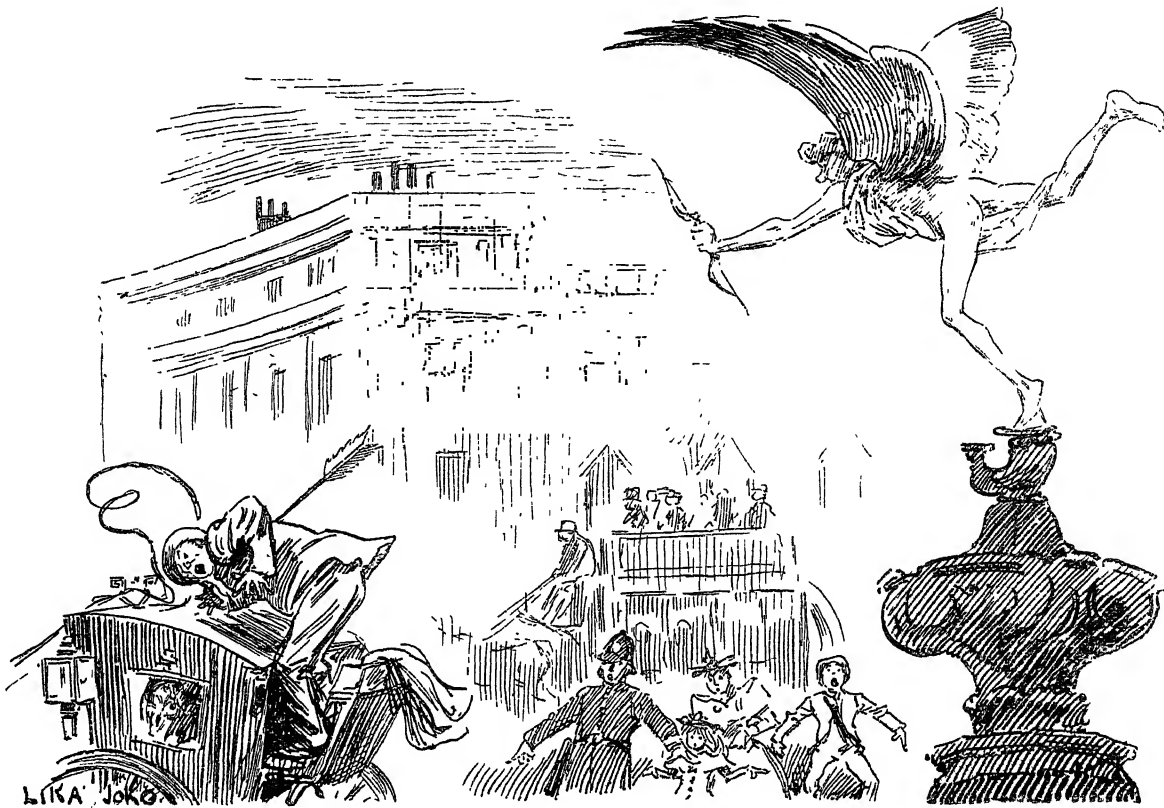
Mr. HANN'S ('ARRY thinks there's a "lady scene-painter" ere, and her name is HANN") and Mr. RYAN'S scenery is first-rate; and if the business of the fighting were more realistic, if the three Friars were a trifle less pantomimic, and the three grotesquely-got-up beggars (worthy of CALLOP'S pencil) would aim at being less actively funny, with one or two other "ifs," including *Friar Tuck's* general make-up which might be vastly improved, and if the last Act were shortened, and the Abbot and the Sheriff and the Justiciary were compressed into one, or abolished,—any of which alterations may have been effected by now, seeing the piece was produced just a week ago,—then the attractions of *Maid Marian* and the fairy scene and the music are of themselves sufficient to draw all lovers of the poetic musical drama to Daly's for some weeks to come, unless Mr. DALY clips the run with the scissors of managerial fate,



The Villain of the Piece.

"For be it understood It would have lived much longer if it could," and so banishes his own outlaws from the elegant and commodious theatre in Leicester Square.

NEW NOVEL.—"*The Mackerel of the Dean*," by the author of "*The Soul of the Bishop*."



THE SHAFTESBURY FOUNTAIN AGAIN.

SENSATIONAL INCIDENT IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS, AS SEEN BY OUR ARTIST.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(From our Correspondent on the Spot.)

There or Thereabouts, Saturday.

I HOPE you will not believe all you hear. I am told that the messages are tampered with, but this I trust to get through the lines without difficulty. It is being carried by a professional brigand disguised as a monk.

First let me disabuse the minds of your readers about the blowing up of the hospital. It is quite true that the place was sent spinning into the air. But the patients were put to the minimum of inconvenience. They were removed from the wards without being called upon to quit their beds. They went somewhere after returning to the ground, but where I do not know. Some of the local doctors say that the change of air (caused by the explosion) may have done them good. It is not impossible.

I am glad to be able to contradict the report that the Stock Exchange and the apple-stall at the corner were both bombarded. This is a deliberate falsehood. The Stock Exchange, it is true, was razed to the ground, but the apple-stall escaped uninjured. This is an example of the reckless fashion in which reports are circulated.

Then about the burning of the city. It is certainly true that the place was set alight in two hundred places at once. But the day was

cold, and I think it was only done because the troops wanted to warm their hands. You must not believe all you hear, and it is unwise to impute motives before receiving explanations. The people here are warm-hearted and sympathetic, and the soldiers (as a body) are the mildest-mannered persons imaginable.

And the report about the blowing-up of the bridges. Here again there has been gross exaggeration. The bed of the river, in spite of reports to the contrary, was left undisturbed. Only the stone-work was sent spinning, and yet some reporters insist that everything was blown into smithereens! Reporters really should be more careful.

And now I must conclude, as my brigand, disguised as a priest, is just off.

As a parting request, I would urge upon my stock-brokers to buy. We are sure to have a rise presently, and I predict this with the greater confidence as I know that the house in which I am writing is undermined.



WASTED SWEETNESS.

A HEARTRENDING STUDY OF SHADOW ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY!

THE *P. M. Magazine* goes in for discussion of Bi-metalism. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK writes about "The Case for Gold," and Mr. VICARY GIBBS, M.P., about "The Case for Silver." Considering the relative value of the metals, the case for gold ought to be out and away the stronger of the two, impregnable, and burglar-proof, so that it could be advertised thus: "It's no use having gold unless you have Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's 'case for gold' to keep it in."

BEHEMOTH AND THE LION; OR, SPEARS AND QUILLS.

A Fable for Pseudo-Philanthropists.

Philanthropist Press-Man. "OH STOP, STOP, MISTER LION! WAIT A BIT! PERHAPS THE PRETTY CREATURE MEANS NO HARM!"
Leo (curtly). "LOOK AT HIS TEETH!"

[Mr. RIDER HAGGARD (writing to the *Times*) remarks that a considerable section of the English Press seems to be of opinion that LOBENGULA is an innocent and worthy savage, on whom a quarrel is being forced by the Chartered Company for its own mercenary ends. He suggests that the appearance of an armed Matabele impi in Mayfair might alter their views.]

"BEHEMOTH is big and black, and monstrous-mouthed and tooth-but to say he is carnivorous were cruelly untruthful!" [full,]
 So quoth the Querulous Quillman, or Pen-armed Philanthropist, Whose intellect seems ever in a sentimental mist.
 Now Leo, little given to read books on Natural History, Was watchful of Dame Nature's facts. "It seems to me a mystery My querulous Press Porcupine," observed the wary Lion, [on.
 "That what you've set your heart on, you can never keep clear eye Look at his teeth!" "Oh, nonsense!" cried the Querulous Quillman, quoting
 From a book on Big Mammalia, to which he'd been devoting

All his odd moments recently. "Those tusks may look terrific, But the monster's graminivorous, and pleasant, and pacific. They're solely meant for cutting grass! Huge uppers and big lowers, Though threatening as ripping-saws, are harmless as lawn-mowers. As weapons of offence they're seldom used, so here 'tis stated, 'Unless the creature's wounded sore, or greatly irritated.' He is innocent and worthy, this Titanic-jawed Colossus. Those gleaming tusks won't 'chump' you, he won't trample us, or toss us, Unless we interfere with him. He likes to stand there grinning, With those terrible incisors, in a way which mayn't be winning, Still, 'tis but his style of smiling, and it's not his fault, poor fellow! If his maw's a crimson cavern, and his tusks are huge and yellow." Behemoth meanwhile snorted in his own earthquaky fashion, And yawned, and lashed and trampled like a tiger in a passion.



A WEIGHTY PROSPECT.

The Captain (who has just been giving a spin to his last purchase, for his Wife's inspection). "GOOD GOER, AIN'T HE? AND A FULL FOURTEEN-STONE HORSE, YOU KNOW!"

Young Wife (as yet somewhat innocent in horsey matters). "OH, I'M SURE HE'S MORE THAN THAT, DEAR. WHY, MAMMA WEIGHS NEARLY AS MUCH!"

By the gleaming of his optics, and the clashing of his tushes, He seemed to be preparing for the Ugliest of Rushes. Quoth Leo, "Good friend Porcupine, you may be quite prophetic, And I a bit 'too previous.' Your picture's most pathetic; But I've seen your pachydermatous Poor Innocent when furious, And for a gentle graminivorous creature, it is curious How he'll run amuck like a Malay, and crunch canoes and foes up, With those same tusks, which might have made a Mammoth turn his toes up.

So if you please, friend Porcupine, your quills I shall not trust again To meet those spears, which hate would wash—in blood, 'ere they should rust again.

Mere quills won't quell an Impi, or make Behemoth good-neighbourly.

Leo must guard this spot, where British enterprise and labour lie, The Monster seems to meditate attack, if I may judge of him, So let me have the first slap at, whilst you keep on scribbling fudge of him!

MORAL.

It may appear superfluous to point this fable's moral; But—teeth that could crush chain-mail seem scarce shaped for mumbling coral!

A LETTER HOME.

(From our Youngest Contributor.)

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This is about the last letter you will receive from me. I know it is, as all will soon be over! And I shall be glad of it. I can't last out until the Christmas holidays. Who could with such food? Why, it would make a dog cough!

It's no use learning anything. Why should I, when it will be all over almost directly? What's the good of Latin and Greek if you are going to chuck it almost at once? And mathematics, too! What use are they if the end is near? It's all very well to cram, but what's the good of it when you know you won't survive to eat the plum pudding?

There's no news. There's never any news. SMITH Minor has got his cap for football, and SNOOKS Major is going up to Oxford

instead of Cambridge. What does it matter when the beef is so tough that you might sole your boots with it? And as for the mutton! Well, all I can say is, that it isn't fit for human food, and the authorities should be told about it. As for me, I am passing away. No one will ever see me more. For all that, you might send me a hamper. Your affectionate friend,

JACKY.

STAR-GAZING.

["Astronomy has become a deservedly fashionable hobby with young ladies."]

My love is an astronomer,
Whose knowledge I rely on,
She'll talk about, as I prefer,
The satellites of Jupiter,
The nebulous Orion.

To find another planet still
If ever we're enabled,
The world discovered by her skill
As "ANGELINA TOMKYN'S" will
Triumphantly be labelled.

When evening shades about us fall

Each hour too quickly passes.
We take no heed of time at all,
When studying celestial
Phenomena through glasses.

The likeness of the stars elsewhere

By day we view between us,
We recognise the Greater Bear.
I grieve to say, in TOMKYN'S père,
And close at hand is Venus!

The salient features we descry
Of all the starry pattern;
To see with telescopic eye
The citizens of Mars we try,
Or speculate on Saturn.

In fact, the editorial note
Above, which is of course meant
To lead more ladies to devote
Attention to the stars, I quote
With cordial endorsement!

"IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET!"—Which is the right way of spelling the name of the Prophet of Islam? Is it MOHAMMED? MAHOMET? MUHAMMED? or MAHOMED? Are his followers Moham-medans? Mahommedans? Mahometans? Moslems? Mussulmen? or Muslims? Perhaps, to adapt Mr. Mantalini's famous summary, and merely substituting "all" for "both," and "none of 'em" for "neither," we may say "So all are right, and none of 'em wrong, upon our life and soul, O demmit!"

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE IX.—CHARLES COLLIMORE'S Sitting-room at Keppel Street, Bloomsbury. TIME—Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Cagney (the landlady, showing Mr. TOOVEY in). Oh, I thought Mr. COLLIMORE had come in, Sir, but I expect him in every minute. Will you take a seat?

Mr. Toovey (sitting down). Thank you, I'm in no hurry—no hurry at all. (To himself.) CORNELIA wished me to put a few questions quietly to the landlady. I suppose I'd better do it while— (Aloud.) Hem, I hope, Ma'am, that you find Mr. COLLIMORE a—an unexceptionable lodger—in all respects?

Mrs. Cagn. (crossing her hands stiffly in front of her). Mr. COLLIMORE conducts himself as a gentleman, and treats me as a lady, which is all my requirements.

Mr. Toov. Quite so—very satisfactory. I'm sure, but—does he keep fairly regular hours? Or is he at all inclined to be—er—fast?

Mrs. Cagn. (on her guard). I can't answer for the time his watch keeps, myself. I dessay it goes as reg'lar as what most do.

Mr. Toov. No, no; I was referring to his habits. I mean—does he usually spend his evenings quietly at home?

Mrs. Cagn. You'll excuse me, but if you're asking me all these questions out of mere himpertinent curiosity—

Mr. Toov. I—I trust I have a higher motive, Ma'am. In fact, I may as well tell you I am Mr. COLLIMORE'S uncle.

Mrs. Cagn. (to herself). The old fox! So he's trying to ferret out something against him, is he? Well, he won't—that's all. (Aloud.) If you are his huncle, Sir, all I can say is, you've got a nephew to be proud on. I wouldn't wish to let my first floor to a steadier or a more industrious young gentleman; comes in punctual to a tick every night of his life and 'as his dinner, and sets studyin' his book till 'alf-past ten, which is his bed-time. I don't know what more you want.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). This is really very satisfactory—if I could only believe it. (Aloud.) But do I understand you to say that that is his invariable practice? Occasionally, I suppose, he goes out to a place of amusement—such as a music-hall, now?

Mrs. Cagn. (to herself). Well, he may; and why not? He don't get into no mischief, though light-hearted. I ain't going to give him a bad name. (Aloud.) Lor, Sir, don't you go and put such ideas into his 'ed. Bless your 'art alive, if he knows there are such places, it's as much as he does know!

Mr. Toov. (testily). Now, now, my good woman, I'm afraid you're trying to deceive me. I happen to know more about my nephew's tastes and pursuits than you imagine.

Mrs. Cagn. (roused). Then, if you know so much, whatever do you come 'ere and ask me for? It's my belief you ain't up to no good, for all you look so respectable, comin' into my 'ouse a-pokin' your nose into what don't concern you, for all the world like a poll-pryin', sneakin' Russian spy!

Charles (entering behind her). Hallo, Mrs. CAGNEY, what's all this—who's a Russian spy, eh? (Recognising Mr. TOOVEY.) What—Uncle! you don't mean to say it's you?

[Mr. TOOVEY stands stricken with confusion.]

Mrs. Cagn. I may have spoke too free, Mr. COLLIMORE, Sir, but when a party, as is elderly enough to know better, tries to put under and questions to me about where and 'ow any o' my gentlemen pass their hevenins, and if they go to the music-hall and what not—why, I put it to you—

Charles. All right, Mrs. CAGNEY, put it to me some other time; you didn't understand my uncle, that's all—you needn't stay. Oh, by the way, I'm dining out again this evening. Tell CAGNEY to leave the chain, as I may be late. (After Mrs. C. has retired.) Well, Uncle, I'm afraid your diplomacy hasn't had quite the success it deserved.

Mr. Toov. (sheepishly). I assure you, my boy, that I—I was not inquiring for my own satisfaction. Your Aunt is naturally anxious to know how you— But your landlady gave you an excellent character.

Charles. She didn't seem to be equally complimentary to you, Uncle. "A Russian spy," wasn't it? But really, you know, you might have come to me for any information you require. I don't mind telling you all there is to tell. And surely Aunt knows I've been to a music-hall; why, she pitched into me about it enough last Sunday!

Mr. Toov. I—I think she wanted to know whether you went frequently, CHARLES, or only that once.

Charles. Oh, and so she sent you up to pump my landlady? Well, I'll tell you exactly how it is. I don't set up to be a model young man like your friend CURPHEW. I don't spend all my evenings in this cheerful and luxurious apartment. Now and then I find the splendour of the surroundings rather too much for me, and I'm ready to go anywhere, even to a music-hall, for a change. There, I blush to say, I spend an hour or two, smoking cigars, and even drinking a whisky and soda, or a lemon squash, listening to middle-aged ladies in sun-bonnets and accordion skirts singing out of tune. I don't know that they amuse me much, but, at all events, they're livelier than Mrs. CAGNEY. I'm dining out to-night, at the Criterion, with a man at the office, and it's as likely as not we shall go in to the Valhalla or the Eldorado afterwards. There, you can't say I'm concealing anything from you. And I don't see why you should groan like that, Uncle.

Mr. Toov. (feebly). I—I'd rather you didn't go to the—the Eldorado, CHARLES.

Charles. There's ingratitude! I thought you'd be touched by my devotion.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). I can't tell him I was thinking of going there myself! (Aloud.) You will show your devotion best by keeping away. The less young men go to such places, my boy, the better!

Charles. Not for you, Uncle. You forget that it's the humble five bob of fellows like me that help to provide your next dividend.

Mr. Toov. (wincing). Don't, CHARLES, it—it's ungenerous and undutiful to reproach me with being a shareholder when you know how innocently I became one!

Charles. But I wasn't reproaching you, Uncle, it was rather the other way round, wasn't it? And really, considering you are a shareholder in the Eldorado, it's a little too strong to condemn me for merely going there.

Mr. Toov. I—I may not be a shareholder long, CHARLES. Unless I can conscientiously feel able to retain my shares I shall take the first opportunity of selling them.

Charles. But why, Uncle? Better stick to them now you have got them!

Mr. Toov. What? with the knowledge that I was profiting by practices I disapproved of? Never, CHARLES!

Charles. But you can't sell without making a profit, you know; they've gone up tremendously.

Mr. Toov. Oh, dear me! Then, do you mean that I shouldn't even be morally justified in selling them? Oh, you don't think that, CHARLES?

Charles. That's a point you must settle for yourself, Uncle, it's beyond me. But, as a dutiful nephew, don't you see, I'm bound to do all I can in the meantime to keep up the receipts for you, if I have to go to the Eldorado every evening and get all the fellows I know to go too. Mustn't let those shares go down, whether you hold on or sell, eh?

Mr. Toov. (horried). Don't make me an excuse for encouraging young men to waste precious time in idleness and folly. I won't allow it—it's abominable, Sir! You've put me in such a state of perplexity by all this, CHARLES. I—I hardly know where I am! Tell me, are you really going to the Eldorado this evening?

Charles. I can't say; it depends on the other fellow. But I will



"Mr. Collimore conducts himself as a gentleman, and treats me as a lady."

if I can get him to go, for your sake. And I'm afraid I ought to go and change, Uncle, if you'll excuse me. Make yourself as comfortable as you can. Here's to-day's *Pink 'Un*, if you haven't seen it.

Mr. Toov. I'm not in the habit of seeing such periodicals, Sir. And I must be going. Oh, by the bye, your Aunt wished me to ask you to come down and dine and sleep on Monday next. THEA will be back, and I believe Mr. CURPHEW has got a free evening for once. Shall I tell her you will come, CHARLES?

Charles. Thanks; I'll come with pleasure. But, I say, Aunt doesn't want to give me another lecture, I hope? After all, she can't say much if you've told her about those shares, as I suppose you have.

Mr. Toov. N—not yet, CHARLES. I have not found a convenient opportunity. There, I can't stay—good-bye, my boy.

[*He takes his leave.*]

END OF SCENE IX.

SCENE X.—*In the Street.*

Mr. Toovey (to himself). I'm afraid CHARLES has lost every particle of respect for me. I wish I had never told him about those wretched shares. And what am I to do now? If I go to this Eldorado place, he may be there too; and, if he sees me, I shall never hear the last of it! And yet my mind will never be easy unless I do go and see for myself what it really is like. That young CURPHEW expects me to go. But I don't know, I do so dread the idea of going—alone, too! I should like to ask somebody else what he thinks I ought to do—somebody who is a man of the world. I wonder if I went to see LARKINS—he won't be in his office so late as this, but I might catch him in his chambers. It was all through him I got into this difficulty; he ought to help me out of it if he can. I really think I might take a cab and drive to Piccadilly, on the chance.

[*He hails a Hansom, and drives off.*]

END OF SCENE X.

CARR-ACTORS AT "THE COMEDY."

WHEN we have two original plays like PINERO's *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and GRUNDY's *Sowing the Wind*, we may congratulate ourselves that they do not "do these things better in France." *Mrs. Tanqueray* is a life-like tragedy, and *Sowing the Wind* a life-like comedy. It was a pleasure to congratulate Mr. ALEXANDER at the St. James's on his choice of a piece, and of the company to suit it,

especially on the engagement of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL for the heroine; and now it is equally pleasant to congratulate a *confrère* in literature, Mr. COMYNS CARR, on having made so eminently successful a *début* in theatrical management, as he has done in choice of the piece and of the company to play it.

It is a canon of comedy-construction that from the first, the audience should be let into the secret of the *dénouement*, but that they should be puzzled as to the means by which that end is to be achieved. This play is an excellent example of the rule. Everybody knows who the heroine is from the moment of her appearance; but as to how she, the illegitimate daughter, is to be recognised and acknowledged by her father, this is the problem that no one except the dramatist, in the course of four acts, can solve. It is a very clever piece of workmanship. In these modern matter-of-fact realistic days, fancy the awful danger to any play in which a father has to discover his long-lost child! The strawberry mark on the left arm, the amulet, the duplicate miniature of the mother—these ways and means, and many others,

A Portrait from M-Emery. Emery Powder and polish'd performance.

must occur to the playgoer, and must have presented themselves at the outset to the author, flattering himself on his originality, as difficulties almost insuperable because so stagey, so worn threadbare, so out of date.

Over these difficulties Mr. GRUNDY has triumphed, and with him triumph the actors and the stage-manager; as, for the most part, except when there is a needless conventional "taking the centre"

for supposed effect, the stage management is as admirable as the acting and the dialogue, which is saying a great deal, but not a bit too much.

Mr. BRANDON THOMAS and Miss EMERY have never done anything better. The former with his peculiar north-country "burr," and with his collars and general make up reminding many of the G. O. M., whilst Mr. IAN ROBERTSON as the wicked old Lord is not unlike the pictures of the Iron Duke when Lord DOURO. Mr. EDMUND MAURICE, as representing the slangy, sporting, about-town Baronet of the Tom-and-Jerry day, is a kind of *Gold-finch in The Road to Ruin*, with a similar kind of catchword, which I suppose, on Mr. GRUNDY's authority [though I do not remember the expression nor the use of the word



BRANDON AND MONKEY BRAND-ON.

Mr. Brandon Thomas Brabazon (to Cyril Maude Watkin). "I know that face. I've seen it on the hoardings."

Watkin (faintly). "It won't wash!" [Collapses.]

"chuck" in *Tom and Jerry*—the authority for Georgian era slang] was one of the slang phrases of that period. For my part (a very small part), I am inclined to credit Mr. GRUNDY with the invention of "smash my topper," and of the introduction of "chuck it" into eighteenth century London slang.

Admirable are the quaint sketches of character given by Miss ROSE LECLEERCQ and Miss ANNIE HUGHES. Manly and lover-like is Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH. In the dramatic unfolding of the plot, faultlessly acted as it is, the audience from first to last are thoroughly interested. Here and there, speeches and scenes would be all the better for some judicious excision. When you are convinced, further argument weakens the case, and I confess I should like to hear that ten minutes' worth of dialogue had been taken out of the parts played by Mr. BRANDON THOMAS and Miss WINIFRED EMERY. But this is a small matter—a very small matter. To sum up, it is good work and good play, and so the new manager and lessee is at this present moment a Triumphant CARR.

Q. Why was there at one time a chance of the *Times*, which has always been up to date, ever being behind time?—A. Because formerly there was so much *Delayin'!*

MOTTO FOR LADIES WHO "GRUB SHORT" TO AVOID OBESITY.—Grace before Meat!

Nulli Secundus.

(By a Lover of the Links.)

LITTLETON asks—great cricketer, for shame!—If Golf—Great Scot!!!—is quite "a first-class game." Well, if first-class it cannot quite be reckoned, 'Tis that it stands alone, and hath no second!



Portrait of the Great Duke of Wellington, when Marquis of Douro, by Mr. Ian Robertson.



A PROTEST.

"AND PRAY, AM I NEVER TO BE NAUGHTY, MISS GRIMM?"

"L'UNION FAIT LA—FARCE!"

"France turns from her abandoned friends afresh
And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh."
—CAMPBELL.]

Yes, history here doth repeat itself verily!
Fancy fair France, in Republican rig,
"Soothing the Bear" again; footing it
merrily

In—well now, what is the name of this jig?
Cancan, or Carmagnole? Blend of the
two?

Anyhow, 'tis a most strange "Pas de
Deux"!

Policy makes pride and principles plastic,
And 'tis most true that extremes often meet;
Yet as a sample of joint "Light Fantastic"
This dual dance must be baddish to beat.

Beauty and Beast *vis-à-vis* in the dance,
Were scarce funnier partners than Russia
and France.

Autocrat Bruin, can he really relish
The larkish high-kick, the tempestuous
twirl.

That risky Republican dances embellish?
And she—a political "Wallflower," poor
girl!

Can she truly like the strange partner that
fate

Apportions her, lumpish, unlovely, and late?

Like 'Arry and 'Arriet out for a frolic,
They've interchanged head-gear, by
curious hap!

Of what is this strange substitution sym-
bolic?

The Autocrat crown and the Phrygian cap

They've "swopped," but they both most un-
easily sit,
And each for the other appears a poor fit.

That Liberty cap upon Bruin's brown noddle!
That crown—much awry—on the Beauty's
fair head!

Absurd! And the Bear's heavy lumbering
waddle

Sorts oddly enough with the lady's light
tread.

He won't get *her* step! Will she try to catch
his?

As soon shall small beer take the sparkle of
fizz.

Is she "soothing the Bear"—with a show of
lip-honey?

Is he flattering the Bee—with an eye on
the hive?

Sting hidden, claws sheathed—for how long?
Well, 'tis funny,

This queer little game, whilst they keep it
alive!

Dance-partnership is not "for better for
worse,"

And "union of hearts" sometimes smacks of
—the purse.

"Twos and Threes" is a game to the play-
ground familiar!

"Two's Company!" Yes, so, in this
case, are Three!

Alliances frequently made willy-nilly are
Dual or Triple. The Eagles we see

Foregather; so may they not meet—in the
dance—

The Big Northern Beast and the Beauty of
France?

ANGELS.

I WONDER if you give your mind
At all to angels. "Which?" you say?
Why, angels of the hymn-book kind,
Not imitation ones in clay.

I often do. They fascinate
My fancy to a strange degree;
And meditating much of late
There came two serious points to me.

You notice in the Holy Writ
Angels are never feminine;
But, wheresoever they may flit,
He came, *he* spake, *he* gave the sign.

The men who wrote of them were sage,
And knew their subject out and out;
But *we* live in a wicked age,
That twists the angels' sex about.

And painters paint them girls. And then
The question sets one's brains afire—
Why choristers on earth are men,
If women form the heavenly choir?

And if they *do* paint here or there
A man among the cherubim,
I claim to know why not a hair
May grow upon the face of him?

I know the Roman Church decreed
"A priest shall wear a shaven face."
But what of angels? There indeed
Razor and strop seem out of place.

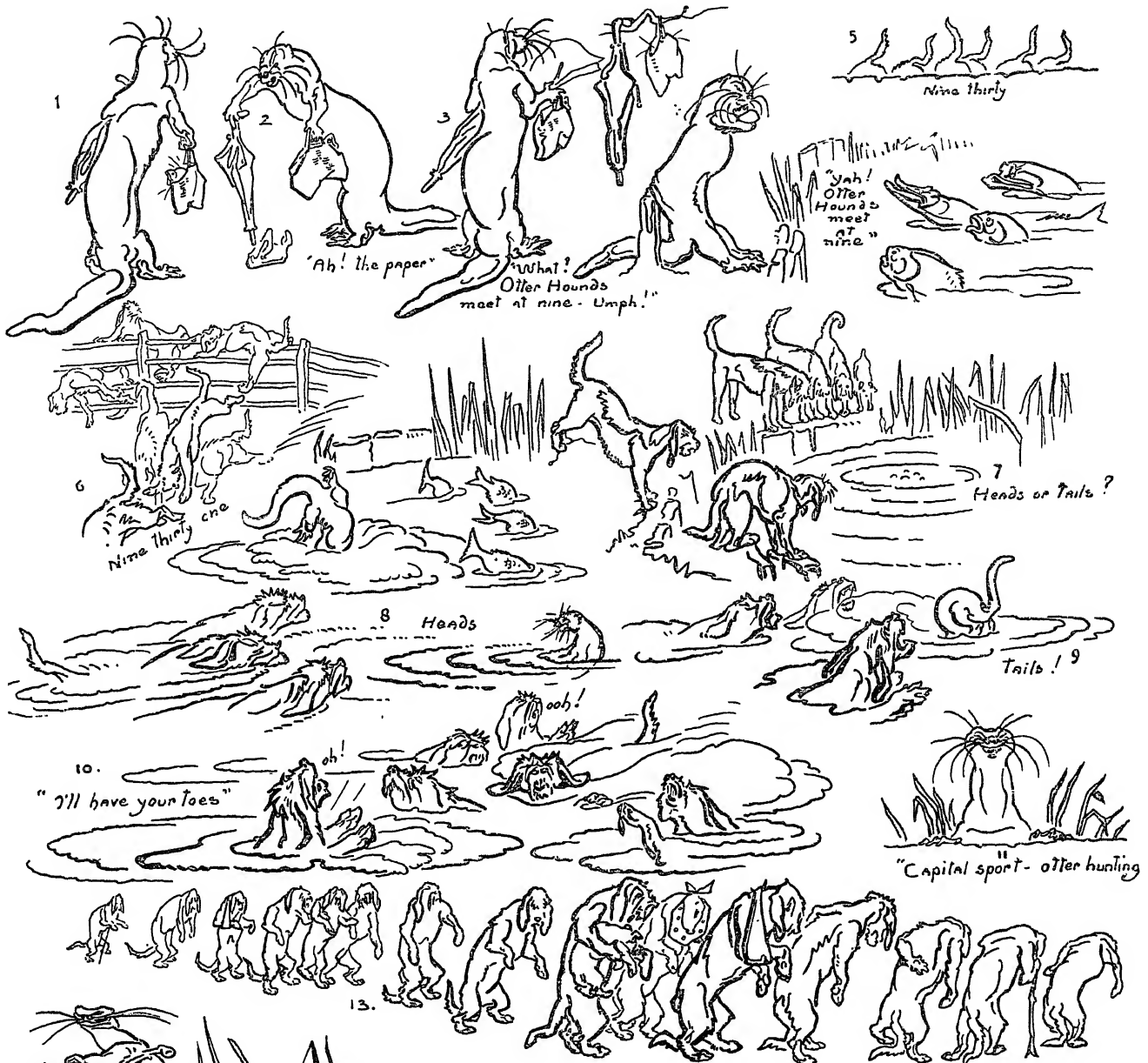
Then why this hairless cheek and chin?
I ask, and Echo answers *Why*?
Have angel-cheeks no roots within?
—Here comes my keeper. So, good-bye!

RECKLESS.—"Mr. ALLEN, Senator of Al-
braska, a prominent silverite, spoke for
fifteen hours." "Speech is silver. Silence
golden." If all silverites go on at this length,
there'll be no silence, *ergo*, no gold. Q. E. D.



“L’UNION FAIT LA FÂRCE!”

"OUT FOR AN OTTER-DAY!"



MY PRETTY JANE AT A LATER SEASON.

(Respectfully submitted for the consideration of
Mr. Sims Reeves.)

My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane,
You still, you still are looking shy!
You never met me in the evening
When the bloom was on the rye.
The year is waning fast, my love;
The leaves are in the sere;
The fog-horns now are humming, love;
And the moonshine's "moonshine," dear.
But, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
I never will "say die";—

Come, meet me, meet me in our parlour,
Where the bloom is on the fly.

Just name your day, that mother may
Produce her best in china things,
And stop yon man in apron white. [rings.
Whose muffin-bell, whose muffin-bell now
The year is waning fast, &c.

"A TRIPLE BILL."—"The Home Rule Bill," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to his American friends, "is not scotched. It is killed." Of course our JOE knows that were it "scotched" it would be only "half kilt." But the idea of an Irish Bill being Scotched! Our only JOE might have added that it was "Welsh'd" in the Lords.

PHOEBUS, WHAT A NAME!—Sir COMER PETHERAM, Chief Justice of Bengal, is coming home. Welcome, Sir HOME-COMER PETHERAM. Or, why not Sir HOMER PETHERAM for short?

TO A YOUNG COUNTRY FRIEND,
AGED SEVEN.

(Who whistled of Monte Carlo not wisely,
but too well.)

SWEET youth! I wonder if you'll feel much
pain
To know that that sweet soul-inspiring strain
You whistle at so wonderful a rate
Is now in point of fact quite out of date.
Down in the country pr'aps you hardly know
At what a pace these street-songs come and
go.

At present you're a day behind the fair,
And want (as I myself) a change of air.
You should protest you're being driven crazy
By waiting for the answer of fair DAISY;
Or else ask sadly what was she to do
Who, "silly girl," got taken on to Crewe.
Whistle that charming ditty, if you must,
Until, (forgive the phrase) until you bust,
But do not whistle, if you wish to rank
As in the know, "The Man who broke the
Bank."

UPON JULIA'S MOTHER.

(To depart presently.)

JULIA, I deemed that I had wed
Not thine, but only thee;
A child I wept my mother sped,
Thou'st given thine to me.

She came as wandering sea-birds
come

To rest upon a spar [home
Of ships that trail the lights of
Where homeless billows are.

From Aix-les-Bains to Harro-
gate, [Wells,

From Bath to Tunbridge
She's sojourned in Imperial
state,

Yet here content she dwells.

Content—and yet no truce with
truth

Such Roman mothers know;
Quick to detect the faults of
youth,

And prompt to tell us so.

I knew not I possess'd the charms
Her wandering will to bind,

To keep me from my JULIA's arms,
And mould the baby's mind.

When first I held thee to my
breast

I little dreamt the day [nest
Another bird would share the
As there content to stay.

Thy kindred, dear, I wooed not
them,

Such wealth I'd fain resign;
Since I have won the brightest
I covet not the mine. [gem

Mrs. R. says that when she
thinks the drains are likely to
be offensive she invariably uses
"bucolic."



A CRISIS IN CONJUGAL LIFE.

Fond Husband. "LOOK HERE, ETHEL, I SEE YOU DAILY GETTING THINNER AND PALER; YOU CANNOT EAT, YOU CANNOT SLEEP, WHILE I FIND LIFE A BURDEN TO ME. I CAN BEAR IT NO LONGER! LET US MAKE A BARGAIN. IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO GIVE ME A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, I'LL PROMISE NOT TO GIVE YOU ONE. THERE!"

FAREWELL!

(On hearing that snow had fallen in the North.)

SNOW has fallen, winter's due;
In the months that now ensue
Smoky fogs will hide the view,
Mud will get as thick as glue,
Rain, snow, hail will come in
lieu

Of the warmth to which we
grew

Quite accustomed, and will brew
Colds, coughs, influenza, rheu-
matism to thrill us through.

Gone the sky of southern hue,
Cloudless space of cobalt blue!

Gone the nights so sultry—phew!
Quite without rheumatic dew.

Gone the days, when each anew
Seemed yet finer! In Corfu,

California, Peru,
This would not be strange, but
true;

But the weatherwise at Kew
Say in England it is new.

Peerless summer, in these few
Lines we bid farewell to you!

Or as cockneys say, "Aydeu!"

A "SHAKSPEARIAN STUDENT"
wants to know "if, when
Richard the Third calls out 'A
horse, a horse, my kingdom for
a horse!' he is not alluding to
the Night-Mare from which he
is only just recovering." [Can't
say. Highly probable. So like
SHAKSPEARE.—ED.]

DEAR MR. P.,—I believe you
do not know that Mrs. R. re-
cently visited Rome. She tells
me that she thinks it an ex-
cellent thing that the Tontine
Marshes have been planted with
Apocalypses.

THE CITY HORSE.

(A Legend of the "Coming Ninth.")

"You must let me have him on the day I have specified," said the military-looking man, with an air of determination.

"And you order this, Sir, after learning his history?" replied the well-educated cabman. "You know that he has been in a circus?"

"I do; it is one of his greatest qualifications. A circus, I think you said, where there was a brass band?"

"Not only a brass band, but a very brassy band indeed; a brass band all drum, trombone, and cymbal! A brass band that could be heard for miles!"

"And he bore it well?" asked the ex-soldier. "He did not mind the noise?"

"Not he," was the reply. "Why should he mind it? For remember he was accustomed to insults from the clown. When a horse regards insults from the clown with equanimity, you may be sure he will object to nothing."

"And what were the nature of these insults?" queried the veteran warrior, with renewed interest. "Did the clown push him about? Did he tell him to gee-up?"

"Why, certainly. Had he been an unruly crowd at Blackheath on a Bank Holiday, the clown could not have behaved worse. And *Rufus*, poor beast! bore it all—six nights a week, with a *matinée* thrown in on a Saturday—without complaining."

"And you do not think he would mind being called 'cat's-meat'?" Not even by a rude boy?"

"Bless you, Sir, it is what I often call him myself. *Rufus* is his name, but cat's-meat is his nature. But don't you want him for more than a day? Won't you buy him?"

"No," returned the veteran soldier, sternly. "I only require him for the Ninth."

"He is getting too old for cabwork," argued the well-read driver. "He would make a splendid charger for the adjutant of a Yeomanry corps, and out of training might be put in the harness of a bathing-

machine. No, pray don't interrupt me, Sir. You are going to urge that he would be useless in the winter. But no, Sir, you are wrong. He might take round coal (in small quantities), when the nights draw in. Can I not tempt you, Sir? You shall have him a bargain. Shall we say a penny a pound?"

"I have already told you," replied the warrior, "that I have need of him only on the 9th. You understand, the 9th of next month."

The well-read cab-driver nodded, and the two men parted. It was a bargain. *Rufus* (alias "Cat's-meat") was to be ready for hire on the 9th of November.

"What does he want to do with 'the brute'?" the well-read cabman asked himself again and again. "Surely he cannot mean to ride it? And yet he desired to learn if *Rufus* were up to his weight; and when I answered Yes, his eyes brightened, and he regarded the animal with renewed interest."

And all through the day the mystery puzzled him. He could not solve the problem, try as he would. Suddenly, as he was discussing a cup of tea in a shelter, a ray of light flooded his perplexed mind.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed; "the warrior must have been the City Marshal; and he wanted *Rufus* ('Cat's-meat'), of course, for the Lord Mayor's Show!" And perhaps the cabman had guessed rightly. Only the future can tell.

A QUESTION FOR SCOTCHMEN.—The Duke of ATHOLE announces that he is in future to be described as the Duke of ATHOLL. Why has he changed his name? Because he canna thole it.

A Duke cannot add to his stature a cubit,

Like the frog in the fable in vain he may swell;

And in vain does he alter his name with a new bit,

Its length is the same, though he tacks on an "l."

M. ZOLA is a Son of France. Around him are many literary planets and stars, and imitators, shining with reflected light—the French Zolar System. This is the Theory of *Mr. Punch*.



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS. A GOLF MEETING.

A "FANTASTIC" ACTION.

["A young lady of Newark while dancing a few nights ago fell and broke her leg, and she has now commenced an action for damages against her partner, to whom she attributes the cause of the accident."—*Daily Telegraph.*]

"Oh, bother!" girls will sigh;
"a fresh excuse
For men not fond of dancing
to forsake us!
We fancy we can hear them say
'the deuce!
We can't dance now; to drop
a girl might break us!'

Now e'en 'the better sort,' who
used to beg
To see our cards, will—or our
wits deceive us—
Reflect that they may break a
partner's leg,
And, choose, alas, to 'make a
leg,' and leave us."

DRAMA COLLEGE.

ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG
LADIES, AND PREPARATORY
SCHOOL FOR LITTLE BOYS,

Conducted by

THE MISSES MELPOMENE
AND THALIA.

THE Curriculum includes
thorough grounding in Know-
ledge of Life, and in High-class
Virtue and Honesty. The Pupils
are carefully restrained from
the practice of "unlovely
middle-class virtue." Severe
morality constantly inculcated.
Mere amusement strictly ex-
cluded. Aristocratic Deportment
and Etiquette taught by
experienced Assistants.

For further particulars apply
to Mr. ENRY HAUTHUR JONES.



A PRICELESS POSSESSION.

Mrs. Golightly. "OH, I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK IT RUDE, BUT WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT THAT WONDERFUL BLACK STONE YOU'RE WEARING IS?"

Mrs. Luvor. "OH, CERTAINLY. I FIND MOST PEOPLE ENVY ME THAT. IT'S A PIECE OF REAL ENGLISH COAL!"

Mrs. Golightly. "HOW WONDERFUL! AH, I WISH MY HUSBAND WAS A MILLIONAIRE!"

AWFUL RESULT OF THE
COAL FAMINE

(Upon an Ordinarily Innocent and
Non-punning Fire-worshipper).

O! what a period! Strikes
might puzzle SOLON!
I love, in winter—having
shut up shop—
My snug back-parlour fire to
semi-colon,
Now there's no colon, fuel's
at a full-stop!
I have burned coke, wood, turf,
aye, even slate,
But to no fire myself cannot a-
comma-date!

"PRACTICAL JOHN."—Mr.
HOLLINGSHEAD'S advertisement,
headed "Plain Words to the
Public," is eminently charac-
teristic of the author. Says he.
"The prices I start with I shall
stand or fall by." Certainly, as
the prices are moderate, the
public will stand them, so he
needn't trouble himself on that
score. If he be riding for a
fall, and if the public won't
come down heavily, let us hope,
if he fall at all, he will come
down lightly. Then he adds, in
his own independent way, "If
it is thought necessary to tamper
with these prices in an upward
direction" ["tampering up-
ward" is pretty], "I shall give
up this, my final effort in
theatrical management" [Oh,
no, don't!—please don't!],
"and walk out of the build-
ing." Why "walk"? By his
own free admission he will be
driven out (which sounds like
a contradiction in terms), so
why make a virtue of walking
out. Never walk when you can
ride. But J. H. walk out!!
"J. H. y suis et J. H. y
reste."

THE BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL
WORKING-MAN.

(As described by Sir E. Arnold at Birmingham.)

A WONDERFUL joy our eyes to bless,
In his magnificent happiness,
Is the working-man of whom I sing,
Who fares more royally than a king.
Seeing his "board" Sir EDWIN's floored—
Hors d'œuvres, soup, fish, entrée, joint,
game, ices.
Ab ovo nothing has been ignored
Usque ad malum, not minding prices.
AUGUSTUS might have hurt his sight
Reading with only a lamp or taper;
The working-man's electric light
Glows on immaculate daily paper.
Go search in MOMMSEN's history,
Then come you home and sing with me—
No life of emperor could, or can,
Be bright as that of the working-man!

"Machinery turns his toil to art."
BURNE-JONES and MORRIS at this would start.
Though the "Arts and Crafts" be with
horror dumb,
A Birmingham Parthenon yet may come!
The School Board's pains mature his
brains,
Masses beat classes—he'll soon annul us.
Never went—as he goes—in trains
HELIOGABALUS or LUCULLUS.

He, should he care, can daily stare
At statues draped by dear Mrs. GRUNDY,
And ride in trams for a halfpenny fare,
And "wire" for sixpence, except on
Sunday.

His letters traverse the ocean wave.
Note.—If a penny you fail to save,
To HENNIKER-HEATON please apply,
And he will discover the reason why.
Rich in the things contentment brings,
In every pure enjoyment wealthy,
But is he as gay as the poet sings.
In body and mind as hale and healthy?
In silence adept, he has certainly kept
So extremely quiet we should not know
it.
Yet he "as authorities mayn't accept"
Such blooming blokes as an Eastern
poet.

OH WHAT A SIR PRYCE!—Sir PRYCE
PRYCE-JONES, M.P. for the Montgomery
Boroughs, has received a testimonial from his
constituents. That is to say, because he has
been a nice-PRYCE-JONES they have made him
a prize-PRYCE-JONES. Bravo, Sir TWICE-
PRYCE-JONES!

SUGGESTION TO PROVINCIAL LAWN-TENNIS
CLUB.—Why not give Lawn-Tennis Balls in
Costume during the winter?

QUOTH DUNRAVEN, NEVERMORE!

THERE's many a slip 'twixt "cup" and
lip!
Is there not, good DUNRAVEN?
You'll take your Transatlantic trip
Like sportsman, not like craven.
The "centre-board" against the keel
Has won. On we we sup, Sir!
As in old nursery rhyme we feel
"The 'dish' ran away with the-cup,"
Sir!
The Valkyries, those valiant dames,
Success might sure have wished us;
But the *Vigilant*, our yacht-builders shames.
The "Yankee Dish" has—dished us!

TO "HANS BREITMANN."

[Mr. C. G. LELAND, in his recently-published
Memoirs, informs us of his very early appre-
ciation of the formula, "I am I—I am myself—I
myself I."]

You, from mirth to logic turning,
Doubly proved yourself the right man,
By your wondrous breadth of learning,
For the title of "der Breitmann."
Yes, the lore and fun within you
Show us yearly greater reasons
Why we wish you to continue
Quite yourself for farther seasons.

MY LANDLORD.

(By a Tenant.)

Who asked a rent absurdly high;
Who never scrupled at a lie?
The house well built! The soil so
dry! My Landlord.

Whose saving schemes cause constant
fears

The house will fall about my ears?
I say it totters, and he sneers.
My Landlord.

The cellar's flooded when it rains;
The ceilings show damp, mouldy
stains.

Who swindled me about the drains?
My Landlord.

Who called the house extremely
nice?

It's simply overrun with mice,
The cook has had hysterics twice.
My Landlord.

Who praised the garden in a way
To seem like Eden? I should say
The soil is brickbats mixed with
clay. My Landlord.

Who said each kind of plant suc-
ceeds?

Yet when I sow the choicest seeds
They all develop into weeds.
My Landlord.

What's this? A note from him—
a few

Short lines to say the rent is due.
Who tells me facts not new, if true?
My Landlord.

A SUGGESTION.—A decoration for
JABEZ BALFOUR,—"The Order of the
Golden Fleece."



RECKLESS.

Moderate Swell. "GOING TO TAKE A CAB?"

Immoderate Swell. "ER—NO."

M. S. "NO UMBRELLA, I SEE."

Imm. S. "ER—NO, DEAR BOY. SEE—IF YOU—ER—CARRY
'BRELLA—LOOKS AS IF YOU'D ONLY ONE SUIT A CLOTHES!"

MY TENANT.

(By a Landlord.)

Who haggled long about the price;
Who says my house is far from nice;
Who seeks solicitor's advice?
My Tenant.

Who wants incessantly repairs
To floors and ceilings, steps and stairs;
Who doats on hygienic scares?
My Tenant.

Who lives in fear of sewer gas,
So that the plumbers soon amass
Vast sums, once mine? That utter
ass, My Tenant.

Eternally some fresh complaint;
Distemper, whitewash, paper, paint!
He is enough to vex a saint—
My Tenant.

Who lets the garden go to pot?
What used to be a pleasant plot
Is worse than an allotment plot.
My Tenant.

Deferring payments suits his bent;
When various demands I've sent;
Unwillingly he pays the rent,
My Tenant.

A note from him? Another growl!
Some chimney smokes, he wants a
cowl.

Thus he complains, that moping owl,
My Tenant.

MRS. R. says she always understood
you must "catch your hare before you
cook it;" so she cannot for the life
of her make out what a friend of
hers meant by telling her that "when
their kitchen-maid cooked the hare
she caught it afterwards!"

A DIARY À LA RUSSE.

Monday.—Rather tired of this constant hand-shaking, and even the lady-kissing is somewhat wearisome. Especially when the fair dames do not draw the line at sixty. However, no doubt well meant. Found usual collection of miscellaneous presents. Don't quite know what I shall do with ton of tallow. Somehow our hosts fancy we require it. Latest addition from the advertising merchants—a Patent Tombstone (with space for *affiches* at back) and Somebody's Remedy for Neuralgia. Wish our hosts would not send us such a lot of things! Have been staying at my hotel all day long on the chance of escaping attention, and thus be able to find my way to the Moulin Rouge. Just got past the porter, when I was caught by one of the *attachés* and carried off to a State Dinner. Spent the rest of the evening in shouting "Long Live France!" and listening to the Russian National Hymn.

Tuesday.—Hope I shall have better luck to-day. My hand is twice its normal size, thanks to the shaking. More presents. Candles by the hundredweight, and bear's-grease by the ton. Some one has sent a Boot-blackening Machine, and wants a testimonial. On the watch all day. Trust to get to the Folies Bergères some time or another. Just crawled out when seized by a friendly *député*, and hurried off to a function at the Hotel de Ville!

Wednesday.—Absolutely done up. Deafened with the "*Marseillaise*," and sick to death of "*The Emperor's Hymn*." Usual collection of presents. Five thousand fire-alarms! One of them alone enough to wake up a slumbering town of half a million inhabitants! Ladies of all ages (especially of mature age) anxious to kiss me. Could not walk across the road this morning for them! Had to stop in the hotel all day long. Tried to escape in the evening on the chance of finding my way to a "concert-music-hall," when seized by an officer of the French Marine, and carried away to a Reception!

Thursday.—I have now been in Paris four days and seen nothing, absolutely nothing! Of course most gratifying from a patriotic point of view, but if this is Paris why give me St. Petersburg, or even Siberia! Can't move a step without having my hand shaken off. Not a moment's privacy; and as for the presents, I am absolutely deluged with them! and such idiotic gifts! All the advertisers in the country seem to have found us out. What use on earth

can I make of an elephant's feeding-spoon or a lady's comb for curling the hair? I made a last effort to get to the Moulin; but, of course, again frustrated. I was seized by an "A.-D.-C." and taken to a State Lecture!

Friday.—Giving way to despair! What a hollow thing is popular applause! I am absolutely tired to death of it. I cannot repeat (for very weariness), the various ovations I have received. I have been accepted with cheers at all hours of the day and night! Oh, how glad I would be to get back! At the last moment I saw my way to a stealthy visit to the Folies, when I was secured and booked for two dinners and a "*punch*." Betrayed! Betrayed!

Saturday.—Still hunted. Not allowed to go anywhere except when my tormentors drag me to some official function. Have sold all my presents for ten francs. Have received marching orders for Toulon. Just as I was about to escape and proceed to the Moulin Rouge, captured by "my friends the enemy," or should it be "my enemies the friends"? Had to submit to the usual enthusiasm on my road to the railway station. Fortune of war I suppose, or rather of peace. Of the two, the latter I should think was the more deadly. Last strains of the "*Marseillaise*," last kiss from some one's grandmother, and curtain! Glad it's all over!

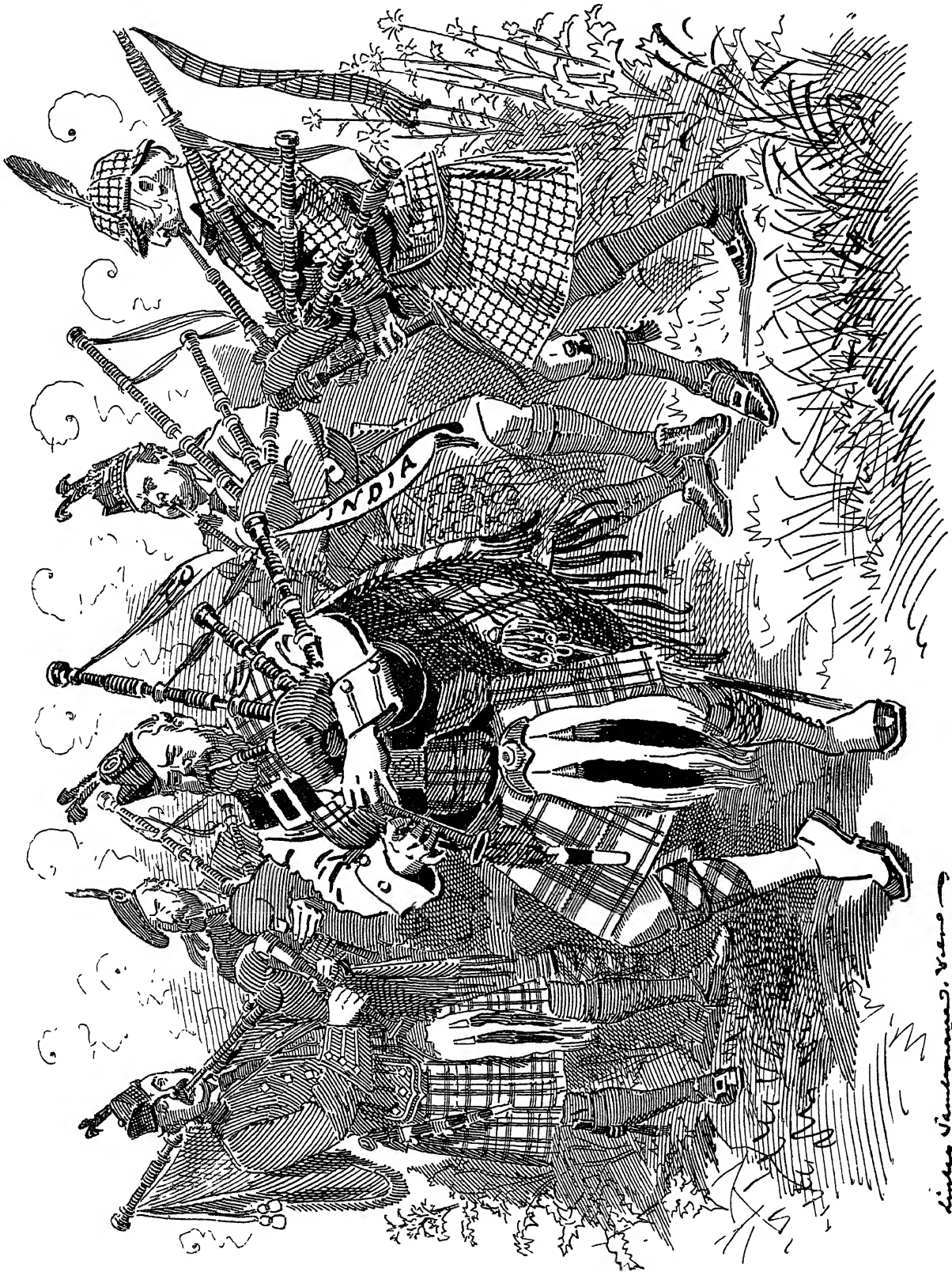
By MR. JUSTICE CHARLES (*omitted in reports of his decision last week*).—"The Dahomey Troupe of Amazons appear only in the evenings at certain music-halls. Their name should be changed to 'Day-homey and Night-outy Amazons.'" (*Signed*)

"CHARLES HIS FRIEND."

THE CHESHIRE CRUELTY TO CHILDREN CASE.—Rightly were condemned the two unfeeling PHELANS. No jury could possibly have any consideration for such PHELANS as these. If for the male prisoner the jury had recommended a tail or two of the Cheshire Cat (o'-nine-tails), it would not have been thought too much.

MOTTO FOR MR. Inderwick, Q.C.—The eminent Counsel of the QUEEN has been recently admitted to the freedom of the borough of Rye. He has added to his coat of arms the words, "Mind your Rye."

NEW DESCRIPTIVE TITLE OF THE G. O. M. SUGGESTED BY LORD SALISBURY'S LATEST SPEECH.—"The Autocrat of the Round Table."



"EMINENTLY A SCOTTISH GOVERNMENT."

(Mr. Asquith's Speech, Tuesday, October 17.)



TOO PARTICULAR.

"LOOK HERE—CONFOUND IT, ISAACSON! YOU'VE PLAYED ME A PRETTY TRICK WITH THIS ANCESTOR YOU SOLD ME! SHOWED IT TO A FRIEND YESTERDAY, AND TOLD HIM IT WAS THE PORTRAIT OF MY ANCESTOR WHO CAME OVER WITH WILLIAM THE FIRST; AND HE SAID, 'WHAT A FUNNY THING HE SHOULD HAVE DRESSED HIMSELF IN THE STYLE OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH!'"

"VELL THAT' TH NOTHING. I JETH MADE A MITHTAKE OF A FEW YEARTH—VILLIAM THE FIRST AND VILLIAM THE FOURTH; ONLY HITH GREAT-GRANDTHEON!"

THE SAX SCOTCH PIPERS.

"The present Government is eminently a Scottish Government. You must remember that there are in the present Cabinet no less than five Scotch members of the House of Commons . . . and we have also a member of the House of Lords who is one of the most eminent Scotchmen—I mean Lord ROSEBERRY."—*Mr. Asquith in Glasgow.*

"A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, a kilt;
Stick a skeen in his hose—wear an acre of stripes—
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes."
—*Bab Ballads.*

AIR—"The Hundred Pipers."

Wi' sax stalwart pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' sax stout Scotch pipers an' a', an' a',
Oh! it's Sassenach bummblers awa'! awa'!
Our WULLIE's a Scotsman sae braw, sae
braw,
We'll on an' we'll march to St. Stephen's ha',
Wi' its seats, an' its salaries an' a', an' a'!
Wi' sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a', &c.
Oh! wha' is formaist o' a', o' a' ?
Oh! wha' does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie WULLIE, the king o' us a', hurrah!
Wi' his five stout pipers an' a', an' a'!
His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,
His bagpipes wheeze, an' his ribbons fly;
The nor' win' plays wi' his thin white hair,
While the pipers blaw wi' an unco' flare.
Wi' sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a', &c.

PRIMROSE, an' CAMPBELL, sae dink an' sae
deep, [they keep,
Shouter to shouter wi' MARJORIBANKS
ROBERTSON, BALFOUR, an' ASHER a' round
Dance themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounded the English saw, they saw,
Dumfounded they heard the blaw, the
blaw
Hath a Southron as chance ava' ava',
Wi' these sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a' ?
Wi' the sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a',
The Saxon must go to the wa', the wa'!
WULLIE's upan' gies them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' his sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a'!

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE CELEBRATED PICK-
WICKIAN EXAMINATION PAPER.—*To Students*
of *Pickwick*.—On what (as far as this ques-
tioner is aware) solitary occasion is champagne
mentioned in *Pickwick*? who drank a bottle
of it? where was it consumed? after what
exhilarating performance?—ED.

"TA TA'D AND FEATHERED."—"A soft
thing that waves" was the description of a
feather given by a Lady Correspondent—and
therefore a perfectly Fair One—in the *Times*
last Saturday. But surely "a soft thing that
waves" is evidently a lady's hand bidding
somebody "Ta! ta!"

BY OUR OWN CRAMMER.—In unsuccessful
candidates for Army and Navy Exams. Eng-
land may have lost some of her best "pluck'd"
soldiers and sailors.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

(By a Gallio.)

"Poetry will degenerate into mere literary
bric-à-brac, such as the composition of rondels and
trioletts."—DR. C. H. PEARSON.]

LITERARY odds and ends

Will for lays be scribbled!
PEARSON thus ahead portends
"Litter"—ary odds and ends.
Pessimist, you owe amends
For this forecast ribald:—
"Literary odds and ends
Will for lays be scribbled!"

Call you then mere bric-à-brac
Triplet and rondel?

All that's knocked off with a knock
Call you then mere bric-à-brac?
Man of prose, you thus attack
VILLON, DOBSON, BLONDEL.
Call you then mere bric-à-brac
Triplet and rondel?

'Pon my word, I don't much care
If you prove your thesis.
Poetry's not my affair—
'Pon my word, I don't much care!
My three triolets pray tear
As you please, to pieces!
'Pon my word, I don't much care
If they prove your thesis!

THE recent illuminations in Paris, it is said,
were a very costly matter. Naturally, as an
"affaire de Luxe."

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XI.—At the entrance to The Eldorado Music-hall. TIME—Saturday evening, about 8.30. Mrs. Toovey, who has just alighted from a Waterloo bus, approaches; she wears a veil, under which her spectacles gleam balefully, and passes the various boards and coloured posters with averted eyes.

Mrs. Toovey (to herself). I'm late—I ought to have taken a cab, instead of that dawdling bus. Still, I shall be in plenty of time to surprise Pa in the very midst of his profligacy. (She looks around her.) Gilding, rosewood and mahogany panels, plush, stained glass—oh, the wicked luxury of it all! (She pushes open a swing door.) Where is the place you call Box C? I—I have to meet somebody there.

(She finds herself in a glittering bar, where she produces a distinct sensation among a few loungers there.)

A Barmaid (tartly). There's no entrance to the music-hall this way. You've come to the wrong place.

Mrs. Toov. (with equal acidity). Ah, young woman, you need not tell me that! (She goes out with a withering glance, and hears stifled sniggers as the doors swing after her.) A drinking-bar on the very threshold to trap the unwary—disgraceful! (She tries the next door, and finds a stalwart official, in a fancy uniform.) Will you have the goodness to conduct me to Box C, instantly?

The Official. Next door, please, Ma'am. This only admits to the Grand Lounge.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). The "Grand Lounge," indeed! (She opens another door, and finds a Pay-box, where she addresses the check-taker through the pigeon-hole.) I want to go to Box C. I've asked for it at I don't know how many places, and—

Checktaker (politely). I'm really afraid you'll have to ask again, Ma'am. This is the Promenade. Box-office next entrance.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, indignantly). I only hope they make it as difficult for other people to get in as they do for me! So Pa comes here to lounge and promenade, does he? Oh, let me only catch him, I'll send him promenading! (She goes to the Box-office.) I want Box C, wherever that is.

Book-Keeper. Can give you Box D, if you like. Box C is reserved for this evening.

Mrs. Toov. (sharply). I am quite aware of that. For Mr. THEOPHILUS TOOVEY. I have come to join him here.

Book-K. (referring to book). It is entered in that name, certainly; but—hem—may I ask if you belong to Mr. TOOVEY's party?

Mrs. Toov. (crushingly). No doubt you consider that his wife has no claim to—Most certainly I belong to his party.

Book-K. That is quite sufficient, Madam. (To Attendant.) Show this lady to Box C. (To herself, as Mrs. T. follows the Attendant up some velvet-covered stairs.) Well, it's no business of mine; but if Mr. TOOVEY, whoever he is, isn't careful what he's about, he may be sorry for it—that's all!

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). They never even asked for my ticket. Pa's evidently well known here! (To Attendant.) A programme? with pictures of dancing girls all over it! You ought to be ashamed to offer such things to a respectable woman!

Att. (surprised). I've never heard them objected to before, Ma'am. Can I bring you any refreshments? (Persuasively.) Bottle-ale or stout? Lemonade and brandy? Whisky and soda?

Mrs. Toov. Don't imagine you can tempt me, man. I've been a total abstainer ever since I was five!

Att. (opening box-door). Indeed, Ma'am. I suppose now you'ven't mistook this for Exeter 'All?—because it ain't.

Mrs. Toov. I am in no danger of making that mistake! (She enters the box.) I am here before Pa after all. What a gaudy,

wicked, glaring place to be sure! Ugh, this filthy tobacco; it chokes me, and I can scarcely see across the hall. Not that I want to see. Well, if I sit in the corner behind the curtain I shan't be seen myself. To think that I—I—should be here at all, but the responsibility is on Pa's head, not mine! What are those two girls singing about on the stage? They are dressed decently enough, I'll say that for them, though pinafores and baby bonnets at their age are ridiculous. [She listens.]

The Sisters Sarcenet (on stage). You men are deceivers and awfully sly. Oh, you are!

Male portion of audience (as is expected from them). No we aren't!

The Sisters S. (archly). Now you know you are!

You come home with the milk; should your poor wife ask why,

"Pressing business, my pet!" you serenely reply,

When you've really been out on the "Tiddle-y-hi!" Yes, you have!

Male audience (as before). No, we've not!

The Sister S. (with the air of accusing angels). Why, you know you have!

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). It's to those young women's credit that they have the courage to come here and denounce the men to their faces—like this. And it's gone home to them, too! they're shouting out "Over!" (Here the Sisters suddenly turn a couple of "cart-wheels" with surprising unanimity, amidst roars of applause.) Oh, the shameless minxes! I will not sit and look on at such scandalous exhibitions. (She moves to the corner nearest the stage, and turns her back upon the proceedings.) How much longer will Pa compel me to assist at such scenes, I wonder? Why doesn't he come? Where is he now? (Bitterly.) No doubt on what those vulgar wretches would call the "Tiddle-y-hi!"

(The Brothers BIMBO, Eccentric Clowns, appear on the stage.) I can't sit here in a corner looking at nothing. If I do see anything improper, THEOPHILUS shall answer for it. (She changes her place again.) Acrobats—well, they're inoffensive at least. Oh, I do believe one of the nasty things is climbing up to the balcony; he's going to walk along here!

First Brother Bimbo (on stage, to his confrère, who is balancing himself on the broad ledge of the box tier). Ohé—old up, there. Penny garde! Ah, il tombera! There, I told yer so! (The Second Brother B. has reached the front of Mrs. TOOVEY's box, where he pretends to stumble.) Oh, le pover garçon, look at 'im now! Come back, do! Ask the lady to catch 'old of your trousers be'ind!

Mrs. Toov. (to the Second Brother, firmly). Don't expect

me to do anything of the sort. Go back, as your brother asks you to, you silly fellow. You shouldn't attempt such a foolhardy thing at all!

Second Br. B. (to the First). Oh, my! There's such a nice young lady in here; she's asking me to come in and set along with her! May I?

[He lets himself drop astride the ledge, and wags his head at Mrs. TOOVEY, to her intense horror.]

Mrs. Toov. (in an audible undertone). If you don't take away that leg at once, I'll pinch it!

Second Br. B. Eh? Not now; my brother says I mustn't. "Come round afterwards?" Well, well, we'll see! (He springs up on the ledge again, and kisses his hand to her.) Goo'bye, ducky! Ave no fears for me. Whoo-up!

[He continues his tour of the balcony, amidst roars of laughter.]

Mrs. Toov. (falling back in the box, speechless with fury). And this is the treatment Pa exposes me to—all those unmanly wretches laughing at me! But I don't care; here I stay till Pa comes. Oh, this smoke; I shall be poisoned by it soon! Upon my word, there's a bold hussy coming on to sing, in a man's coat and black satin knee-breeches I'll stop my ears; they shall see there's one woman



"Goo'bye, ducky! Ave no fears for me!"

here who respects herself! (*She does so, during that and the subsequent performances; an hour passes.*) How much longer am I to be compelled to remain here? This is terrible; three creatures in tight red suits, got up to look like devils! I wonder they've no fear of being struck dead on the stage! They're standing on each other's stomachs. I daren't look on at such blasphemy! I'll take off my spectacles; then, at least, my eyes won't be offended by seeing anything distinctly! (*She removes her glasses, and replaces them in their case, which she lays on the box-ledge.*) They're gone, thank goodness. What's this? There's someone opening the box-door. Pa—at last! Well, I'm ready for him!

[*She stiffens in her chair.*]

Attendant's Voice (outside). This is Box C, Miss. Can I bring you any refreshments? Bottle-ale, stout, lemonade, Miss?

A Female Voice. I—I don't know. There's a gentleman with me; he'll be here directly; he only stopped to speak to somebody. Ah, he's coming now.

Mrs. Toov. "Miss"?! This is Pa's party, then. Oh!!

[*A quietly dressed, and decidedly good-looking girl enters, and starts on seeing that the box is already occupied.*]

Mrs. Toov. (rising in towering wrath). You were not expecting to find me here, Miss, I've no doubt?

The Girl (sitting down). No; PHIL didn't say there would be anyone else; but any friend of his I'm sure—

Mrs. Toov. PHIL? you dare to call him "PHIL!" Do you know who I am, you insolent girl, you? I am his Wife!

The Girl. His wife? I don't believe it. Are you sure you don't mean his mother. My PHIL married to you, indeed—a pretty story!

Mrs. Toov. (trembling with rage). Go out of this box instantly, or I'll make you!

The Girl. I shall do nothing of the kind. Wait till my friend comes, and we'll soon— (*As the door opens.*) PHIL, PHIL, here's an abusive old female here who pretends she is your wife, and wants to order me out. I believe she must either be intoxicated or out of her senses!

Mrs. Toov. (pouncing upon the newcomer and boxing his ears soundly). Is she? it is you who are out of your senses, Pa! Take that—and that—and now come home with me, do you hear?

The Newcomer (with his hand to his cheek). "Pa," am I? I thought I was your husband just now! Well, I must have married before I was born, either way. And now, perhaps, you'll explain what all this means?

Mrs. Toov. (faintly). Oh, my goodness! I've made a dreadful mistake; it isn't Pa! Let me go—let me go!

The Newc. (putting his back against the door). Not yet, Ma'am; not yet. You don't go like this; after insulting this young lady, to whom I've the honour of being engaged, and telling her you're my wife, and then smacking my face in her presence. I've my dignity to consider, and I want satisfaction out of you. Come, we won't have a row here, for the sake of this young lady; just step out into lobby here, and I'll give you in charge for assault. Stay where you are, MILLY, my dear. Now, Ma'am, will you go, or shall I send for a constable? (*Mrs. T. totters out, protesting incoherently, and begging to be released.*) Well, I don't want to spoil my evening's pleasure on your account. You give me your name and address, and I'll simply summon you for assault; which is more than you deserve. If you won't, I'll charge you!

Mrs. Toov. (reluctantly). Oh, indeed it was an acc— I will not give you my name. Yes, yes, I will; anything to get out of this horrible place. (*The young man produces a pencil, and pulls down his left shirt cuff.*) Mrs.—Too—no, I don't mean TOO—TOMKINSON JONES—The—the Laburnums—U—upper Tooting. There, now are you satisfied?

The Young Man (recording it). Thank you, that's all I require. You'll hear from me later on. Good evening!

Mrs. Toov. (as she crawls down the staircase). I have only just saved myself by a—*a fib!* And I haven't even found Pa out. But I will. I'll go straight home and sit up for him!

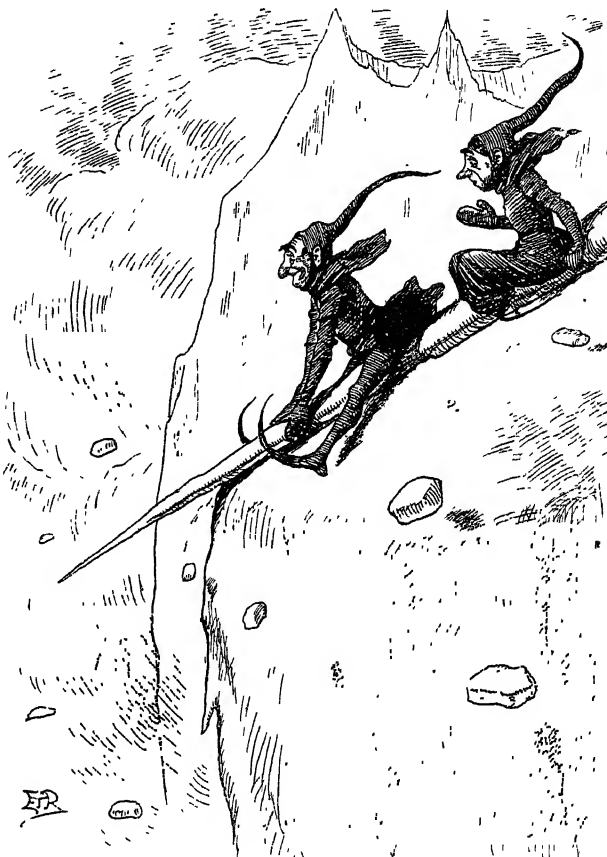
END OF SCENE XI.

FRAGMENTS FROM A FRANCO-RUSSIAN PHRASE-BOOK.

(*Picked up at Toulon after the recent Flétes.*)

AT THE BANQUET.

I AM glad to be next to a Russian. Believe me, France has always been the best friend of Russia. . . . No, *that* was not France—it was the Corsican. Altogether a different thing. . . . Were we at the Crimea? It is possible—through the perfidy of those English. . . . Try some of this old sherry. Your shark-fin soup is delicious. . . . As I was saying, we are a Republic now, and adore Liberty. . . . Siberia must be a charming place, and the climate ravishing. You have never been there? A pleasure to come! . . . Take a *carafe* of champagne—there is plenty more. We are a democratic nation, and the hearts of our populace go out to an autocrat.



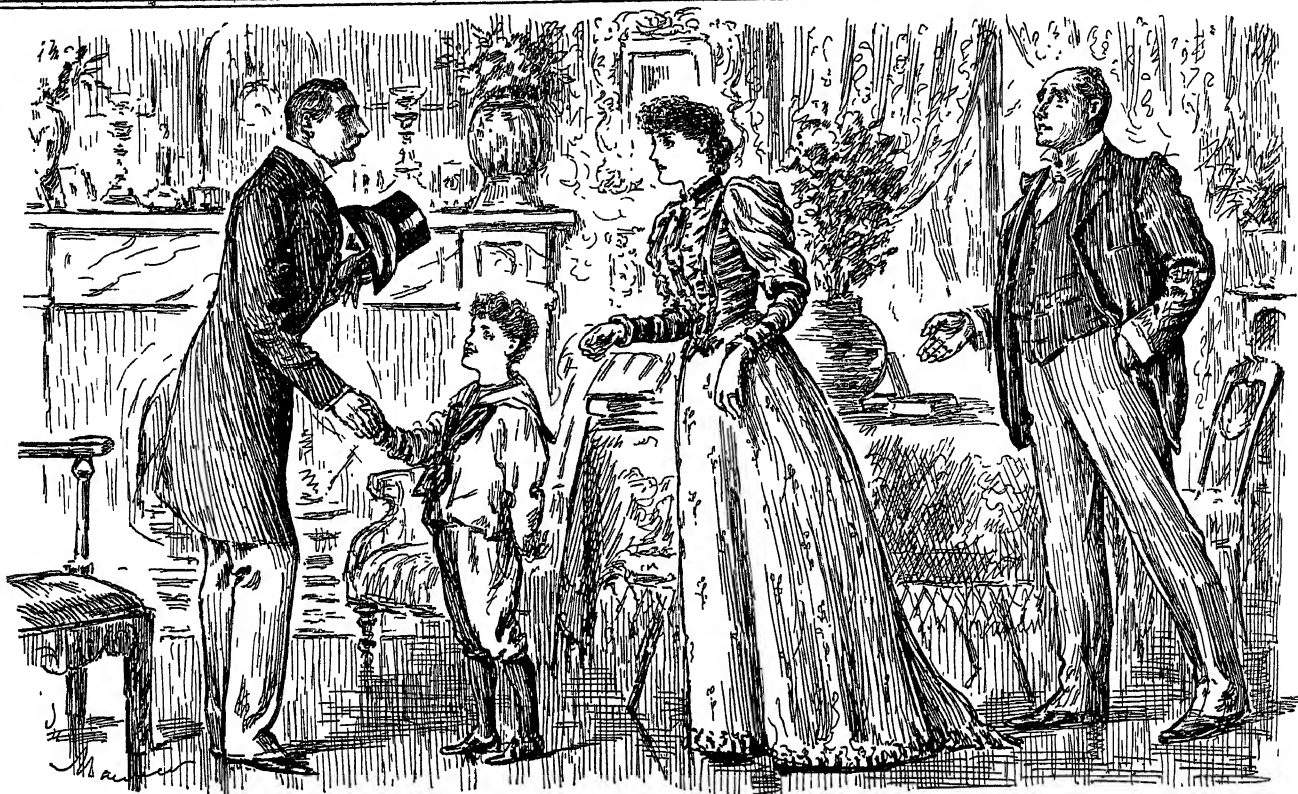
IMPROVED GNOMENCLATURE.

(*A popular Song adapted to the Glacial Period.*)

"ON AN ICICLE MADE FOR TWO."

I know well that all autoerats are not nice—but *yours!!* Do have some more champagne. . . . These are *Cailles Schuvaroff*. They are Russian—so they *must* be good! . . . Do you know that my wife and I kissed the hands of (*ten—fifteen—fifty—two hundred*) Russian sailors through the portholes of your flagship this afternoon? . . . Not at all—we quite enjoyed it. . . . There is a proposal to present your Admiral with a model of the Tour Eiffel in brilliants. I remember it was exhibited in Paris at a franc for admission—but few people went. I wish he may get it. I subscribed ten (*Napoleons—francs—centimes*) towards the fund for presenting commemorative brooches to the wives, daughters, and sweethearts of your seamen. I hope they will all arrive quite safely. . . . Have you received a silver cup with a suitable inscription? Only a yellow champagne-glass with a motto! That is mean, miserable, shabby! I will speak to a waiter about it. . . . Why do you not drink? Fill your glass. I am filling mine. . . . Have you heard that our warm-hearted nation has forwarded to the Russian Fleet one hundred cases of the best blacking? The Triple Alliance is trembling in its shoes. . . . You drink nothing! All the same, it seems to me your Tsar might have sent *more* ships while he was about it. Yes, I repeat; more—and bigger ones. It would have been more polished. But you Russians are *not* polished; you are cold, brutal, phlegmatic. You remind me of an Englishman I once saw on the stage of the Variétés. But he had red whiskers, and said, "Aoh, yes!" You drink too much. The Russians are all intemperate—it is the climate. So long as you help us to our revenge, we do not care *what* you are. I speak quite frankly. This is a great day for France. As a Frenchman, I shall never see caviar again without a thrill of heartfelt emotion. But your shark-fin soup was disgusting—beastly. It is that which is making me so ill. . . . *Au revoir*, dear friend. I am going under the table for a little while—to think.

Mrs. R. wants to know what was the classic story about Ajax and Telephone? "So," says she, "as *that* was hundreds of years ago, it isn't such a *very* new invention."



UNCALLED-FOR REVELATIONS.

Tommy (to Caller). "OH, WE 'VE BEEN HAVING SUCH FUN! PAPA HAS BEEN PUTTING ON MAMMA'S HAIR AND FRIGHTENING BABY!"

LITTLE MASTER MINORITY.

A Dialogue in Dialect, some way after Bret Harte's "Jim."

[Referring, in the course of conversation, to the deadlock in the Senate, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said:—"My opinion is that the Americans are the most patient people on the globe. Such an outcome from an organised system of obstruction would be impossible in England, which I venture to say, with my foot on New York soil, is far more democratic than America. Democracy, as I take it, means the government of the people by the people."—*The "Times," New York Correspondent, Oct. 13.*]

"Cælum, non (?) animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

Jonathan to Joseph, loquitur:—

SAY thar! P'r'aps
You 're of them chaps
Approve this child,
Who makes me wild!—
No?—no offence:
Thar ain't much sense
In gittin' riled!

JOE, old chum,
Welcome ye are!
Say! Ye've jest come
Up from down thar.
Lookin' round, JOE?
That's right, Sir! You
Ain't of that crew
Makes freedom rar'.

Tory? Not much,
That ain't my kind:
I ain't no such.—
Democrat—blind!
Rayther like you!

Well, this yer boy
(With his derned toy),
Is a fair limb.—
Not much—in size!
Stirs your surprise?—
Wal, that is strange:
Your nipper, now,
Riz up some row,
Down under thar,
Only this year!

Since you came here.
You've felt a change!
Wal, he licks us!
Eh?
Spank him, you say!
Spank?—
This little cuss?
You make me star,—
Down under, thar,
Minorities step
Truck—in your shop,
And you don't rar'!
Here, wide awake
To our mistake.
Our boy you bar!

Spank!—
This—little—cuss?
Wal, he does fuss,
Raises a muss.
His "Silver" whim,
His spoutin' prank—
(Leather-lung'd limb!)
Does crab the swim.
Should like to yank
Him crost my knees,
And—but thar! spank
Him?

Patent, Sir—I?
No democrat?
Here, Sir, stand by!
I can't stand that!

You wouldn't stand
Him—in your land?
Eh?
What's that you say?
Why, dern it!—sho!—
Draw it mild, JOE!

Bold?
Obstruction? Yes!

Still, as I guess—
Though I'll confess
You're an authority—
'Tain't no new thing
(You've had your fling!),
But ornery,
Derned old,
Loud-lunged—Minority!
Little—Master—Minority!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

BARABBAS is a romance by MARIE CORELLI, founded upon the narrative given by the Four Evangelists. It is in three volumes, and *Barabbas* is the principal character. Oratorios have been composed musically illustrating the sacred story, mystery plays there have been showing it forth in action, but never yet have we been taken, as it were, behind the scenes, introduced to JUDAS ISCARIOT's sister, and been informed as to the motives of human action underlying "the World's Tragedy." Whether "the stock of *Barabbas*" hath been sold out or not, the Baron cannot imagine that this novel form of treating Holy Writ will ever be popular with any section of our ordinary reading public. MARIE CORELLI is a writer as picturesque as prolific, but she has wasted her time and talents on this romance. There used to be a perversion of the text, which took this form, "Now *BARABBAS* was—a publisher" (was it SYDNEY SMITH's jest?); but if that applies nowadays, the publisher who depended solely upon this particular work for his success would, probably, far nearer resemble ZACCHÆUS than *BARABBAS*, inasmuch as he might find himself "up a tree."

Catriona is written by R. L. STEVENSON, and published in one volume by CASSELL & Co. "Aweel, aweel, mon!" quoth the Baron, after several praiseworthy attempts at mastering the Scotch dialect in which the story is told; "aweel, aweel! I am swifter to leave ye, *Catriona*! But it maun be as it will; I'm nane sae muckle learned in your Scotch tongue; sae I'll e'en put down the book, or I'll be wearyful, deil hae 't!" No: Scotch the Baron cannot manage—except taken as whiskey. But he will tell those who love the language that McSTEVENSON's *Catriona* they will enjoy to their heart's content. All the same it remains a mystery to the Baron de B. W.

IN HIGH FEATHER.—It would not be fair even, for Mr. HUDSON, to define all ladies wearing feathers as "a Feather-headed Lot."



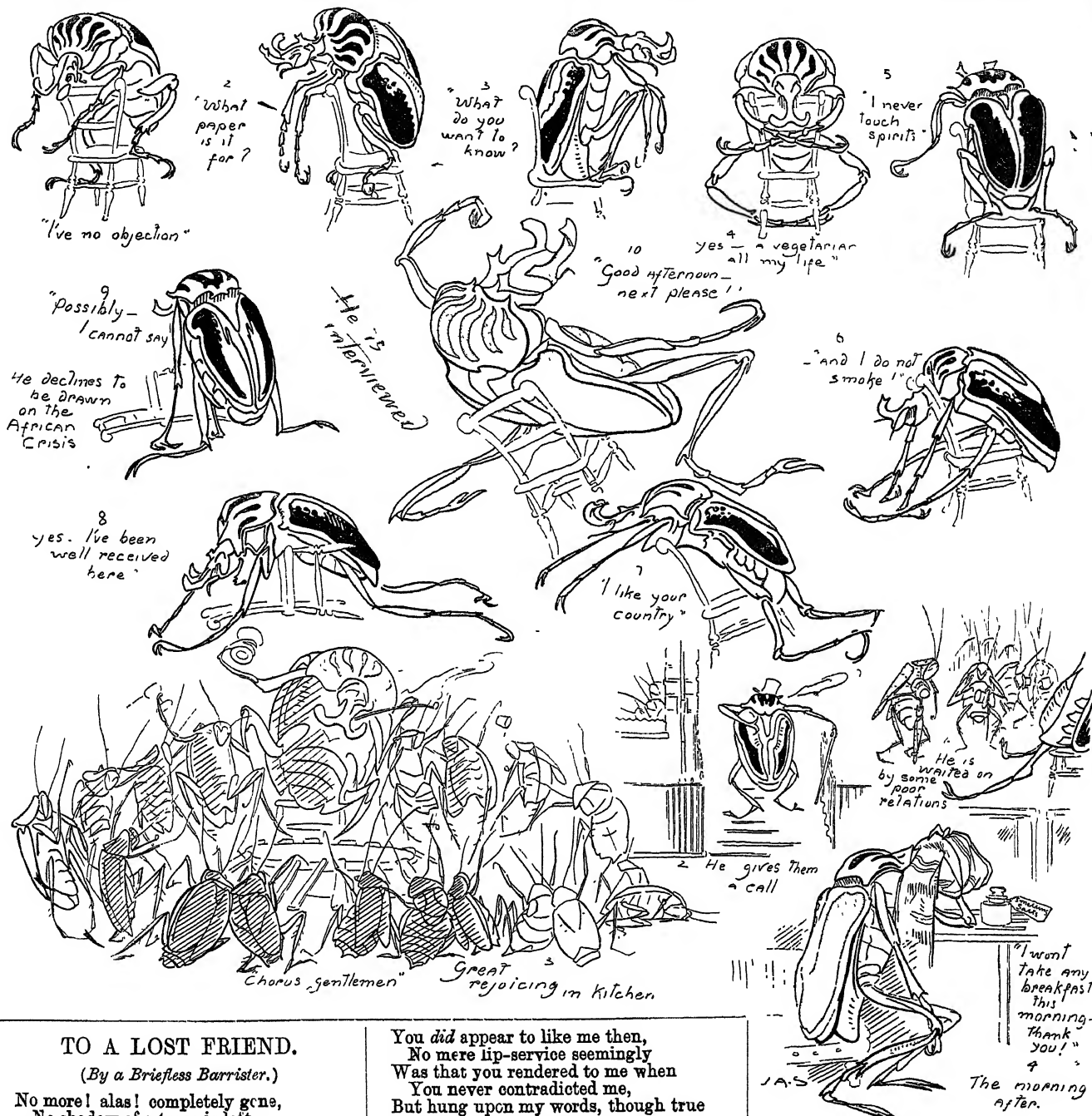
LITTLE MASTER MINORITY.

BROTHER JONATHAN. "WA'AL, MR. JOSEPH; I GUESS ALL YOUR SYMPATHIES ARE WITH THIS LITTLE CUSS?"

MR. CHAMBERLAIN. "NOT AT ALL, NOT AT ALL,—ON *YOUR* SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC!"

THE BOOM IN BEETLES—THE LATEST FROM AFRICA.

[“The new arrival at the Zoo is a specimen of the Goliath Beetle from West Africa—a giant even among its own kind.”—*Daily Graphic*.]



TO A LOST FRIEND.

(By a Briefless Barrister.)

No more! alas! completely gone,
No shadow of a trace is left,
And I have still to linger on,
Of your companionship bereft,
And fight the battle to the end,
As best I may with one less friend.

It seems a cruel stroke of Fate.

How eagerly I watched you grow!
How much I loved you; how elate
When other people came to know
On what I always had insisted—
That you in point of fact existed.

I played with you, who every day
Grew more responsive to my touch.
I stroked you in the gentlest way,

With sweet caresses. Ah! how much
We seemed, as though a child and mother,
To be bound up in one another.

You *did* appear to like me then,
No mere lip-service seemingly
Was that you rendered to me when
You never contradicted me,
But hung upon my words, though true
It also was they hung on you.

And then one day you disappeared,
Cut off in life's most sunny prime.
I missed you sadly as I feared

And thought I should do at the time.
Though now your image comes and plain
Grows on me sometimes once again.

Oh! my moustache! I did the deed,
I own it frankly, I alone.
I felt it (for it made me bleed),

Yet still you always must have known,
Though you were of proportions regal,
You hardly helped me to look legal.

A TRIUMPH IN COOKERY.—When the Cook
makes a hash of the marrow-bones.

“HE IS A MANN, TAKE HIM FOR ALL IN ALL,
WE NEVER WANT TO LOOK UPON HIS LIKE
AGAIN.” (*Shakespeare adapted*).—It is said
he is going to join the Ministry—not the
Cabinet—but that of the Established Church.
But how will so independent a spirit ever
submit to “take orders” from an Arch-
bishop? This is to reduce himself from a
MANN to a Mannikin. Not likely.

UP TO DATE TRANSLATION.—“*Qu'est-ce
qu'il y a sur le tapis?*” asked the Frenchman.
“You mean ‘what’s on the tape?’” returned
the Englishman.

THE IDEAL DRAMA.

Oh think what a change would soon be wrought
In sins society now condones,
Were virtue and honesty properly taught
By Comedy's smiles and Tragedy's groans!
The peer, the scholar, the fool, the fop,
Could learn deportment, high-class, tip-top,
From a *Dancing Girl* in a *Baubble Shop*—
At least so thinks Mr. H. A. JONES.

We shall call it "the work,"
and not "the play,"
When due solemnity prompts the tones
Of serious actors, more grave than gay;
They may be bores, but they won't be drones.
So learn, should you wish to have a spree,
What your Criterion ought to be,
Or the *Tempter* will put you up a Tree.
Hear eloquent Mr. H. A. JONES!

Amusement? What! Do you dare to think
That those respectable classic cronies,
Melpomene, Thalia, they should sink
To make you laugh, like a nigger Bones?
If you should expect to be amused,
Your money would simply be refused,
And you would be turned away, abused
By furious Mr. H. A. JONES.



THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

"AND WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"
"MARIAN WATSON. BUT MY LAST MISTRESS USED TO CALL ME MARY,
BECAUSE MARIAN ISN'T A PROPER NAME FOR A SERVANT, SHE SAID."

REPARTEES FOR THE RAILWAY.

"SMOKING not allowed." Of course, but I am going to enjoy my cigar in silence.

"Want the window closed?" Very sorry, but I can't find a cathedral.

"Find my journal a nuisance." Dear me! was under the impression it was a newspaper.

"Allow you to pass." Afraid only the Secretary can manage that for you; he alone has power to issue free tickets.

"Do I mind the draught?" Not when I am attending to the chessman.

"Do I know the station?" Of the people on the platform? Probably lower middle class.

"Is this right for Windsor?" Yes, if it's not left for somewhere else.

"Are we allowed five minutes for lunch?" Think not; but you can have sandwiches at the counter.

"Isn't this first-class?" Quite excellent—first-rate—couldn't be better!

"I want to go second." Then you had better follow me.

"I am third." Indeed! And who were first and second?

"I think this must be London." Very likely; if it is, it mustn't be anywhere else.

A CRY TO WHYMPER.—Last Wednesday Mr. EDWARD WHYMPER lectured at the Birkbeck. His subject was "*Twenty thousand feet above the Sea*." "That's ten thousand pairs of boots!" writes our shoemaker. "Wish I'd had the order! Well, well, soled again!"

A WALK IN DEVON.

PART I.—THE START.

Notes from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.

The Cottage, Burrow-in-the-Corner, Devon.

WENT out for a walk just now; nothing remarkable in that; the wonder came in when I got back. Present postal address given at head of this note. The Cottage is there all right, but where the township, hamlet, village, or whatever Burrow-in-the-Corner may be, is situated, haven't the least idea, and I've tramped pretty well round the country. The Cottage stands at four cross roads, on the top of a hill. Specks in the distance, in the valley and on the hillsides, understood to be farm-houses. Three miles off is Tipterton; it is approached from this point by a steep hill: most convenient way of getting to bottom is to lie down on top and roll; some people said to have become adepts in practise; can even enjoy quiet sleep on the way, and pull up at the very shop in High Street where they have business. So it is said; but I rarely see any people about Burrow-in-the-Corner; so how can they approach Tipterton in this or other way? The only persons that pass The Cottage palings are men who stop to ask their way. The population is sparse, and seems to fill up its time by losing itself. This should have been a warning to me, but it wasn't.

The Cottage been standing here for at least two hundred years. Began life as a smithy; only recently retired from business. The initials of one of its tenants are "R. B." He has carved the letters on the front door, with the date, 1813, following it. Fancy he must have been pretty old then, for, two years later, he cuts his initials again with date 1815; the writing quite shaky; possibly he had heard of Waterloo, and his hand was tremulous with patriotic joy. On second thought, that improbable. News of Waterloo not likely to have reached Burrow-in-the-Corner within limit of twelve months.

The smithy still stands as "R. B." left it when his bellows blew their last gasp. The Cottage itself transformed. The thatched roof remains; also the whitewashed walls, the porch, the little windows embayed in thick walls, which quite naturally form window-seats, where, if you take care not to bang your head, you may sit at ease, and look out over the swelling upland—rich red where it has just been ploughed; for the most part green pastures trending down to the Exe, a silver stream, rippling on to the sea, reckless of all it will pass through before it joins it. We have a parlour, but prefer to sit in the kitchen, a dainty room with gleaming dark-red sideboard; a kitchener, polished to distraction, so that looking-glasses are superfluities; a piano in recess by fireplace; a chimney-piece, on which gleam copper pans, brass candlesticks, and pewter plates, with their initials and ancient birth-dates polished almost out of sight; white-curtained windows, bright with begonias and cyclamen; a low ceiling, supported by a pragmatism beam, strictly conforming to the regulation that forbids a straight line in the room.

Have discovered that kitchen is best place in house to dine in; only drawback is that everything served so unexpectedly hot, new-comers scald themselves. Soon grow used to it, and to get grilled mushrooms served really hot is compensation for inconvenience. As for pancakes (made with freshly-laid eggs), begin to think I never tasted the real delicacy before. Your true pancake, as BRILLAT-SAVARIN omitted to say in his well-known treatise, should be eaten to the music of the one in the pan preparing to follow. When we go back to town, mean to ask servants to sit in dining-room whilst we dine in kitchen.

When I speak of going back to town, of course I imply the certainty of being able to find our way out of Burrow-in-the-Corner to nearest railway station.

Seems a good deal to have four cross roads all to yourself at your front door. The Cottage scarcely of sufficient importance to justify such lavish accommodation. But in these parts the amount of arable land wasted in roads and lanes is almost criminal. It was a Satur-



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 2. PHEASANT SHOOTING.

day evening when I went out to find the post-office. Nothing seemed plainer than instructions.

"Go straight down the road facing you, and you'll come to a church. Close by it is a house; letter-box inserted in side of house; box painted red, you know."

Of course I knew; set off with a light heart and handful of letters. A little way down high road, on right-hand side, lane suddenly opened and delved downwards, its sinuous course embowered in trees; where they failed, barricaded with hedges. High road seemed originally bent upon taking this direction; changed its mind; turned abruptly to left. Suppose a few traps driven down hill must occasionally have taken this dip; feeble attempt to avoid too frequent recurrence of accident made by setting posts on line of high road, and painting tops white. If, after this, anyone on pitch-dark night mistakes road, only themselves to blame. Other roads and lanes perplexingly branching out to right and left at short intervals; kept on steadily till church came in view; found the house; not difficult, as there was only one; also discovered letter-box painted red. Twenty minutes to five was hour for clearing box; barely that; posted letters. Turning away when observed remark on letter-box, "Next collection Monday."

Pretty go, this; postman evidently been before his time; no sign of him on wide expanse. Looking round perceived Elderly Gentleman sitting in garden behind house; doubtless this was the householder; apparently had anticipated Sunday by putting on best

clothes; black frock coat, getting brown about the seams; high collar, nearly covering black stock; black waistcoat, which seemed to belong to other suit than the coat; (was buttoned close up over stock, whilst coat, with generous lapels folded back, buttoned low down); brown trousers, a little short in leg; stout green umbrella under left arm. Elderly Gentleman was sitting on rustic bench, with cup of cider at hand, and expression of serene content on his wrinkled face. A quaintly-coloured cup, with two handles close together, presumably with view to taking a good pull at contents. "Bin my grandfather's," he said, looking at it with affection, and incidentally half emptying it. There was a motto roughly scrawled by the potter; Elderly Gentleman read it to me:

Erth I am et es most trew,
Disdain me not for so be yew.

Thus it was spelled, but no one born out of Devon could convey the tremendous sound of the *u* in the rhyming words. This peculiar to the soil; even barndoor fowls have it; notice that gamecock at The Cottage when it wakes me early in the morning, always shrilly pipes "cock-a-doodle-dew!" Asked Elderly Gentleman if he lived here? Born in the house, he said. Was he going for a walk? No, only sitting about. Then why the umbrella? Ah! he always took it out of drawer with his Sunday clothes, and put it under his arm, if he was only sitting in the garden.

But that's another story, told me after we had caught the postman.

"THE ART OF 'SAVOY FARE.'"

MR. D'OYLY CARTE is to be heartily congratulated on his brilliant mounting of Messrs. GILLIVAN and SULBERT's most recent production entitled *Utopia (Limited)*. "Limited" it is in more senses than one. As there was, according to the immortal *Cyrus Bantam, M.C.*, when he was giving his information to *Mr. Pickwick*, "nobody old or ugly in Ba-ath," so there is on "the spindle side" no one old or ugly on the stage of the Savoy Theatre. And this, too, with a difference, applies to Sir ARTHUR's music, in which if there be nothing particularly new—and the old familiar friends receive the heartiest welcome—there is at all events nothing dull, even though it may "hardly ever" rise above mere commonplace. Occasionally there is a snatch of sweet melody that brings to mind the composer's happiest inspirations, whether in oratorio or burlesque.

As to dramatic plot—well, strictly speaking, there is none; and it would be difficult to name a single telling "situation," in *Utopia (Limited)*. The Monarch of Utopia wishes to introduce English customs into his kingdom; there is a court party opposed to this innovation: that's the essence of it. In the First Act the one hit, is the introduction of *Captain Corcoran* from *The Pinafore* of years ago, and the repetition of the once popular catch-phrase about "What never?" and "Hardly ever," which, taken as applying to our most recent tragical ironclad disaster, is thoroughly appreciated. Beyond this, as far as dialogue and music go, in the First Act there is very little anyone would care to "carry away with him" after a first visit. And if that little were carried away the residuum would offer scant attraction.

As for the Second Act, with its Royal Drawing-room scene, its splendid costumes, and its mimicry of Court etiquette, have we not witnessed a similar spectacle on a larger scale in a Drury Lane Pantomime, not so very many years ago? And was not that arranged by the same artistic stage-manager, who is now, by a wise dispensation of theatrical providence, in command at the Savoy, yclept Mr. CHARLES HARRIS? I fancy the Drury Lane Pantomime had the best of it in point of broad fun, as, if I remember right, HERBERT CAMPBELL was the Queen, and HARRY NICHOLLS the King. Before this scene is the principal hit of the Second Act, when the King, Mr. BARRINGTON,—to whom author and composer are under considerable obligations for the success of the piece, and without whose acting, dancing, and singing the entertainment would fare indifferently well,—with his counsellors, an admiral, a Lord Chamberlain, and so forth, place their chairs in a row, and detaching from the back of each seat a musical instrument, turn themselves into a St. James's ("Hall" not "Court") Christy Minstrel Company,

Unlimited, of which Mr. BARRINGTON, as the *Mr. Johnson*, is the life and soul. Is this the remarkably original creation of the united intellects of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN? Have they ever heard of, or did either of them ever see a burlesque entitled *Black Eye'd Susan* at the Royalty, which ran a long way over six hundred nights, and in later days was revived at the Opera Comique and elsewhere? I will quote from the *Times*' notice of that burlesque:—

"The court-martial arranged after the fashion of the Christy's orchestra, every admiral being dressed in a colour corresponding to his title, an actual 'nigger' figuring as Admiral of the Black, is another odd device which keeps the audience in a roar."



THE UNION OF ARTS. "Again we come to thee, Savoy."—*Old Duet.*

And it is this "odd device," with a Lord Chancellor, if I remember right, or some legal luminary in black, for one of the "corner men," which is, after all is said, sung, and done, just the one thing (of the two in the show) that brings down the house, and is applauded to the echo as the outcome of the combined whimsical originality of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN! Imitation being the sincerest flattery, the author of *Black Eye'd Susan* must be indeed gratified by this tribute to his original success paid by the librettist and the composer of *Utopia*, and having no further use for this particular bit of humour, he will, no doubt, be willing to make a present of it, free of charge, for nightly use, to the distinguished Savoyards as a practical congratulation to the pair of them on their return to the scene of some of their former triumphs.

Mr. BARRINGTON is the life and soul of the show; withdraw him, and then there would be precious little left to draw, excepting, of course, the *mise en scène*, due to Messrs. HARRIS and CARTE, if I may put the HARRIS before the CARTE,—and to the Scenic Artist, CRAVEN. Nor must I forget to mention the Electric Lightists, Messrs. LYONS and KERR, which last is a queer combination of names, from the king of the forest to the lowest of snappy dogs. Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM is, of course, excellent in what she has to do, and Miss NANCY MCINTOSH is equal to the occasion of her appearance. PERCY ANDERSON's costumes are gorgeous and artistic; and to the "Parisian Diamond Company" are due the gems of the piece. The dances are by the ever fertile and agile D'AUBAN, and everybody who has contributed to the success of the show obtains honourable mention in the neat programme-card.

"INQUIRER" writes: "I see an advertisement of a series called 'The Aldine Poets.' Exceptional bards I suppose, as I was always given to understand that poets rarely eat anything. Will this series be followed by 'The Allunch Poets,' 'The Allbreakfast Poets,' and 'The Allsup Poets'? The last-mentioned, of course, will sing in praise of ALLSUP's Ale."

SELF-HELP.

Monday.—Am sick of paying all these doctor's bills. Have just seen an advertisement of *The Domestic Doctor, a Dictionary of Medicine*, issued in monthly parts. The very thing for a man like me, somewhat delicate. Hasten to secure Part I. Shall now be able to doctor myself and save all fees. Delightful! To celebrate emancipation ask JONES and ROBINSON to dinner at club. No need for economy now. Jolly good dinner. That club port is excellent.

Tuesday.—Feel rather seedy. Pain in head. No appetite. Just the time to make use of *Domestic Doctor*. Capital book. Hullo! Well, I'll be hanged! Never thought of that. The beastly thing's alphabetical, and only gets to "Chilblain." No good to look out "Headache." Ah, perhaps "Ache." No go. "Appetite?" But appetite isn't a disease, except in men like BANTING. Absolutely no use whatever. Still, will not be conquered. Shall get another part in a month. Until then take great care only to have complaints up to Ch. Can always fall back on Chilblain. Take it easy, with B. and S. in moderate doses when required, and begin to feel better.

Wednesday.—Just cut my finger. Feel somewhat nervous. Remember vaguely that lock-jaw often follows a wound on the hand. Ha! My dictionary. "Cuts." Ah, no. "Cuts" come after "Chilblain." They will be in Part II. Bandage wound, and prepare for the worst. Sit with mouth wide open as best attitude for approaching lock-jaw. Can then at least be fed. If, however, it really comes, shall be dead before Part VII. of the Dictionary is out. Anyhow, will not send for a doctor.

Thursday.—Hooray! Finger and jaw both well. Somehow left boot feels uncommonly tight. Can't walk at all. That fool PRYER has made this pair too narrow. Feels as though there were something on my toe. By Jove, so there is! Where's the Dictionary? Chilblain? Can't be a chilblain this mild weather. Of course not; it's a corn. Look out "Corn." Oh, hang it, just too far! But, bright idea, perhaps it's a bunion. Look out "Bunion." Hullo, what's this? "Bunion, see Corn." Well, of all the confounded—Positively can't walk till next month. Lie on sofa under open window to get as much air as possible. Fall asleep. Heavy shower comes on. Get quite wet.

Friday.—Sneezing like mad, and coughing. Blow my cough! Blow my nose! No good looking out "Cold" or "Cough" in Dictionary, unless—of course "Catarrh." Seize my priceless treasure, and read, "Catarrh, Latin *catarrhus*, from Greek"—oh, hang the derivation!—"an affection of the mucous membrane, commonly called a cold. See Cold." Foiled again! Must do what I can with domestic remedies till Part II. comes out. Fires, hot grog, hot bath, hot gruel, lots of blankets. Nearly suffocated.

Saturday.—Very much worse. Awful cough. Sit close to fire wrapped in thick dressing-gown. JONES looks in. "Hullo, old man," he says, "what's wrong? Seedy?" I choke out some answer. "Why don't you send for the doctor?" In my indignation nearly burst my head with coughing. At last show him Dictionary, and write on scrap of paper, "Can you suggest some complaint like mine beginning with A or B, or C up to Ch?" Impetuous fellow, JONES. Starts off wildly—"Influenza, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Inflammation of the Lungs—" Then I manage to stop him, and to gasp, "Up to C." "No difficulty about that," says he. "Cold, Cough—" I shake my head feebly. "Well, then, Bronchitis."

Of course. The very thing. Look it out. "Bronchitis, from Greek"—blow the derivation!—"inflammation of the membrane of the bronchia. This serious disease requires skilled attention. Keep the patient warm, and send at once for a medical man." What a miserable swindle, when I hoped to save all doctor's fees! Was warm before. Simply boiling with indignation now. Pass the book to JONES in speechless disgust. "Quite right too," he remarks; "just what I said. Capital book! I'll send the doctor as I go home." And so he does, in spite of my protests. Doctor comes and lays his head on my chest. Then he says, cheerfully, "Only a little cough. You'll be all right to-morrow. What's that you say? Bronchitis? Bosh!"



Horsey Party. "Aw—I want your TABLE D'OAT DINNER!"

A LAWYER'S CHORTLE.

(A long way after "The Throstle.")

VACATION is over, vacation is over,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Back to the Strand again, home to the Courts
again,
Come counsel and clients to go it.

Welcome awaits you, High Court of Justice,
Thousands will flock to you daily.
"You, you, you, you." Is it then for you,
That we forget the Old Bailey?

Jostling and squeezing and struggling and
shoving,
What else were the Courts ever made
for?
The Courts 'twixt the Temple and grey
Lincoln's Inn,
They're not yet entirely paid for!

Now till next year, all of us cry,
We'll say (for a fee) what we're bidden.
Vacation is over, is over, hurrah!
And all past sorrow is hidden.

THE PICKWICKIAN EXAMINATION PAPER.
—Pickwickian students are well to the front. The first answer to our question in last week's number was sent from Maidstone. Fitting that it should come from DICKENS's favourite county, Kent. Yes. The only mention of champagne in *Pickwick* is when *Mr. Tupman* drank a bottle of it after an exhilarating quadrille.

DAMON OUT OF DATE.

HERE is the lovely summer going by,
And we know nought about it, you and I,
Being so far away
One from the other; yet to outward eye
We both are summer gay.

And people talk; although no pulses stir
However much I laugh and dance with her,
My temporary fate;
And you, perhaps as carelessly, prefer
That one your will to wait,

Who, the dance over, from his strict embrace
Gallantly frees you, mops his sun-tanned face,
And asks in accents low
Whether you'd like an ice, or what, in case
You breathe a doubtful "No."

Oh, the striped awning and the fairy lamp,
The cool night fragrance, the insidious damp,
And, more insidious still,
The sweet effrontery of the beardless scamp
Who babbles at his will.

Here, by the sea, which in the darkness sings,
On the free breeze I give my fancy wings,
And in a sudden shrine [swings
Your image throned appears, while the wind
Its sea-incense divine.

Breathless I worship in the waiting night
The sparkling eyes, that sometimes seem all
light,
The cheek so purely pale,
The sacred breast, than whitest dress more
white,
Where whitest thought must fail.

Thin arms, with dimpled shadows here and
there,
The curl'd luxuriance of your soft, dark hair
Its own bewitching wreath,
And perfect mouth that shows, in smiles too
rare,
The radiant little teeth.

You cannot live on dances and delights,
Or fêtes by day and dance-music by nights.
Time foots it fleetest far [smites
Than all the surging crowd your beauty
Like some coruscant star.

The ruthless social dragon will not spare
Your sweet girl nature, withering in the
glare,
Or peeping out by stealth. [fair,
Wealth's prize is beauty, and to make all
Beauty's desire is wealth.

I cannot keep a carriage for you, dear;
No horses on three hundred pounds a year
My lacking stables grace.
Yet the swift Hansom to the whistle clear
Will always speed apace.

I cannot give you wines of vintage rare,
There is no room for them beneath the stair
Which is my cellar's space.
Yet with Duke HUMPHREY we could often
fare
With more than ducal grace.

Ah, loves, like books, are fated from the
first,
One gets no cup of water for the thirst
The whole stream would not slake;
Another dims with tears the springs that
burst
To sunshine for his sake.

When this vain fervour sadly sobers down,
I'll love you still, white maid, with eyes so
brown
And voice so passing sweet,
And haply with Apollo's laurel crown
My love's foredoomed defeat.

WHEN THE "CAT" 'S AWAY!

AIR—"The Sergeant's Song."



Lucy S. Thompson. Dec.

WHEN the "Cat" is not engaged
in its employment—
Right employment,
Of laying its nine tails on
brutal backs—
Brutal backs,

Street gangs of roughs are free
to find employment—
Bad employment,
In beleaguering the 'cit's re-
turning tracks—
Homeward tracks.

Our feelings we with difficulty
smother—
'Culty smother,
At finding ruffian hordes at
rowdy "fun"—
Rowdy fun.

Taking one consideration with
another—
With another,
One feels that something strin-
gent should be done—
Promptly done!



AGRICULTURAL MANNERS.

SCENE—Hounds running across Land occupied by Non-sporting Tenant.

Sportswoman. "NOW, MY BOY, OPEN THE GATE, PLEASE, AND LET ME THROUGH."

Young Hodge. "MY ORTHERS IS—'JIM, YOU OPPENS THAT THERE GÄATE FOR NO MAN!' AND AR'M DENGED IF AR DIS FOR A WOMAN!"

There's the pistol-bearing burglar boldly burgling—
 Boldly burgling,
 There's the female fiend engaged in cruel crime—
 Cruel crime.
 There's the bashed, half-throttled traveller lying gurgling—
 Faintly gurgling,
 And the "Cat" is lying idle all the time—
 All the time.
 There's the brutal bully kicking wife or mother—
 Wife or mother,
 The unnatural father torturing his son—
 Childish son!
 Ah, take one consideration with another—
 With another,
 It's surely time that something stern were done—
 Quickly done!

When the "Cat" was laid about the brute garrotter—
 Cur garrotter,
 He soon found it inadvisable to choke—
 'Ble to choke.
 And the lout who of street-outrage is a plotter—
 Callous plotter,
 Would not deem the nine-tailed lash a little joke—
 Pleasant joke.

The woman-beating brute would hardly smother—
 Scarcely smother,
 His howlings when the lash was well laid on—
 Well laid on.
 So, take one consideration with another—
 With another,
 The "Cat" should once again be called upon—
 Called upon.

The "corner-boys," and larrikins, and suchlike—
 Louts and suchlike,
 Who rove the streets at night in rowdy gangs—
 Robber-gangs,
 The tingling o' the nine tails might not much like—
 Would not much like,
 But that need not stir sentimental pangs—
 Maudlin pangs.
 "Gang-boy" to brute Garrotter is just brother—
 Simply brother.
 The "Cat" away such vermin prowl—for "fun"—
 Savage fun!
 Yes, take one consideration with another—
 With another,
 The "Cat" should wake again, says Punch for one—
 Punch for one!

The policeman seems unequal to the job—
 Toughish job.
 The constabulary fails to quell the mob—
 Rowdy mob.
 So, as, very plainly, something must be done—
 Promptly done,
 The suggestion of the "Cat" 's a happy one—
 Happy one!

[And Mr. Punch, with picture and poem (grimly earnest, though of Gilbertian tone) urges its application energetically home upon the powers that be.

NOTE BY OUR OWN PHILOSOPHER.

THE breakfast-eating practical joker, who can be credited with the humorous invention of placing the shell of an egg (the edible contents of which he has previously extracted and swallowed) inverted in an egg-cup, so as to deceive the first hungry person arriving late into fancying that the others have considerably deprived themselves in order that he may not be without his favourite delicacy, this originator, I say, was decidedly a genius. His work

after hundreds, nay, thousands of years, remains, fresh as is the new laid egg itself! After being used a million billion times, it gives now the same pleasure as ever it did when it first issued from the brain of its brilliant creator! Such a practical joke as this is "not for an age, but for all time," until there shall be no longer left a hen to lay an egg, or, if there be an egg left by the expiring hen, there shall be no longer a person remaining to eat the egg left by the egg-spiring hen; or, if the person and the egg be there, the last man and the last egg, there shall be no ten minutes allowed for refreshment, as there will be no more time for anything!! SOCRATES, HOMER, OVID, HORACE, PLAUTUS, TERENCE, SHAKESPEARE, WATT, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, cum multis aliis! their names are remembered, and their fame is to the end of the world! While, alas, the name of the True Wit who first chuckled over his stroke of genius, is lost for ever, no work of art perpetuates his name. But his humour is usque ad finem omnium rerum!

Mrs. R. is not surprised that the *Valkyrie* did not win, when it broke its pinnacle and did not have a centipede.

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XII.—Another box at the Eldorado. TIME—About 9.30 P.M.
Enter Mrs. MERRIDEW and ALTHEA, followed by Colonel MERRIDEW and Captain ALCHIN.

Mrs. Merridew. FRANK, the man *did* say WALTER WILDFIRE hasn't sung yet, didn't he? Yes? then *that's* all right! Oughtn't you and I to sit at the back, THEA? Well, you shall have this corner at any rate, and then the curtain will hide you. Captain ALCHIN, will you come between us, please, and then you can explain any of the jokes we don't understand.

Captain Alchin. Pleasure! (To himself.) Think I see myself explainin' the jokes and that! (Aloud.) Afraid I shan't be of much use, really. Rather out of my line this sort of thing, you know!

Mrs. M. I'm sure you must know more about it than Miss TOOVER and I do. Tell me who is this rather good-looking girl in kneebreeches with the horrid voice and the blue eyelids, and why does she walk like that?

Capt. Alch. (off his guard). Oh, that's Miss LARDIE LUSHBOY; it's her usual business—drinkin' song, young man, about town, and all that.

Mrs. M. There, you see, you know all about her!

[Capt. A. hastens to explain that her name is on the programme.

Miss Lardie (sings)—
See us lurch along in line,
with a straggle serpentine.

[She suits the action to the word.

For we've done a heavy fuddle, and we never pass a "pub"!]

And if you want a proof how we chuck about our "oof"—

Why, come along and have a drink with the Rowdy Razzle Club!

Mrs. M. I suppose that's intended as a satire on noisy young men, isn't it, Captain ALCHIN?

Captain Alch. (who hadn't thought of it in that light). Well—ha—that depends on how you take it, don't you know.

Mrs. M. That's the way I shall take it, and then it's quittemoral. (A Low Comedian, in a broad-brimmed hat and a rough black wig, makes his appearance.) This must be WALTER

WILDFIRE, I suppose. THEA, do you see? he looks quite nice, and not really vulgar. Now he's going to sing. Isn't he too delightfully funny! What, FRANK? Not WILDFIRE? Mr. ALF REDBEAK. Are you sure? I was wondering what there could possibly be in such a common little man as that to make such a fuss about. And what language? Captain ALCHIN, what does he mean by saying that he was "dotted on the crust by a copper," and "went off his onion"?

Capt. Alch. (who foresees rocks ahead if he once undertakes to interpret). Oh, well, they're always inventin' some new slang, you know. Mrs. MERRIDEW; no use tryin' to keep up with it.

[Miss CISSIE CINDERS appears as a bedraggled maid of all work, and sings a doleful ditty to the effect that—"Her missis will not let her wear no feathers in her 'at, so her sojer's gone and given 'er the chuck."]

Mrs. M. (delighted). Isn't she refreshing—so deliciously vulgar! I do hope she hasn't finished. THEA, you're sitting as quiet as a little mouse in that corner. I hope you're not too dreadfully shocked? I'm not—at least of course I am, really; but it's not nearly so bad as I expected.

Althea. Oh, I'm not in the least shocked, CISSIE, thanks; only I don't quite understand it all.

Mrs. M. My dear, no more do I. I don't understand any of it—but that makes no difference!

Alth. (To herself). I don't like to say so, but I am disappointed. Mr. CURPHEW said it would be like a Penny Reading; but it's not a bit, it's ever so much stupider. But he never goes himself, so of course—

Mrs. M. It's quite a respectable audience; I thought we should be the only people in evening dress, but we're not. I do wish they wouldn't allow quite so much smoking, though; the atmosphere's getting something too awful. Oh, THEA, do look in that box just opposite. Can you see through that lace curtain? Ah, you can't see now!

Alth. (looking round the edge of the curtain). Where, CISSIE, who is it?

Mrs. M. Why, quite the typical British Matron—the most tremendously proper-looking person; so if she doesn't see any harm in being here, I'm sure we needn't. I'll tell you when she pops her head out again. There, quick! THEA, quick! Did you see her that time?

Alth. (faintly). Y—yes. I—I saw her *that* time. (To herself.) Is this a wicked conscience—or what? It was so like Mamma! But how could it be?

Mrs. M. Did you ever see such a grim old frump, THEA? I wonder what possessed her to come to a place like this? She doesn't look as if it was amusing her much.

Alth. (distractedly). Doesn't she? (To herself.) If it should be Mamma! If she has found out in some way that we were to be here to-night and followed us! But how could she know? Suppose she were to see me, and—come round and fetch me away; how awful it would be! But she can't see me through these curtains. I don't believe it is Mamma. I—I wish I dared look again. Oh, why did I get CISSIE to bring me here?

Capt. Alch. May I borrow your opera glass for a moment, Mrs. MERRIDEW? Thanks, awfully. (As he looks through it.) There's goin' to be a row in that opposite box. Your British Matron's gettin' her quills up—give you my word she is.

Mrs. M. Oh, do let me see! (She holds out her hand for the glass, which

Capt. A. surrenders.) Yes, I do believe you're right. Somebody's just come in and—

Alth. (in an agony). What is it, CISSIE? do tell me! (To herself.) It must be CHARLES—I'm sure it's CHARLES. Then that's why—and it is Mamma! (Aloud.) Mayn't I have the glass?

Mrs. M. I think you had better not, dear. The British Matron has boxed the poor young man's ears—she has really. I wonder what—but well, it doesn't matter. Now she's turned him out of the box. He's coming back—alone. Yes, the old lady has certainly gone—it's all over. I'm so sorry; it was ever so much more interesting than that big fat man who's singing!

Alth. (tremulously). Mayn't I look now, CISSIE, if it's all over? (She almost snatches the glass, and directs it at the young man in Box C—then to herself, with relief.) Why, it isn't CHARLES—it's not even like him. Then—oh, what a goose I've been! It wasn't Mamma either. It was all my fancy, and she had on rather the same kind of bonnet. As if Mamma would come to a music-hall and box the ears of somebody she didn't know! But what a fright it gave me!

[She begins to feel capable of enjoying the performance.]



"See us lurch along in line, with a straggle serpentine."

Col. Merriew (later). Now we're going to see the great man, CECILIA. WILDFIRE's down to sing next.

Capt. Alch. Don't you be too sure, FRANK. They haven't put the number up yet, you see. As likely as not they'll put in an "extra turn," and he won't come at all. I've known that happen lots of times when you come on purpose to see somethin', don't you know.

Mrs. M. Really, Captain ALCHIN, I shall begin to suspect that you are more of an authority about music-halls than your modesty would admit at first.

Capt. Alch. (in some confusion). No, really now, Mrs. MERRIDEW, all I mean is WILDFIRE's bringin' out a play or somethin' to-night at the Hilarity, so he mayn't be able to turn up here, don't you see.

Mrs. M. I won't have you predicting evil like that; it's not at all nice of you, and you're quite wrong, too; for there's his number in the frame now!

[The Scene on the Stage changes once more from an Oriental Palace to a London Street; a bell tingles; the Orchestra dashes into the air of "The Hansom Cabman," which the bulk of the audience hail with delight; then a stream of limelight is thrown on the boards, and WALTER WILDFIRE appears.

Mrs. M. (after the first verse). I don't know what it is, but there's something about him very different from all the others. And they say he writes all his own songs and music—so clever of him! Quite a striking face he has, rather handsome, with that drooping moustache. Don't you think he's handsome, THEA? (ALTHEA does not answer; WILDFIRE sings the last verse; as he concludes, the house is hushed for an instant, and then breaks into a thunder of applause.) It's quite beautiful that last verse; poor, poor fellow! it all seemed so real, somehow! Ah, he's not going to sing the last verse again. I'm rather glad, for I very nearly howled, and it would be too silly to cry at a music-hall. (Interval.) Here he is again; how different he looks. I suppose it's the sandwich-boards. (WILDFIRE goes through the second song with the small child; in the midst of the second stanza, he suddenly falters, and only recovers himself by a violent effort; ALTHEA has bent forward out of the shadow of the curtain.) It's too frightfully pathetic; he's such a dear, isn't he? (The applause is more rapturous than ever; an encore is clamoured for; WILDFIRE reappears, looking ghastly pale, and makes a mute plea for indulgence; after he has finally retired, the clamour still continues, until the scene and the number are shifted.) He won't sing any more—how sad! Wasn't he charming with that child? (In an undertone.) Why, ALTHEA, darling!

Alth. (in a shaken voice). D—don't speak to me just yet, CISSIE. I know it's very foolish of me; but I can't bear it.

Capt. Alch. (to himself). Gad, I'd give somethin' to sing like that Johnny, and make her eyes shine like that!

Mrs. M. FRANK, we may as well go now, there's nothing else worth staying for, and I'm sure this horrid tobacco is ruining my poor pearls; or would you rather stay a little longer, THEA?

Alth. Oh, no, no; I don't want to hear anybody else—after that. (To herself, as Capt. A. helps her on with her cloak.) And that is the man Mr. CURHEW said nothing would induce him to go and see. And I actually persuaded myself that— But I am wiser now. He can never be anything to me!

[She leaves the box with her party.

END OF SCENE XII.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

COLONEL COLVILLE chivalrously takes upon himself responsibility for the title of the volume in which his wife has recorded their joint experience of a trip round the coast of Africa. *Round the Black Man's Garden* is about as bad a title as a book could have. Happily, Mrs. COLVILLE's clever travel notes triumphantly carry the weight. The travellers commenced their journey at Suez, visiting places in the Red Sea which voyagers by the P. and O. steamers pass by on the other side. They made their way down the west coast by all the most uncomfortable means of conveyance attainable, culminating in the filanzana, in which instrument of torture they were carried across the hills and through the swamps of Madagascar. Colonel COLVILLE, just now enjoying himself amid the privations of the journey up country to Uganda, is well known as an indomitable traveller. In Mrs. COLVILLE he found a worthy companion. On a merry page of the narrative of life in Madagascar, it is incidentally mentioned that the travellers arrive at Malatsy with their luggage soaking after a dip in the river. They dine in a whitewashed hut, with an army of big cockroaches overrunning the walls. Resuming their journey next morning they "entered a dense cloud of singularly malignant little black flies." The half-naked porters were soon streaming with blood, and the passengers' faces were in a similar condition. "Luckily," writes Mrs. COLVILLE, in her cheery way, "we were soon clear of the infested belt, to move in the course

of half-an-hour into a flight of locusts." Mrs. COLVILLE takes as the motto of her book the proverb, *Qui suit son chemin arrive à la fin*. My Baronite arrived at the end of Mrs. COLVILLE's fascinating narrative full of admiration for her courage and good temper. But as long as Piccadilly and Pall Mall are not "up," he will be content with them, and would rather not follow her road.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

THE CABMAN'S GUIDE TO POLITENESS.—No. I.

(In short, easy Lessons, arranged after the fashion of the Child's Handbook to Useful Knowledge.)



Question. I suppose your chief desire is to make as much out of the public as possible?

Answer. I suppose it is.

Q. And you will be as glad to attain your object by politeness as by any other method?

A. Well, of course it don't matter to me how I get the coin, so long as I do get it.

Q. Precisely. Well, have you ever tried to be polite?

A. Never. Don't know exactly what the word represents.

Q. So I thought. Well, I will attempt to teach you its meaning by example.

A. Thank you; so long as it helps me, and

don't hurt you, what's the odds?

Q. Certainly; I see that you have some rudimentary knowledge of the matter already. Well, to begin. Suppose a fare gave you less than what you considered your right charge, how would you behave?

A. If a policeman wasn't in the way, I should say "What's this?" and glare at him indignantly.

Q. Have you found this a successful method of obtaining an increase?

A. Well, no, not much. Of course if you get an old lady, or a mother with a heap of children, you can do almost anything with them.

Q. But let us take a smart cavalry officer, who knows his way about town, do you think the method you suggest would be successful with him?

A. No, I don't; but no cavalry officer who was really smart would offer me less than my fare.

Q. But we are assuming that there may be some question about the fare. For instance, what would you consider the right charge from Charing Cross railway-station to the St. James's Theatre?

A. Why, eighteen pence, to be sure, and a cheap eighteen pence in the bargain.

Q. Your computation of the charge will suit my purpose. Of course, you know that the police put the distance at something less than two miles, I may say considerably less?

A. I daresay they do, but the police are not everybody, and you said I was not to consider the constables if they weren't on the spot. If they were, of course that would make a difference.

Q. Assume you get a shilling. Now suppose you were to look at the coin, and to say, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but are you aware this shilling is a George the Fourth, or a well-preserved William the Fourth, or an early Victoria, would you not like to exchange it for one of less historical interest?" Do you not think that such a speech, with a civil touch of the hat, would immediately attract attention?

A. It might, but I can't say for certain, as I have never tried it.

Q. I did not suppose that you had. Do you not believe that were you to make such a remark your kind consideration would receive attention?

A. Quite as likely as not, but what then?

Q. Well, having established yourself on a friendly footing, could you not improve the occasion by adding, "I do not know whether you are aware of the fact, Sir, but I frequently receive eighteen pence for the very distance you have just travelled?"

A. Of course I could, but what good would it be?

Q. That you will probably find out if you act on my suggestion, and now, as I have taught you enough for to-day, I will adopt a driver's phrase and "pull up." Have you anything polite to say to me which will prove to me that you have been bettered by my instruction?

A. Nothing that I can think of, unless it be, "Thank you for nothing."

Q. That is scarcely the reply I had expected. However, do not be disheartened, to thank me at all is a move in the right direction. And now you will come again?

A. Well, yes, when I have nothing better to do.

Q. I am infinitely obliged to you. I will detain you no longer. Good-bye, and I hope you will adopt my method and find it successful.

A. I hope so, too. But there's no telling.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"DON'T GO, CANON; I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A LADY WHO WISHES TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE."
 "OH—ER—I'M RATHER IN A HURRY; SOME OTHER DAY, PERHAPS—ER—ER."
 "OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT. I THOUGHT YOU SAID A LADY! I SHALL BE CHARMED!"

THE BLACK SHADOW.

We're near to the gloomy GUY FAUX anniversary,
 Nigh to the gorging of Lord Mayor's Day,
 But though 'tis November, there's joy in the Nursery
 Ruled by Nurse GLADSTONE out Westminster way.
 The summer's long troubles are laid on the shelf
 And "Nana" looks quite like enjoying herself.
 That bothersome bantling, the big Irish baby,
 Is tucked up in bed for a long forty winks.
 (Though its shrill Banshee howl will be heard again, maybe,
 From waking it, yet, even Nana G. shrinks.)
 So now for a nice quiet time, if you please,
 With the brace of most sweet-tempered bairns on her knees.
 They're English—quite English, and easy to handle,
 Won't raise horrid noises and anger the House.
 They're pleasant to see and delightful to dandle,
 And Nana opines that, with nursery nous,
 They'll be got "nicely off"—if she makes no mistakes—
 Before that Hibernian worry awakes.
 "To market, to market, to buy a fat piggy!
 (But O, not a poor Irish pig—in a poke!)"
 So pipes Nana GLADSTONE so jocund and jiggy
 She ekes out her Nursery lilt with a joke.

"We've done, for a season, with row-de-dow-dow,
 And there's no 'Bogey Man,' dears, to bother us now!"

Nurses, we know, find the "Black Man" most handy
 To frighten their charges to quiet at times;
 But now 'tis all "Hush-a-bye, Babes!"
 "Handy-pandy!"
 And such soothing carols and quieting rhymes,
 No need for a "black ugly thing in the garden"
 To quiet these babes, thinks old Nana from Hawarden!

Alas, and alas! Bogey Men are such rum 'uns,
 And some Ugly Things are "too previous," or worse.
 How oft the Black Shadow appears without summons,
 And terrifies not the poor babes, but their Nurse!
 Nana's not disturbed—yet—by the Irish babe's squall,
 But—what means that black-boding shade on the wall?

The African Bogey! Inopportune, very!
 It's really a nuisance, it does seem a shame
 That just as Nurse G. is prepared to make merry
 With two such sweet bantlings this Spook spoils the game!
 Uganda! Mashonaland!! Nurse, I'm afraid
 The Dark Continent casts o'er your babes a Black Shade!

THE THREE V'S.

(Voice, Vote, and Veto.)

[What the brewers want is a Reform Bill by which "every adult resident with a throat should have a vote."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

"WHEN wine is in the wit is out"
 Was once held wisdom past all doubt;
 But now 'twould seem that every throttle
 That hath capacity for the bottle,
 Must have it also for the suffrage.
 No more need rowdy Rad or rough rage.
 Throat-suffrage should please everybody
 Who lets out noise or takes in toddy,
 By way of a capacious throat
 Can drink and shout—One Throat, one Vote!

FROM MR. CORMORANT, ST. JAMES'S PARK.
 "Thank you, Sir. Mother and child, Master CORMORANT and Mrs. CORMORANT, are doing uncommonly well. Hope for the best. But permit me, accidents will happen, and I should like to make provision—you understand. How? In my newspaper I see advertised 'Eagle Insurance Co.,' 'Pelican Life Insurance Co.' Why are the Eagle and the Pelican to be benefited, and not the Cormorant—and others? But never mind the others. I speak for myself, and am yours Devouringly, Captain CORMORANT."

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—Most appropriate official to make a "Budget Statement"—Sir GEORGE "DIBBS."

A STRIKE MOTTO.—"'Tis true, 'tis pitty; and pitty 'tis, 'tis true."



SWAIN 36

THE BLACK SHADOW.

NURSE GLADSTONE. "NOW, MY LITTLE DEARS, WE SHALL HAVE A NICE QUIET TIME—ALL TO OURSELVES!"

"UGANDA! MASHONALAND!! NURSE, I'M AFRAID
THE DARK CONTINENT CASTS O'ER YOUR BABES A BLACK SHADE!"

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By *Cunnin Toil.*)

No. VI.—THE UMBROSA BURGLARY.

DURING one of my short summer holidays I happened to be spending a few days at the delightful riverside residence of my friend JAMES SILVER, the extent of whose hospitality is only to be measured by the excellence of the fare that he sets before his guests, or by the varied amusements that he provides for them. The beauties of Umbrosa (for that is the attractive name of his house) are known to all those who during the summer months pass up (or down) the winding reaches of the Upper Thames. It was there that I witnessed a series of startling events which threw the whole county into a temporary turmoil. Had it not been for the unparalleled coolness and sagacity of PICKLOCK HOLES the results might have been fraught with disaster to many distinguished families, but the acumen of HOLES saved the situation and the family-plate, and restored the peace of mind of one of the best fellows in the world.

The party at Umbrosa consisted of the various members of the SILVER family, including, besides Mr. and Mrs. SILVER, three high-spirited and unmarried youths and two charming girls. PICKLOCK HOLES was of course one of the guests. In fact, it had long since come to be an understood thing that wherever I went HOLES should accompany me in the character of a professional detective on the look-out for business; and JAMES SILVER though he may have at first resented the calm unmuscularity of my marvellous friend's immovable face would have been the last man in the world to spoil any chance of sport or excitement by refraining from offering a cordial invitation to HOLES. The party was completed by PETER BOWMAN, a lad of eighteen, who to an extraordinary capacity for mischief, added an imperturbable cheerfulness of manner. He was generally known as Shock-headed PETER, in allusion to the brush-like appearance of his delicate auburn hair, but his intimate friends sometimes addressed him as VENUS, a nickname which he thoroughly deserved by the almost classic irregularity of his Saxon features.

We were all sitting, I remember, on the river-bank, watching the countless craft go past, and enjoying that pleasant industrious indolence which is one of the chief charms of life on the Thames. A punt had just skimmed by, propelled by an athletic young fellow in boating costume. Suddenly HOLES spoke.

"It is strange," he said, "that the man should be still at large."

"What man? Where? How?" we all exclaimed breathlessly.

"The young puntsman," said HOLES, with an almost aggravating coolness. "He is a bigamist, and has murdered his great aunt."

"It cannot be," said Mr. SILVER, with evident distress. "I know the lad well, and a better fellow never breathed."

"I speak the truth," said HOLES, unemotionally. "The induction is perfect. He is wearing a red tie. That tie was not always red. It was, therefore, stained by something. Blood is red. It was, therefore, stained by blood. Now it is well known that the blood of great aunts is of a lighter shade, and the colour of that tie has a lighter shade. The blood that stained it was, therefore, the blood of his great aunt. As for the bigamy, you will have noticed that as he passed he blew two rings of cigarette-smoke, and they both floated in the air at the same time. A ring is a symbol of matrimony. Two rings together mean bigamy. He is, therefore, a bigamist."

For a moment we were silent, struck with horror at this dreadful, this convincing revelation of criminal infamy. Then I broke out:

"HOLES," I said, "you deserve the thanks of the whole community. You will of course communicate with the police."

"No," said HOLES, "they are fools, and I do not care to mix myself up with them. Besides, I have other fish to fry."

Saying this, he led me to a secluded part of the grounds, and whispered in my ear.

"Not a word of what I am about to tell you. There will be a burglary here to-night."

"But, HOLES," I said, startled in spite of myself at the calm omniscience of my friend, "had we not better do something; arm the servants, warn the police, bolt the doors and bar the windows, and sit up with blunderbusses—anything would be better than this state of dreadful expectancy. May I not tell Mr. SILVER?"

"Potson, you are amiable, but you will never learn my methods."

And with that enigmatic reply I had to be content in the meantime.

The evening had passed as pleasantly as evenings at Umbrosa

always pass. There had been music; the Umbrosa choir, composed of members of the family and guests, had performed in the drawing-room, and PETER had drawn tears from the eyes of every one by his touching rendering of the well-known songs of "*The Dutiful Son*" and "*The Cartridge-bearer*." Shortly afterwards, the ladies retired to bed, and the gentlemen, after the customary interval in the smoking-room, followed. We were in high good-humour, and had made many plans for the morrow. Only HOLES seemed pre-occupied. Once I heard him muttering to himself, "It's bound to come off properly; never failed yet. They wired to say they'd be here by the late train. Well, let them come. I shall be ready for them." I did not venture at the time to ask him the meaning of these mysterious words.

I had been sleeping for about an hour, when I was suddenly awakened with a start. In the passage outside I heard the voices of the youngest SILVER boy and of PETER.

"PETER, old chap," said JOHNNY SILVER, "I believe there's burglars in the house. Isn't it a lark?"

"Ripping," said PETER. "Have you told your people?"

"Oh, it's no use waking the governor and the mater; we'll do the job ourselves. I told the girls, and they've all locked themselves in and got under their beds, so they're safe. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Come on then."

With that they went along the passage and down the stairs. My mind was made up, and my trousers and boots were on in less time than it takes to tell it. I went to HOLES's room and entered. He



was lying on his bed, fully awake, dressed in his best detective suit, with his fingers meditatively extended, and touching one another.

"They're here," I said.

"Who?"

"The burglars."

"As I thought," said HOLES, selecting his best basket-hilted life-

preserver from a heap in the middle of the room.

"Follow me silently."

I did so. No sooner had we reached the landing, however, than the silence was broken by a series of blood-curdling screams.

"Good Heavens!" was all I could say.

"Hush," said HOLES. I obeyed him. The screams subsided, and I heard the voices of my two young friends, evidently in great triumph.

"Lie still, you brute," said PETER, "or I'll punch your blooming head. Give the rope another twist, JOHNNY. That's it. Now you cut and tell your governor and old HOLES that we've nabbed the beggar."

By this time the household was thoroughly roused. Agitated females and inquisitive males streamed downstairs. Lights were lit, and a remarkable sight met our eyes. In the middle of the drawing-room lay an undersized burglar, securely bound, with PETER sitting on his head.

"JOHNNY and I collared the beggar," said

PETER, "and bowled him over. Thanks, I think I could do a ginger-beer."

The man was of course tried and convicted, and HOLES, who had explained how he had been certain that the burglary was contemplated and had taken his measures accordingly, received the thanks of the County Council.

"That fellow," said the great detective to me, "was the best and cleverest of my tame team of country-house burglars. Through him and his associates I have fostered and foiled more thefts than I care to count. Those infernal boys nearly spoilt everything. Potson, take my advice, never attempt a master-stroke in a house full of boys. They can't understand scientific induction. Had they not interfered I should have caught the fellow myself. He had wired to tell me where I should find him."

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—It's not sufficiently recognised that a Bishop is bound to side with the masters, as by the terms of his contract he engages to be "no striker."

"HOW TO MAKE ENGLAND SOBER."—"It can't be done," says the Bishop of CHESTER, "*sans Payne*."

A STRIKING HEADLINE (*all rights reserved*).—Loch Out in Matabeleland!

A JINGO PARADOX.—We pot the natives to preserve ourselves.

A MISTY CRYSTAL.

DARLINGS, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold.
Cannot see beyond my nose,
Must have glasses I suppose.
At the fair I bought a pair,
Golden rimmed, of pebbles rare,
Paid the money then and there,
Glad my spectacles to wear.
But, how strange! I could not see
What was just in front of me!
Took them off and rubbed them
well; [strange to tell,
Cleaned they seemed; but,
When I put them on again
Everything was plain as plain,
But reflected from behind!
Then I found that tho' so blind,
Many little things I saw
Which I had not seen before.
First, my page, of doubtful age,
Put me in a dreadful rage;
Dipped his fingers in the cream;
(Turned and faced him—made
him scream!)

Dropped the pot, upset a lot—
Caught it from me pretty hot.
Next the footman kicked my cat
Sleeping on its lamb's-wool mat.
Loosed my dicky from its cage
(Shall deduct this from his
wage).

When the housemaid scrubbed
the floor, [door
Watched her through the open
At my eldest making eyes.
Packed her off to her surprise,
Heeding not her tears and cries.
Truly blindness makes one wise!
Then I caught my little son
Putting mustard in a bun;
Going to give it to the pug.
Seized him by the nearest lug,
Boxed it hard. He howled with
pain;

Never teased the dog again.
Saw my girl of twenty-three
Kiss the curate, after tea.
Sent the pair to right about.
(Wondered how I found them
out!)

So, you see, I really find
Much amusement of a kind.
Eyes before and eyes behind,
Is there anyone would mind
Being just a little blind?



TRUE COMPUNCTION.

Young Hopeful (who has been celebrating, not wisely but too well, the last day of his Exam.). "LOOK HERE, MAJOR! IF YOU DON'T TELL MY FATHER OF MY D'SGRASHEFUL CONDUCT, I SHALL!"

N.B.!

[In the "Report of the Royal Commission on Labour" it is said that "domestic economy is not now practised among the Scotch peasants with such closeness as formerly; wives have ceased to use oatmeal and other simple fare, and buy from the passing cart inferior goods which they could very well prepare at home." The married labourer's clothing is "finer, but less durable," and he himself is "less unknown in places of amusement."]

Scots, wha hae on parritch fed!
Scots, in thrifty habits bred!
Air ye leavin' barley bread,
And frugality?

Now's the day, much more the
night,
For stickin' to your bawbees
tight!
See approach proud Fashion's
might,
Chains o' luxury!

Wha will to the flesher's wend,
Buy thin breeks that will na
mend,
Wha sae base as saxpence spend
On an evenin' spree?

Wha for Scotland's knitted
hose,
Oaten cakes and homespun
clo'es,
Now will deal some auld-warld
blows?
He will live, *not* dee!

By each braw and kilted laddie,
Gudeman douce, and gude-boy
caddie,
Ye may weel at once eradi-
-cate frivolity!

Strike, and break amusement's
yoke,
Or your ainsells may be broke!
Siller's saved in every stroke
Of economy!

FIRST-RATE FOREIGN AD-
VERTISEMENT FOR A MEDICAL
FRIEND OF OURS.—Every dinner
in France is now served "*à la*
Roose."

A WALK IN DEVON.

PART II.—THE FINISH.

Notes from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.

The Cottage, Burrow-in-the-Corner, Devon.

VERY awkward to have missed the Post; being Saturday night means delay of twenty-four hours.

"Seen the postman?" I asked Old Gentleman.

"Seed ee two minits ago. Gone up the hill. I'll call him back."

New idea this. Never remember when just too late for last pillar-box clearance in London suburb running after postman, bringing him back, and getting him to make special clearance. Old Gentleman evidently thought nothing of it; skipped out of garden with remarkable agility; in middle of road in a twinkling; shouting "Hi! hi!" and waving green umbrella wildly over his narrow-brimmed top hat, round which the rime of age modestly lurked. Postman did not seem at all annoyed; came back promptly, unlocked box, and trudged off again on his rounds.

Here's where my misfortune began. Way back clear by the road I had come; inviting lane passed Old Gentleman's house; was there any way along it to Burrow-in-the-Corner? "Why, yes," said Old Gentleman, whose desire to accommodate was illimitable. "Follow this lane till you come to four cross roads, then turn to left, and keep on." Nothing plainer than this: getting used to four cross roads in these parts; came upon this particular assort-

ment after quarter of an hour's walk; a sign-post too; so thought-ful; no difficulty about four cross roads when there's a sign-post. Walked up to it and round it; not a single letter remaining intact of the direction. Sign-post older than Old Gentleman with the umbrella, and not nearly in such state of preservation. Not a soul in sight; "no footfall breaking silence of closing day." Old Gentleman said turn to left; so left must be right; take it, and walk on.

Pretty broad highway; must be main road leading somewhere. Why not to Burrow-in-the-Corner? Quarter mile off come upon bifurcation. Which is main road? Instincts of trapper assert them-selves; carefully examine which way traffic mostly goes; not many cart-ruts, but majority turn to left; that must be the way to Burrow-in-the-Corner. Take it; find it a ditch between lofty hedges going up a hill, and then, like the late Duke of York, going down again. Half a mile of this; then another bifurcation; a gentle curve, insidious, but unmistakable, one horn of my dilemma leading to right, the other to left. Take the right this time, by way of change; leads into a road running at right angles. Should I turn right or left? Do a little of both in succession; can see nothing of the lay of country, by reason of wall-like hedges; presently come to gate in field; country chillingly unfamiliar.

Situation beginning to grow serious; dusk closing in apace. In spite of it I see my mistake; took the wrong turning when I examined the traffic-mark; must turn back there, and peg along the other road; get into narrow lane again; this time, varying manœuvre of Duke of York, go down a hill, and then go up again.



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 3. STAG HUNTING.



WIREFROOF.

SIR HARRY HARDMAN, MOUNTED ON "BEHEMOTH," CREATED RATHER A STIR AT THE MEET. HE SAID HE DIDN'T CARE A HANG FOR THE BARBED OR ANY OTHER KIND OF WIRE.

Trapper instinct, before alluded to, made me note heap of broken stones at this particular bifurcation. Here it is; no mistake about that; take other turning, and press on full speed; can't be more than two miles now; straight road, and there you are. Can do it under half-an-hour. Nothing so delightful as walk in country lane in cool of evening. This particular lane rather long; roads and lanes cutting off to right and left; at least no bifurcation. Not a house in sight; every soul in the country apparently turned in. Cottar's Saturday night, of course; should have thought of that before; explains everything.

Apparently no end to this road; suddenly seems to disappear: only a dip down a hill; think at first, from steepness, it must be road into Tippeton; but Tippeton is miles away. Getting on for dinner-time; better run down hill; do so; see light flickering at end; probably The Cottage windows; hum "A light in the window for me"; find I've no breath to spare for musical entertainments; shut up, and run. Light comes from farm-house; enter yard cautiously in case of another dog being there. In the twilight see second Old Gentleman; this time in his shirt-sleeves, sitting meditatively on an upturned bucket set on a barn floor. "Is this the way to Burrow-in-the-Corner?" I ask, a little out of breath. Old Gentleman stares; perhaps he is deaf; looks deaf, but find he is only chuckling; repeat question louder. "No," says he, "but that be;" and he waves a horny hand up the wall of a hill down which I had scrambled.

For the last twenty minutes I'd been running away from Burrow-in-the-Corner as if we didn't dine at 7.30.

Old Gentleman not accustomed to seeing joke; made most of this; when he recovered I learned that if I walked back up hill a mile, and took first turning to right, I should be on the road to Burrow-in-the-Corner. Nice pull up hill; kept keen look out for turn to right; after quarter of hour's rapid walking passed on left openings of two lanes in close contiguity. Through one I had forty minutes earlier walked on to this very road. If I had then turned

to left instead of going back I should have been at The Cottage by this time—supposing, of course, the road leads thither.

No use repining; must get on; feeling peckish; walk in middle of road to make most of twilight shut out by hedges; can't see time by watch; doing something more than four miles an hour. At end of what seems half-hour am apparently no forrader; no house; no passer-by; no friendly light over ghostly expanse peeped at through occasional gates.

Begin to think of story heard the other day. Belated parson went to take evening service for friend at church close by post-office where I made acquaintance of first Old Gentleman. Only three miles from his own house; after sermon set off to walk home; thinking of many things, turned off at wrong point; knew country pretty well, but darkness came on; hopelessly lost; found forlornly sitting on a gate at eleven o'clock by farmer's son fortuitously delayed on his return home; took stranger home with him; woke up family, and gave him shakedown for night.

"It was bad enough, Toby," rev. gentleman said, "and might have been worse. But what rankles most bitterly in my breast at present day is remark of farmer's wife when her son shouted up at open window that he had brought home a clergyman who had lost his way and wanted a bed. 'Clergyman!' she cried, with cruel scorn. 'Get away with you. No clergyman would be out at this time of night.'"

One comfort it's not raining; rained in torrents when my friend the parson had his Sunday night out. Road evidently not leading towards The Cottage; suppose that once more I am walking away from it! Trapper instincts already alluded to have evolved a plan which I hold in reserve. Remember (or think I remember) the turns on the way back to post-office where I made acquaintance of first Old Gentleman; terrible trudge, but better than sleeping in ditch or shed; shall turn back and face it. Halt and hesitate; no sign of Cottage or other light; hedges are black shadows; a few feet in front and an equal distance behind is wall of darkness; decide to take a hundred paces forward. If then no sign of habitation shall turn back and grope way by post-office.

At eightieth pace a turn in the road; a light across the roadway; then The Cottage, and through the open window, into the dark still night, floats the music of SCHUMANN'S "*Frühlingsnacht*." It is the Cook singing, while the Housemaid spreads the cloth for dinner.

NO RAISON D'ÊTRE!

["The custom of dancing, I am informed on good authority, has of late years lost its popularity with our gilded youth!"—*Mr. James Payn.*]

A SINGING-BIRD which will not sing, a watch that will not go, A working-man who scorns to work, a needle that won't sew, Are things whose inutility are obvious at a glance, But what *are* they compared with "gilded youth" who do not dance?

MYSTIFIED.—Somebody at Mrs. R.'s was saying that a certain friend of theirs, a well-known Queen's Counsel, was a first-rate pianist. "By the way," inquired a young barrister, "doesn't he usually practice in Mr. Justice ROMER's court?" Mrs. R. held up her hands in amazement. "Well," she exclaimed; "I had no idea that music was allowed in a law court. But I suppose it's in the interval, while the Judge is at luncheon."

An Expostulation.

(On the recent revision of "*The Tempter*.")

MR. TREE, what have you done?
Hang it all! there's no exempting
You from blame for risks we run
With *The Tempter* yet more tempting.

QUERY.—Has the want of rain this summer, and consequent failure of the hay crops, affected the market for Grass Widows?



POLICE PROTECTION FOR PIANISTS!!

MADE NECESSARY BY THE ANTICS OF THE PADDED-ROOMSKI DEVOTEES AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, WHO RUSH AT, TRY TO EMBRACE, AND DECK WITH ROSES, A CERTAIN MASTER WHENEVER HE APPEARS.

A QUESTION OF TINT.

["Who will paint London?"—*Daily News.*]

WHAT a question to ask! If the colour be blue, A batch of our London Minervas will do: For each one will dye—the allusion is shocking— Our town and its streets with the tint of her stocking. Our pessimist frauds and the Ibsensite pack Will groan as they thickly bedaub it in black. Asiatic Sir EDWIN, the Poet of Light, He will wipe out their work, and arrange it in white. Then the Company-gulls will arrive on the scene, And, presto, the colour of London is green. And a rare crew of "Johnnies" will stay out of bed Till the daylight appears, while they paint the town red. In fact—and you'll thank me for giving the hint— Painting London is merely a question of tint.

Mrs. R. cannot call to mind where the original picture of "The Waterloo Blanket" is to be seen.

THE NOBLE ORGAN-GRINDER.

["Lord BRASSEY never goes on a cruise, however short, without taking with him a very costly barrel-organ. He plays on it regularly for some time every evening, as he finds it a congenial form of exercise and amusement."—*The World.*]

GRINDER, when serenely grinding
On your yacht the Hundredth Psalm,
Tell me, are you truly finding
In this work congenial charm?

"Music hath" (an old quotation)
"Charms to soothe the savage breast,"
Think how you might lull some nation
Into dilettante rest.

Grinder, gentle-hearted Grinder,
Try the savage who has spurned
Culture, for he might grow kinder,
Soothed by barrel deftly turned.

Matabele LOBENGULA
(Accent on penultimate)
Might be made by music, you'll agree,
a model potentate.

ORPHEUS like, you might so charm him
That a mere M-shona child's
Hand could easily disarm him
In those equatorial wilds.

He would cease to wear his skimpy
Kulfs that leave his legs half bare,
He would soon disband his impi;
Culture then would be his care.

Suits of dittos clothe this whopper;
Patent leather boots be got;
You might lead him—"smash my topper!"—
Even to a chimney-pot.

He would have a daily paper,
Standard authors sold in parts,
Shops of tailor, hatter, draper,
An Academy of Arts.

He would teach, by plays, the loyal
Folk on marsh or fertile plain,

Opening a Theatre Royal,
Where they've only Reeds and Grain.

And, till death made him a *Morgue* 'un,
WAGNER, BRAHMS and GREIG no doubt
He would doat on—then your organ
Might be ruthlessly chucked out.

THE CENTRAL HALL OF THE LAW COURTS.

O BARRISTERS' wigs from far and wide
You gather anew!
The Strand, like meadow with daisies pied,
Is dotted with you.

You crowd the courts, so stuffy, so small,
So awkwardly placed;
You don't go into the Central Hall—
Magnificent waste!

That thing of beauty was meant to be
For ever a joy,
Just built to accommodate, as we see,
One messenger boy.

Proud emblem he of the empire's might,
That thus, for a whim,
Spent pounds in thousands with such delight
Just to shelter him.

The courts are draughty, the courts are dark,
The passages small,
And witness, client, solicitor, clerk,
Are squeezed in them all.

Those lancet windows on winding stairs
Don't help one to see;
A falling Commissioner even swears
Without any fee.

Still though we stumble and though we're
squeezed,

We all recollect
That deserted Hall, and we're truly pleased
With it's fine effect.

The vacant acre of paving there
Should never annoy,
It has one occupant, we're aware—
That messenger boy.

SONG OF THE AUTUMN SESSION.

(BY A RELUCTANTLY RETURNED M.P.)

ATR—"O! that will be joyful!"

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we part to meet again:
No field, no copse, no moor!
O! it will be jawful.
Jawful, jawful, jawful!
O! isn't it awful?

Autumn Meet's an awful bore!

All who hate the "Lords," you know,
Swear this misery below,
We owe to peers above!
O! that, &c.

We'll be lammed by LABOUCHERE,
Who the Afric strife will swear
Is due to RHODES's rule.
O! won't he be jawful, &c.

ASHMEAD, too, will strive to prove
Freedom, prestige, all we love
We'll lose to gain no more, [&c.
Through GLADSTONE the jawful,

O! how weary we shall be,
Ere the two Big Bills, or three,
Are passed and Peer-wards gone!
O! WEG will be jawful, &c.

Then the Rads will shout with joy,
And the short Recess employ,
In larrupping the Lords!
O! won't they be jawful?—
Awful, awful, awful!
It shouldn't be lawful
Autumn Meets to summon more!

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.—WAT TYLER is avenged—upon wicked WALWORTH, and unfair history. A namesake of his is to be Lord Mayor of London! All we want now is, that the Right Hon. Mr. JOHN CADE (of Birmingham?) should be made Prime Minister.

DR. DULCAMARA UP TO DATE; OR, WANTED A QUACK-QUELCHER.

["The jury, in giving their verdict, strongly censured the gross ignorance of the accused, and regretted that there was no law to prevent them from practising surgery."]



Mr. Punch sings, sotto voce:—

Begone, Dulcamara,

I prythee begone from me!

Begone, Dulcamara,

Thou and I will never agree!

AGREE? By all good powers, no! no more than oil and water!
For to the conscious humbug honest wrath should give no quarter;

And if *Punch's* ready *bâton* lays its thwacks on any backs
With special zest, it is on those of charlatans and quacks.

Quack! Quack! Quack! Oh! the pestilential pack!

If there is a loathsome chorus, it is Quack! Quack! Quack!



THE LION AT HOME.

The Hope and Pride of the Family (just home from the Grand Tour). "OH, REALLY, YOU KNOW, THE MEN ONE MEETS IN SOME OF THOSE PLACES OUT WEST! I SAID TO MYSELF EVERY NIGHT, 'WELL, THANK HEAVEN I HAVEN'T SHOT ANYBODY!'"

Fond and Nervous Mother. "YOU MEAN, THANK HEAVEN NOBODY SHOT YOU, DON'T YOU, DEAR?"

But the Quacks are having high old times in these peculiar days, And gulls mistake their horrid din, 'twould seem, for pleasant lays. We are quacked into distraction by unchastened power of Jaw, Assisted by Advertisement and unrestrained by Law. Dulcamara up to date is no longer poor or petty, The pompous, brainless charlatan pictured by DONIZETTI, He outshines, out-talks, out-thumps, out-cheats, out-swaggers, and out-dresses,

With his nauseous, noxious nostrums, and his nasty, mucky messes. Quack! Quack! Quack! He may quack the donkeys dead, Their coin out of their purses and their eyes out of their head, Their brains into sheer softening, their bodies to the grave, But he flourishes unpunished. Is there *nothing* then to save The noodles from his ignorance and knavery and bounce? No law to lay him by the heels, no hangman's whip to trounce, No pillory to gibbet the false fortune-piling pack Who poison, maim, and madden with their Quack! Quack! Quack!

Dulcamara stands defiant, while his drum the live air fills With praise of his appliances, his potions, and his pills. With sham science for his shield, venal literature and art For his touts and advertisers, he can bravely play his part. The comic man will clown for him, if adequately paid, And the poet and the painter puff his wares and push his trade. He's proudly testimonialised; folly or purchased cunning Crack up his nastiest nostrums, keep his worst deceptions running. He will bleed you and blackmail you, if you're weak as well as wealthy, Impoverish and drench you, aye, do aught—save leave you healthy. For 'tis quack, quack, quack! and 'tis drum, drum, drum! And Dulcamara—when not *worse*—is safe to prove a hum!

Quack! Quack! Quack! It is time that cry to quellch By Law—or else to treat the quacks like sorry rogues who "welsh";

And if Dulcamara's really safe, until the Law they alter, Why honest men must see to it, nor in their purpose falter Till rascals of "gross ignorance," in foul gregarious pack, Can no longer safely victimise with quack, quack, quack!

A WORD TO THE WISE WHEELMAN.

THE SPEAKER, at Warwick, said that "the bicyclists of the day are debilitating and degenerating the human race by the way in which they stoop over their work." The wheelmen would probably retort that, like GOLDSMITH'S sprightly heroine, they "stoop to conquer." And we are not yet *all* wheelmen. Still, the SPEAKER has hit a blot in the contemporary Cyclomania. Few things are more unlovely than the "Bicyclist's Bend." Record-cutting would be purchased dearly at the cost of making men look like camels; and if success on the cinderpath or the road involved giving humanity at large "the hump," one would stigmatise the Cycle Race as the *Inhuman Race*. Let us hope the SPEAKER'S sharp words will make our stooping cyclists "sit up"—in other than the slangy sense of the phrase.

Birds of Pray.

We're told a cormorant sits, and doth not tire, For a whole month, perched upon Newark spire! VINNY BOURNE'S jackdaw's beaten, it is clear. Yet there *are* cormorants who, year after year, Perch in the Church. But these omnivorous people Favour the pulpit mostly, not the steeple. Thrivers upon fat livings find, no doubt, Cormorant within is cosier than without.

CREAM OF THE CREAM.—"London Society proper"—we are informed by Lady CHARLES BERESFORD—consists of no more than thirty or forty families! And how about London Society *improper*? Is *that* equally sparse and exclusive? And—terrible thought!—crucial question!—is it possible that the two orders *overlap* at all? That there are any "noble swells" who belong to both?

THE GOVERNMENT'S PUBLIC POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA (ACCORDING TO MR. SYDNEY BUXTON).—Not "CARRINGTON'S Entire"!

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes).

SCENE XIII.—"Behind" at the Eldorado. TIME—about 10 P.M.; the Stage at the back of the Scene-cloth is in partial darkness; in the centre, a pile of lumber and properties. Bare white-washed brick walls; at one side, two canvas cabins for the Lady-Artistes to change their costumes; near them a deal table, with a jug and glasses. At one of the wings, behind the proscenium, a shelf and small mirror, at which the Comedians can arrange their make-up, and a frame, in which a placard, with each Artiste's number, is inserted before his or her entrance. A "turn" has just been concluded, and the Stage is clear.

The Stage-Manager (bustling up to Footman, in crimson plush breeches). Now then, look alive, there, can't you, they're getting impatient in front. Why don't you change the number?

Footman (with aggrieved dignity). Because, Sir, Mr. ALF REDBEAK ought to come on, by rights, and, not 'aving chosen to appear yet, I think you'll see yourself, on reflection, as it would be totally—

Stage-M. Well, don't argue about it; here's Miss LUSHBOY ready to go on, put her number up!

Footm. I always understood it was the regulation 'ere that no number was to be put up until the band-parts were passed into the orchestra; which Miss LUSHBOY's music most certainly has not been handed in yet, and, that bein' so—

Stage-M. You can spare a good yard off that tongue of yours, you can; put Miss LUSHBOY's number up, and— Ah, here comes Mr. REDBEAK; never mind.

Enter Mr. REDBEAK, breathless.

Mr. Redbeak. Phew! I've had a job to get 'ere in time, I can tell you. (The Orchestra strikes up.) 'Ullo, that ain't mine. (To Footman.) What are you about? Put up my number—sharp, now!

Miss Lushboy (to Footman). Here, let me go on; I've been messing about long enough. What are you taking my number out for?

Footm. Now, look 'ere, Miss, I can't please everybody! (Indicating Stage-Manager.) You are as well aware as what I am that it's for him to give the word 'ere, not me. I'm on'y actin' under what—

Mr. Redb. It's crule, you know, that's what it is—crule. I've got to go right across London for my next turn, and—

The Stage-M. (returning). What the blazes are we waiting for now? ALF, dear boy, you should come up to time. (To Footman.) Why don't you do as you're told? You're getting too big for your boots, it strikes me! (To Miss LUSHBOY.) There, go on, my dear, go on. [Miss L. bounds on to the stage, and begins her song.

Mr. Redb. (to Footman). I've got a bone to pick with you, old feller. Don't you go wool-gatherin' to-night, as you did last. I've told you till I'm tired that when you see me chuck this property pierust into the wings you've got to throw down these fire-irons—it's a safe laugh every time it comes off, and you know 'ow important it is, and yet you forget it nine times out of ten! What's the good of me thinkin' out my business when you go and crab it for me?

Footm. (pathetically). Mr. REDBEAK, Sir, you'll excuse me, but I'm on'y one man 'ere, I ain't a 'undred. Don't thank 'eaven for it, Sir, it's 'ard when a man as tries to do his best, and with all my responsibilities on him—

Mr. Redb. (impatiently). Oh, cheese it; you're not on a stool in 'Ide Park, are you? I'm only tellin' you.

Miss L. (on stage, singing chorus). Say, boys, say, if you'd like to come. Who's for a merry old "Tiddley-um?"

Fall in behind, and we'll all get "blind," before they close the pub!

You're not jays, so you won't refuse. Join our band, for we're on the booze,

And you'll see some larks with the rollicking sparks of the Rowdy Razzle Club!

(Here she capers off, brandishing a gibus, and has a difficulty in opening the practicable door in the wing. To Footman.) There you are again! How often am I to tell you to keep that wood open for my dance off? I break my fingers over it every blessed night, and lose my encore as well!

Footm. I'm exceedingly sorry, miss, but the fact of the matter is my attention was took off at the time owing to—

Miss L. Oh, hold your jaw, do.

Footm. (to himself). I'm to hold my jaw! Oh, these hartistes, they lead me a dorg's life among 'em!

Mr. Redb. (touching Miss L.'s coat as she passes). What's that badge you're wearing? Salvation Army, Temperance, Primrose League, or what?

Miss L. No, only the colours of the Balls Pond Football Team; they presented them to me the other day. I told them I didn't play football.

Mr. Redb. You're pretty fair at the 'igh kick though, ain't you? There, there. 'Alf time. Goin' on again?

Miss L. With a cold like mine? Not likely. Just look at my tongue! (She protrudes the tip of an indigo-coloured tongue for his inspection.)

Mr. Redb. (concerned). Why, it's like one o' those Chow-chow dogs, I'm blest if it isn't! You are off colour to-night, no mistake!

Miss L. Oh, that's the remedy, not the disease—liquorice, you know.

Stage-M. Now, ALF, if you're in such a hurry, go on. Cut it as short as you like—no extra turns to-night.

Mr. Redb. No fear. Oh dear, oh dear, such a rush as it is!

[He goes on grumbling.

A Small Boy (who has been sitting patiently on a chair by the wing—to Stage-Manager). If you please, Sir, will Mr. WILDFIRE want me to-night?

Miss L. Want you, indeed, you silly kid! What would Mr. WILDFIRE want a shrimp like you for?

The Boy. If he's going to do the Sandwich Man 'ere to-night, he'll want me, I know. Why, it all depends on me, that song does. (To Stage-M.) Is he going to do the Sandwich Man to-night, Sir?

Stage-M. Oh, don't bother me; wait till he comes and you'll find out. (To Miss L.) I suppose you've heard he's talking of not renewing his engagement after to-night—giving up the halls altogether!

Miss L. And no great loss either! I don't see anything particular about his songs myself. As for all that gas about his raising the tone of the halls, it's sickening. Anyone would suppose we lowered it!

Miss Cissie Cinders (coming out of a dressing-cabin, in a battered old velvet hat and broken feathers, with her face smudged). Who's that you're talking about? WILDFIRE? Ah, my dear, this 'Igh Art and Littery rot'll be the ruin of the 'alls—him and his articles in the swell magazines, praising us all up—he can keep his praises to himself—I don't want 'em! I've never set up to refine the public myself, or else I could fake it easy enough! [She passes on to stage.

Mr. Gus. Tadman (Variety Vocalist). We could all do it, come to that. But there, he won't last, you'll see. Why, look at the 'it I made with my "Rorty Naughty Nell"! That was a good song if you like, and well-written, mind yer. But lor, it's clean forgotten now. I 'ear WILDFIRE's bringing out a play to-night at the Hilarity, it'll serve him right if it gets the bird, going back on his own profession like that! (To Miss CINDERS, who has just sung.) House cold to-night?



"It's like singing to a lot of 'ap'ny ices!"

Miss Cinders (in a temper). Cold, it's like singing to a lot of 'ap'ny ices! I used to have the choruses all sung for me when I brought out that song first; and now they've let me go off without a 'and! We shall see whether they'll rise to WILDFIRE to-night. Ah, here he is. Actually coming up to speak to us; there's an honour!

Miss Betsy Beno (to WILDFIRE, as he passes the table where she is sitting waiting for her turn). 'Ere, WATTY, old man, stop and 'ave a drop along of me. Do—there's plenty 'ere! (as WILDFIRE excuses himself laughingly). Well, I'm sure—refusing to drink when a lady goes out of her way to ask him—he hasn't the manners of a pig! And I draw my sixty quid a week the same as he does!

Mr. Tadman. Well, dear boy, how's the play getting on? Not a frost, I hope?

Wildfire. No; I just looked in on my way from the Val. here, and they seemed to think it was all right; but I couldn't stay till the finish. They're going to send round and let me know. (To the Small Boy, who has approached anxiously.) Oh, there you are, youngster! Yes, I shall want you—for the last time, you know.

The Boy. Why, you—you ain't going to take the part away from me, Sir, when I created it, too!

Wildf. (patting his shoulder kindly). I'm giving up singing altogether—that's why. Never mind; I'll see it makes no difference to you, so don't you distress yourself. We'll find you something or other to do.

The Boy (with a gulp). If I ain't going to be with you any more, I—I don't care what 'appens, Sir. I'd as soon throw up the perfection myself, I would! [He turns away into a dark corner.

Wildf. (to himself, as he goes to the wing). Nice boy that; didn't think he'd care so much; must keep an eye on him. Flattery must be over now. I wish I could have stayed to see it out; it was going magnificently; but there were some rather risky scenes ahead. Still, I believe it's a success; and, if it is, I shall have done with all this for ever after to-night. I can go to ALTHEA and tell her, without—By Jove! wasn't it to-night that Old TOOVEY was to be in front? I wonder what he'll think of it. (He looks at himself in the mirror.) He'll have some difficulty in recognising me in this get up. Well, I shall know on Monday. (He goes on, and sings; then rushes back to the wing to change his costume, with the assistance of his dresser.) Yes, the coat, now, dresser, please. (To himself, as he paints some lines on his face.) I couldn't see anyone at all like old TOOVEY. Very odd! They must have sent him the box, I suppose. Well, it doesn't matter; if he didn't think it necessary to come, so much the better. (Aloud.) Wigpaste, please. Now the boards. All right—I'm ready. (To the Boy.) Now, youngster, look out for your cue. [He goes on.

The Limelight Man (up in the flies—to himself). What's wrong with Mr. WILDFIRE? He as nearly broke down just now as—and I can't keep the limelight on him nohow to-night! He can't have been drinking—he ain't that sort. But he do look bad—it's as much as ever he can do to go through with it; somethink's given him a turn.

Wildfire (to himself, as he goes back to the wing, unsteadily). She's here—and, what's worse, she's recognised me! She must have, or she would never have looked like that. If I could only have told her first; but, to discover it like this,—she'll think I meant to—(He pitches away his boards in a fury.) Well, I've done for myself—it's all over! (To his dresser.) A note, eh?

[He opens it, and reads the contents mechanically; Mr. TADMAN and one or two other artistes come up with curiosity on seeing his expression.

Tadm. Why, WILDFIRE, old man, what's this? Play gone wrong? Never mind, dear boy, we can't have everything. But what's the report, eh?

Wildf. (impatiently). Oh, I don't know. What does it matter now? (He lets the note fall.) There, you can read it if you want to know. [He walks away.

Tadm. (with complacency). Poor chap, he's hard hit! But I could have told him it wasn't to be expected that—(He picks up the note, and reads it with a falling jaw.) Hullo! What's the meaning of this? It says the piece is a tremendous go—safe for a long run—had to raise the rag again and again. Why, he'll make his fortune over this alone; and yet, look at him! (Pointing to WILDFIRE, who has seated himself on the pile of lumber, in utter dejection.) And all those fools in front clapping and stamping for him to come on again. What more does the feller want, I wonder!

END OF SCENE XIII.

UNION IS (LOGICAL) WEAKNESS.—The Congregational Union lays it down as a law, "that the rights of humanity must take precedence of those of property." We fear this admirable maxim (like equally admirable Charity) might be made to cover a multitude of sins, from petty larceny to anarchism. Would it be consonant with the "rights of humanity," for, say, a Congregational Unionist to object to a poor tramp stealing his best umbrella on a wet day?

ROBERT ON THE COMING SHO.

WELL, here we are just about gitting to the hend of our Citty Year, when we changes our raining Sovverain, altho he is but twelve munse old, and takes on a new one, for better or wuss as the case may be, and in this case I most suttently thinks that it would be werry



differcult indeed to change for a better, for it tisan't not only me and all my tribe, as *Shylock* calls us, but all the many hundreds, if not thow-sends, as has had a share of the Rite Honnerabel the LORD MARE's noble ospitality, must all agree that a more liberaller, or hospitaler, or hopen artider Gent never entered the honored Manshun House than him who to ewerybody's regret is a going next week for to leave it!

Why, I ardy expects to be beleaved when I says as we have sumtimes had as many as three or fore grand Bankwets in one week, and the LORD MARE would get up as usual the nex morning as if he thort nothink of it! No more he did, no not ewen when the King of DENMARK himself came and dined with him at Gildall, and explained to him all about the un-fortnet death of *Prince Hamlet*!

I do hear as we are to have such a Lord Mare's Sho as we ain't offen had, including, above all things that

nobody coudn't have emagined, nothink less than a reel copy of the grand New Tower Bridge, and if that won't be a site for the estonished Multitood praps somebody will kindly tell me what woud be.

There was a tork of asking all the Roossian Sailors, who has been a having sitch a jolly time of it in France, to run over and jine the Sho first and the Bankwet arterwards, but it was werry doubtful whether ewen all the Haldermen, much less all the Common Counsellmen, cond have chatted away with them in their own native tung, so the idear was given up in favour of Fire engines and Fire men.

I've seen a goedish many Lord Mare's Shos in my time, and hopes to see a few more, in spite of the gellous growls of another body of gents as shall be nameless, but it woud suttently be a grand joke to see the gellous body elluded to coming out in a London County show of their own, amid the skoffs and jiers and larfter of the emused Metrolopus!

ROBERT.

THE "OBERLAND" ROUTE.

["A scheme for making a waterway between Switerland and the Adriatic is to be submitted to the Federal Government at no very distant date."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

British Minister, Bern, to Lord Rosebery, London.—A MR. JONES, who says he's a British subject, went up Pilatus to get view. Didn't get it. Also complains of overcharge for candles at his hotel. Have demanded immediate satisfaction from Swiss Government. Please send Mediterranean Squadron to Locarno.

Lord Rosebery, London, to British Minister, Bern.—Can't spare the Squadron. Won't a gunboat do? You may speak strongly to Swiss Government. Tell them insult to JONES is insult to England. Meanwhile, wire best route for fleet to get up to Bern, if necessary. Don't see it on map.

Brit. Min., B., to Lord R.—Owing to Mediterranean Squadron not having appeared at Locarno, Swiss Government very aggressive. Passenger steamers on Lakes of Geneva, Thun, and Lucerne being converted into a fleet Special new corps d'armée formed from Chamounix guides and patriotic hotel waiters. Man (whose name was ROBINSON) mistaken for JONES, and mobbed in streets last night. Some kind of Naval Demonstration absolutely necessary. Put ships on rail at Locarno, send 'em through Gothard Tunnel, and there you are!

Lord R. to Brit. Min., B.—British Government recognises gravity of the JONES incident. What do you advise? Aren't the Alps in the way?

Brit. Min., B., to Lord R.—Didn't like to suggest details. Send ironclads. Ram something. Why not bombard Alps. Gunboat moored at Devil's Bridge might shell Andermatt. Leave it to you.

Lord R. to Brit. Min., B.—Sorry to say, European complications have now arisen from JONES incident. Swiss Government has offered its fleet to Russia and France. Triple Alliance tottering. Can't you get Swiss Government to apologise to JONES, and end business?

Brit. Min. to Lord R.—Business is ended. JONES not a British subject after all, but a Swede, who's travelled in America! Recall gunboat.



THE SPREAD OF CULTURE DOWNWARDS.

"ULLO, MARY, WHAT'S THIS? NAME OF THE 'OUSE?"

"No, MR. IGNORANCE; IT'S A LATIN WORD, AND MEANS 'PLEASE TO WIPE YOUR FEET!'"

"RESH'PROSH'TY."

"What struck the TZAR... in the recent festivities, was the feeling of fraternity which seemed to pervade the multitude... The feeling of concord and fraternity appears to survive the last echoes of the festivities... The word now most frequently heard is 'Amnesty.' This, indeed, is the fittest coping-stone to prolonged festivities characterised by universal concord."—*Times' Paris Correspondent.*

President. "Prolonged feshtivitish!" Thash good, that ish!
Very prolonged, ole f'ler, an' awf'ly feshtive!

Tzar. Yesh, tha' what shtrucked me! (*Aside.*) But I really wish He wouldn't gush. ROMANOFF pride turns resbtive!

President. Sho glad it shtrucked you sho! An' nurrer thing You *mush* ha' notish'd. Feeling of fraternity All over shop! I shay, may friendship's wing Ne'er moult a feather, not to all eternity.

Tzar. I echosh tha' fine Shwiveller shentiment Entirely! (*Aside.*) I must not appear too sober.

President. Now Fransh ish shatishfied—an' world content! Republic won't forget thish last October! Feelingsh of concord, cetra, *will* survive Last echosh of feshtivitish—for ever!

Tzar. Oh, coursh! Asshure you I am quite alive To reshproshity—shan't forget it—never!

President. Thash ri' ole f'ler! Our resh—hie!—proshity—Not like the comic Yankee's, all one shide?

Tzar. Certainly not! Shorry to say good-bye! But though our bodiesh part, our soulsh are tied.

President. Precisly! We're both tight—mean tied—in knotsh. The champagne, an' the speeches, an' the kishshes Have bound our bosomsh, and combined our lotsh!

Tzar. Quite sho! (*Aside.*) I'll watch a chance to hint my wishes.

President. We've had a jolly time, and now, ole f'ler, Ash "coping-shtone" to all thish talk and toddy, As shequel to thish patr'otio stir,

I'm going to amneshty—yesh, *everybody*!

Wha' shay, dear ROMANOFF, will you do same?

Jush show, y' know, that thersh no animoshity!

Tzar (aside). Oh, *that* is the Republic's little game?

Russia can't stand *that* form of reciprocity!

(*Aloud.*) All ri', ole f'ler, you jush leave *that* to *Me*!

Mosh noble notion, *that* shame "coping-shtone!"

By way, ole f'ler, talking of amneshty—

Could you just 'blige me with a trifling Loan?

THE PROFESSION OF—JOURNALISM.

(*An Entirely Imaginary Letter.*)

DEAR MR. B-CH-N-N.—Our famous Third Page rather dull lately. Couldn't you enliven it up by one of your characteristic letters—say on "The Profession of Literature"? Say all the old things about its degrading effect on those who follow it, including yourself—the public loves to see a vivisection in public—and be sure to spice it well with distinguished names, such as SW-NE-RN-, R-SS-IT-, etc. Any depreciatory anecdotes would be very telling, and serve to evoke indignant *free* replies from those who wouldn't guess they were jumping to a prepared bait. I shall count on you for a column.

Yours faithfully, THE EDITOR OF THE —.

P.S.—Of course you will be insulted at the usual rate.—ED.

[*Result—the usual one on the famous Third Page.*]

Mot by a Member.

(*During the Debate on the Second Reading of the Parish Councils Bill.*)

FOWLER was longish, LONG was even longer,
MORE was much less so, STANHOPE little stronger;
But HENEAGE even when brief's sublime
He's not for Hene-age, but for all (our) time!
What a relief after such thrice-skimmed milk
To get truth's cream from ROLLIT and from DILKE!

THE LATEST "GLASS OF FASHION."—The dress fashioned of spun-glass, as a royal robe for the Princess EULALIA of Spain, and exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair.



“RESH'PROSH'TY.”

M. CARNOT. “WELL, OLE F'LER, WE'VE ALL HAD JOLLY GOOD TIME—AN' I'M GOING T' AMNESTY EV'RYB'Y!! YOU—DO—SAME!!”

TZAR. “LEAVE THAT T'ME. BY TH' WAY—COULD YOU 'BLIGE ME—TRIFLIN' LOAN?”

"BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY."

(Rudyard Kipling *passim*.)

TOM's uncle by his will
Left TOM in greatest glory.
There *was* a codicil—
"But that's another story."

PHIL wooed a fair one, KATE;
She met him *con amore*.
The damages were great—
"But that's another story."

HUGH's rent (for an address!)
Was far and wide *in ore*.
His suite now costs him less—
"But that's another story."

Of readers not a few
Deem RIDER HAGGARD gory.
We have MACBETH, it's true—
"But that's another story."

One JOSEPH was enrolled—
Though now a sort of Tory—
A Williamite of old—
"But that's another story."

Some maids would make it
known [hoary,
They'll wait till locks are
But wed for love alone—
"But that's another
story."

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

(A Modern Glove Romance.)

THAT pair of gloves you wore
when first we met
Were what you called, I
think, a "pair of loves."
You won them from your
cousin on a bet—
That pair of gloves.

Now as to colour, this or that
shade proves
A shade expensive, runs you
into debt.

Tan's universal, while a tint
of dove's [Yet
Particularly nice for evening.
Black with white stitching
most my fancy moves,
And such were yours. I
never can forget
That pair of gloves.



TOO COSTLY.

The Vicar. "DEAR, DEAR, MRS. PRICKLES, I REGRET TO HEAR THAT MRS. BROWN HAS TREATED YOU SO SHAMEFULLY. I SHOULD COUNSEL YOU TO HEAP COALS OF FIRE ON HER HEAD—"

Mrs. P. "AH, SIR—THAT'S WOT I WOULD DO, AS SOON AS LOOK AT 'ER: BUT I CAN'T AFFORD IT AT ONE-AN'-NINEPENCE A 'UNDERWEIGHT!'"

RHODES TO — ?

SIR HENRY LOCH may hold the key
In Africa, but all must see
That RHODES the handle hath
fast grip on,
Shouts "Let her rip!"—de-
spite Lord RIPON.
Cut is poor LOBENGULA's comb,
'Tis said that all roads lead to
Rome.
The new Ring that old saw
explodes;
Where'er we roam we're led
to—RHODES.
Whether or no this Great Pan-
jandrum
(Who handles well the pen,
sword, and drum)
Is the true friend of Civilisa-
tion,
And puts her laws in (pera-
tion;
At least he can maintain with
pride,
He has her Maxims on his side.

FABIUS FIN-DE-SIÈCLE.

[The Fabian Society, in the *Fort-
nightly Review*, has "launched a
manifesto, which proposes that the
Government shall be attacked by
extreme Radicals because it has
only met them half way."]

STRANGE that a "Fabian
policy," up-to-date,
Should be so obviously *not* to
wait!

Sure the Society's name is
chosen ill!

RUPERT the title-rôle might
fittier fill.

The Fabian Manifesto fright-
ens no man;

But just conceive the great,
but cautious, Roman

Heading a restive, Radical
"Ugly Rush"!

Though Patience suffers in the
Modern Crush.

Perchance the Socialistic per-
rator

Might learn a lesson from the
great Cunctator!

THE CABMAN'S GUIDE TO POLITENESS.—No. II.

Question. I think when you are out of temper, and have been asked by a Fare, who appears to know more (or less) about distances than you do, to stop, you pretend not to hear him?

Answer. Yes; and I continue not to hear him until a policeman pulls me up.

Q. Quite so; and then you have a way of giving a jerk while your Fare is getting in which either covers a lady's dress with mud, or all but breaks the leg of a gentleman?

A. Well, I have known such things to happen.

Q. And when you reach your destination, you carefully forget the number of the street or square, and are equally hard of hearing if your Fare attempts to direct you?

A. You have hit it, especially if it's raining.

Q. Of course. And when you get your money, you sneer and drive away, as if you were disgusted?

A. Yes. And as I go off I make as much splash as I can, in the hope of my late fare getting a dose of the mud.

Q. Exactly. Now, don't you think it would be better to come up cheerfully, drive carefully, and when you receive your money, observe, "Well, Sir (or Madam), I know I have no right to more, but times are hard, and if you would spare an extra sixpence, I should consider it a real kindness?" Would not that mode be better than the other? Would it not be more profitable?

A. It might, but I can't say, as I have never tried it.

Q. Again, what is your method of obtaining what you consider

to be your rights from a mother with two boxes and four small children?

A. Why I generally swear at the kids and sit on the boxes until I am paid what I ask, or get sent to the right-about by a police-
man.

Q. No doubt; yet such a course seems both barbarous and incon-
venient. Could you not improve upon it?

A. Not I. It is the right thing to do, and that is why I do it.

Q. And yet would it not be as easy for you to help the boxes down yourself, and then to make friends with the mother through her children? Could you not observe, "Bless their hearts, they are fine lads, or young ladies (as the case might be), and you should be proud of them, mum?"

A. Yes, I might say that, but I don't think the mother would come down with the cash any quicker on account of it.

Q. But supposing, when you were offered less than you thought due to you, could you not observe, "I have children of my own, mum, and if you could spare a couple of shillings (or half-a-crown, or what you thought right) more, it would be a real kindness, and give my children something more than bread and water for dinner?" Could you not say that?

A. I might, but I won't.

Q. But surely it would be pleasanter for you to be amiable and courteous instead of a bully and a brute? And would it not be easier, too?

A. Try for yourself. Just you drive a cab for a dozen hours in all weathers, and then you will learn what chances you have of feeling light-hearted and polite!

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

(A Yule-tide Story told in Advance.)

YEs, SCROOGE was an altered man! He was genial and amiable, and altogether an estimable being. SCROOGE'S nephew was delighted with the change. He could scarcely believe his ears and eyes.

"And don't you really interfere with the theatres, Sir?" asked SCROOGE'S nephew. "At one time you were always telling them to take down this, and put up that, and making the lives of the managers burdens to them. Don't you interfere any longer?"

"Of course not, my lad," replied SCROOGE, heartily. "Why should I? This is the pleasantest world imaginable, and it would be less charming without its play-houses."

"Right you are, Sir," returned SCROOGE'S nephew; "but I suppose you look in occasionally at the halls to supervise the entertainments?"

"I look in to enjoy them, my boy!" cried SCROOGE, with a ringing laugh, that could be heard for furlongs. "What do they want with my supervision?"

"I am sure I don't know, uncle; but I thought it was a way you had. And then you are going to strip the hoardings of the posters, aren't you?"

"I strip the hoardings of the posters! Why should I? The hoardings look a precious sight better covered with pictures than left to dirt and decay. I interfere with the hoardings! I never heard of such a thing! What put that into your head?"

"Well, it used to be an old way



MISUNDERSTOOD.

Noble Philanthropist. "THAT PARCEL SEEMS RATHER HEAVY FOR YOU, MY LITTLE MAN! LET ME TAKE IT!"

Small Boy. "LET YER TYKE MY PARCEL! GARN WITH YER. I'LL CALL THE PERLICE!"

of yours," returned SCROOGE'S nephew. "Why, uncle, don't you remember? You used to be interfering with and ordering about everything. Taking up the road and closing the thoroughfare. Bothering the costermongers and the retail shopkeepers and the small householders. In fact, making yourself a general nuisance in all directions. Why, uncle, you have entirely changed your nature!"

"Not at all," said SCROOGE. "I am not changed, but my office is. Do you not know that I have ceased to be a member of the London County Council?"

"No, this is the first time I have heard of it! Why, that accounts for everything! It explains why you are a pleasant, good-natured old gentleman in lieu of a curmudgeon and a brute. It explains everything."

And it did!

NAME! NAME!—No name has been announced for the new daily paper projected by Mr. STEAD. In view of the plan frankly set forth in the prospectus, whereby one hundred thousand persons are to subscribe the capital, and if the venture proves a success the enterprising editor is to have the option of acquiring the property, a suitable title would be, *Heads-I-Win-Tails-You-Lose*. It is a little long, perhaps; but it precisely describes the relative positions, and you can't—at least some people can't—have everything.

DRAMATIC RECIPE (FROM THE QUEEN'S COOKERY BOOK).—First catch your HARE.

THE DARK CONTINENT IN TWO LIGHTS.

SCENE—A conquered country. TIME—The Past. Conquerors (colonists) panting after their hard work in defeating the natives. Enter an Official. The remaining members of the Colonial Band sing the National Anthem.

Official. I congratulate you upon your success. The more especially as you have gained it without the assistance of the Imperial power. (The Colonists indulge in feeble cheers.) But now my turn has arrived. In the name of the SOVEREIGN I claim this land for England!

[Plants the British Flag. Curtain.]

SCENE—As before. TIME—The Present. Conquerors (colonists) smoking after the pleasant toil of mowing down the natives. Enter an Official. The Colonial Band (in its entirety) takes no notice.

Official. I congratulate you upon your success. The more especially as you have gained it without the assistance of the Imperial power. (The Colonists indulge in roars of laughter.) But now my turn has arrived. In the name of the SOVEREIGN I claim this land for England!

Colonists. No you don't! Be off! We can get on without you!

[Turns Official and his Flag out of the Country. Curtain.]

ARGENTINA.

[It is stated that JAMES S. BALFOUR is living "in a perfect fairy-land."]

I DREAMT that I dwelt in marble halls,
With orchids on every side,
A very long way from Old Bailey's walls,
Where NEWTON and HOBBS were tried.
I had riches too great to count; could boast
Of JABEZ, an elegant name;
And I also dreamt, which charmed me most,
Argentina loved me the same.

I dreamt that my country let me go,
In an indolent sort of way,
For Scotland Yard did not seem to know
It would "want" me another day.
So they carefully closed the stable-door,
When I'd fled beyond reach of blame;
And I also dreamt, which charmed me more,
Argentina loved me the same.

I dreamt that detectives sought my hand,
But their warrants I could not see.
So their vows my swindler's heart could
withstand,
Though they pledged their faith to me.
Buenos Ayres' bold, brazen face,
Never glows with the blush of shame;
Though I should be lynched in a decent
place,
Argentina loves me the same.

A GREAT FIELD FOR HUMOURISTS ANNUALLY.—"Wit acres" Almanack.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, November 2
—Began work again to-day as if nothing had happened from February to September. Understood to have had a recess; so short hardly worth mentioning. Considering all circumstances, attendance marvellously large. MARJORIBANKS got his men together as usual, crowding benches on Ministerial side. Opposition not in quite such a hurry to wash their spears; but muster creditable. Irish camp deserted. "You see," said JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "it isn't our funeral. But the boys are hanging round and will turn up if wanted."

HENRY FOWLER moved Second Reading Parish Councils Bill. Adroit and able speech; rather hard on WALTER LONG; to him deputed position of spokesman on Front Opposition bench. Brought down notes of convincing speech. FOWLER getting in first anticipated all his objections; met them with benevolent alacrity that disarmed hostility. What did statesmen oppose want? Anything in reason should be conceded. "Give your orders, gents, whilst the waiter's in the room."

This an admirable stroke of business, but a little depressing from spectacular point of view. No more pyrotechnics; no further meetings on the floor; no more grips at close quarters. HAYES FISHER looked on moodily; LOGAN passed Front Opposition



PARLIAMENT BY PROXY.

bench without once so much as looking at place where CARSON is accustomed meekly to repose. Respectable elderly gentlemen like FRANCIS POWELL and JEFFREYS took the floor. Even contumacious COBB admitted soothing influence of the hour.



Parish Council's.

Commons is not yet sunk so low as that Confess I myself feel depressed. Couldn't to-night adequately fill my favourite and popular part of The Man from Shropshire. At least I'll deliver House from disgrace of bringing debate to a close for the puerile reason that we're all agreed Second Reading shall be taken."

So he wandered on; was just warming into Man-from-Shropshire manner, when midnight sounded and Debate stood adjourned.

Business done.—Second Reading Parish Councils Bill moved.

Friday.—For middle-aged gentleman of long experience never saw man so discomposed as JESSE COLLINGS was just now, when he let cat out of bag about future arrangements of the Unionists personal to himself. What is to be done with the Faithful One when JOSEPH comes into his own is favourite speculation in smoke-room. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE takes special interest in matter. Most men think JESSE should have Cabinet rank in Coalition Ministry.

"No," says the SAGE, "he should be a Viceroy, either of India or Canada. Cut out for the place; and there would be no question of salary, such as, seven years ago, embittered his relations with Mr. G."

Didn't want anything more than that Parish Councils should have power to take land wherever they found it, and divide it amongst the poor. As everybody agreed Bill in the main desirable, and since FOWLER had promised fullest consideration of amendments in Committee, seemed natural thing to do was forthwith to read Bill second time, and fix date of Committee.

"No, Sir," said STANLEY LEIGHTON, "I trust the House of

All these conjectures beside the point. Matter has, apparently, been settled in inner councils of party, and to-night JESSE accidentally, inadvertently, lifted the veil. "I have," he said, in course of luminous speech prefaced by addressing the SPEAKER as "Mr. Mayor," "something to say on that subject, but I will reserve my remarks for another place." House not very full at moment. But everyone knows meaning of House of Commons phrase "another place." Sensation profound. Bordesley soon to be bereft, for JESSE COLLINGS is going to the Lords! HENRY MATTHEWS, a local authority on the subject, says even title been fixed upon. Nothing less than territorial style will do for the ex-Mayor and Radical Alderman. Soon the Upper House will greet Lord BORDESLEY of Birmingham.

Quiet night, with further talk round Parish Councils Bill. Mr. G. present, seated between SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and JOHN MORLEY. Singularly subdued in manner; takes no part in discussion; goes off to dinner in good time, and House sees him no more.

"And to think," said the SQUIRE, glancing sideways at the placid figure beside him, "that this is the man painted in red and blue by Unionist pavement-artists. Their stories of Mr. G. always remind me of a passage in a theme produced by a young gentleman invited to state what he knew of Cardinal WOLSEY."

"In the siege of Quebec," he wrote, 'he ascended the mountains at dead



Ireland takes a back seat. Sir William on the Premier's right again.

of night, when his enemies were at rest, and took the town at daybreak His home policy was conducted in a similar manner."

"There is about that a picturesque air of circumstantiality, combined with a fanciful inaccuracy, equalled only by things one reads or hears with reference to my right hon. friend, and revered leader."

Business done.—Some papers on Parish Councils read.

Double Entente.

THE TZAR, on peace and friendship all intent, To France his Admiral AVELLAN has sent. 'Twere pity if this Russian olive-branch Portended merely General AVALANCHE.

MRS. R. is astonished to hear that "Count TAAFFE, the Austrian Premier, is an Irishman and a Member of the British House of Lords." She says she is sure she has heard that "TAAFFE was a Welshman, TAAFFE was a —," but she must have been misinformed!!!

A STRIKE-ING SUGGESTION.—The PIT-coalition was a brilliant idea in its day. A coalition between masters and miners—a Pit-coalition, in fact—would solve the strike difficulty.

THE FRENCH FLAG.

AN AMICABLE APPEAL.

THE Arab dhow to the chase is gone,
Chock-full of slaves you'll discover it;
And the British cruiser is artfully done
By the French Flag flying over it!
"Flag of France!" cries the British Tar,
"The Arab hound betrays thee.
Give him his due, at Zanzibar,
And all the world shall praise thee!"

The captain and crew by the Franks were tried,
And escaped—to the wide world's wonder!
Oh glorious Flag! Is it then its pride
That the slavers hide thereunder?
Let France disdain to sully thee,
With the curst kidnapper's knavery!
Thy folds should float o'er the brave and free,
And never protect foul Slavery!

Misnomer.

"FEDERATION" seems aggravation,
Conciliation's dead!
While fights the "Miners' Federation,"
The Miners are unfed!

THE LATEST AUTUMN FASHIONS.—Parliamentary Sessions and Feather Trimmings. Both involving cruelty to bipeds "on the wing," and each "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

An Ulsterical Impromptu.

(By an Orange-hating Nationalist)

In Parliament assembled see them move
Their resolutions lacking rhyme and reason,
Determined all at any cost to prove
The Ulster Parliament's a Cloak to Treason!

"THE PAPER OF THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW."

[In one of the magazines an entire article has been transmitted to the office, not by the post, but by mental suggestion.—*News paragraph.*]

SCENE—Editor's Room of "The Mental Mirror of the Universe." TIME—An hour before publication. Editor and Chief-Sub. discovered in consultation.

Editor. Dear me, Mr. PAYSTE, this is very annoying! Debate on Africa in the House to-night, and our leader-writer has sent in no copy! Why did you not communicate with me?

Chief-Sub. Well, Sir, as you were dining with the Duke, I did not like to disturb you, especially as I had arranged matters. I have got some one else to knock off the article.

Ed. Very good, and where does it come from?

Chief-Sub. I turned on the mentophone and found Lord MACAULAY disengaged.

Ed. Of course he writes smartly enough, but I should have thought he was scarcely sufficiently well-up in the subject.

Chief-Sub. So he said, Sir: so we applied to Sir WALTER RALEIGH, who has sent in a good column.

Ed. His English, I am afraid, is a trifle old-fashioned.

Chief Sub. Well, yes, Sir; a little. But I gave it to one of our subs. who has made black letter a study, and between them they have turned out a very decent leader. Sorry to say the wire has broken down between London and the seat of the war, so we have no despatches.

Ed. Distinctly annoying! How-



SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

Housemaid "WE'RE GETTING UP A SWEEPSTAKES, MRS. THRUPP. WON'T YOU JOIN?"

Housekeeper. "GRACIOUS ME, CHILD; NOT I! WHY IF I WON A HORSE I SHOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM!"

ever, I think I can put myself in communication with our special. (*Takes a pen in his right hand, and commences writing.*) Well, what next?

Chief Sub. But shall I not disturb you?

Ed. Not at all; my right hand is in sympathy with Longbow, so I need not pay any attention to what he is sending us until he gets to the end of his copy. Everything else right?

Chief Sub. I think I may venture to say "Yes," Sir. Mrs. COVEAS, who does our reviews, has neglected to send in her stuff, but I have used the mentophone again in that case. Put on CHARLES LAMB. And I think that's all, save, as there is a letter about the authorship of *Hamlet*, I have got WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE to answer it himself. And now, Sir, I would suggest that, as we are rather full up this evening, you might conclude that dispatch as quickly as possible.

Ed. My hand has just done writing. (*Gives copy to Chief Sub.*) Anything worth a line for the bill?

Chief Sub. (*after perusal.*) Well, yes, Sir. I find there has been a battle, so we may as well give that.

Ed. Everything right now?

Chief Sub. Everything, Sir.

Ed. Well, now you can send down the paper to press as soon as you please. (*Exit Chief Sub. to carry out directions.*) Dear me! It really simplifies matters considerably when waves of thought will do as well as the electric telegraph.

[The Curtain falls upon the Editor's very natural reflection.]

TO THE SEA.

An Expostulation.

Oh, smooth and smiling! I have loved thee well!

Hymned thee, and heard thee; lived beneath For years thy life-giving ozone have bless'd, That makes loose garments tighter round the chest.

Paced in the dark thy sounding marginet And voiced my rapture in the boisterous night, Striking the lurking coastguard with affright.

Now on my barque—ah, no! no barque bemeine! On the new packet of the Angler Line, I learn, too late, when fairly out at sea, How well they speak who speak not well of Implacable, inscrutable Emirs [thee Mock not the captured foe of bloodstained years As thou hast mock'd one who ne'er did thee wrong,

Save in the venial fault of unexpressive song. Or canst thou this unmeasured vengeance take, Remembering some childish duck-and-drake, Forgotten long, and never done in spite? How could it harm thy navy-rending might, Thou, whose huge waves in wanton affluence bang

Their heads against the rocks, in mid-air hang, Up the sheer cliffs clamber with foamy claws, And backward plunge again, with mad applause Of all the turbulent, tumultuous press That hurl themselves to spray in wantonness? Prone, but unconquered, I have roll'd to leeward,

Soothed by the merciless mercy of the steward. How can I stand when hardest steel and teak

Play a vertiginous game of hide-and-peek? All is a-swing and dipping and a-roll.

Oh, vain material creed! Th' informing soul Proves well its immateriality.

Defying thus the tortures of the sea, That force all else to helpless surrender;

For aught but very Spirit would prefer To seek at once the illimitable inane,

Than cognisant of anguish thus remain The tenant of a desolated shrine.

A bare clay cabin, like this frame of mine. Oh, rich saloons! Oh, rooms of wretched state!

The pomp and glory of you all I hate! Ye fulsome diving dados, would ye were Extinct as your vocabular congener!

Place me where errant icebergs, anchored deep

By chains of frost, a darkling vigil keep, Fixed in the pole's impenetrable wall.

Dead to the warmer ocean's roving call! Far from this liquid way that heaves and rolls,

This world-long switchback, bounded by the poles,

This path of pain, whose undulations cease Only in that palæocystic peace!

Nay, what is this? How steady! Here we are!

Field breezes mingle with the oil and tar, And with a shudder I behold anear

The solid weed-hung timbers of the pier. Perfidious sea! I'll trust thee never more,

And mock thy fury safely from the shore.

TO HEBE.

(See the Report of the Lady Commissioners on Women's Labour.)

WAITRESS! with the dimpled chin, Cap as clean as a new pin, Here's a feather to put in!

For Miss ORME's report declares That no male with you compares In the showing off of wares.

Be it counter, be it bar, You can "dress" it—you're its star, Bright, and most particular!

Grievances you have, no doubt; Which of us exists without? Still, you do not pine or pout.

Standing with reluctant feet Always ready, trim, and neat, No one tells you—"Take a seat!"

Hours are long, and meal-time short, Mashing bores, who think it "sport," Say the things they didn't ought!

Gather, then, the tips that fall; Don't let vulgar chaff appal; To the Bar you've had your "call"!

CON. FOR COMPETITIVE SPORTSMEN.—Q. What is the most unpopular thing in the (sporting) world? A. A "record," because it is always being "cut," by everybody, everywhere, every day.

THE GREAT AFRICAN LION-TAMER.



["He fully admitted the difficulties of the Government and Sir HENRY LOCH. Both found themselves to be in a most exceptionally difficult position, created by those who had gone before them by granting in the wrong way the charter to the Company. He admitted that both Lord RIFON and Sir HENRY LOCH did their best in the circumstances for a long time to maintain peace; both urged that war should be avoided. . . . Mr. RHODES was Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and obviously Sir HENRY LOCH had an exceedingly difficult position in dealing as Prime Minister and as the head of the Company with that gentleman, to whom he could not say that he did

not quite believe him, and that he was forcing on the war."—*Mr. Labouchere on the Chartered Company and Matabeleland.*]

Lion-Tamer (grandly). Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! See the great African live lion, Matabele—called Lo Ben for short—larger than (average) life, and thrice as natural as normal (menagerie) nature! Walk up! Walk up! Taming process just about to begin—

Agent of Menagerie Proprietor (sotto voce). Oh, well you know



TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

Sporting Farmer (who has been kind enough to give a mount to our friend 'Arry). "NOW THEN! THEY'RE AWAY. DON'T YOU SEE THEY'RE GONE?"

'Arry (who has been having a very bad time). "EH! GONE! AND NOT COMIN' BACK? WOT A BLESSIN'!"

—subject, of course, to—ahem!—every provision being made for—a—humanity—and—ahem—every precaution being taken against—a—a—needless risks, you know, and—a—obvious cruelty, you see—and—ahem!—all that sort of thing, don't you know.

Lion-Tamer (nettled). No, I don't know, dontcher know. And what's more I don't believe you know, dontcher know, nor your guv'nors neither, for that matter. What is your little game, anyhow?

Agent (with some assumption of dignity). We have no "little game." Little Game is not the word. Lions, I believe, are generally called "Big Game," by NIMRODS and others.

[*Sniggers as one who has scored.*]

Lion-Tamer (sardonically). NIMROD, indeed! Ah! a mighty hunter before the Lords you are, ain't you? You and your lot! Rural rabbits and parochial foxes are G—'s "Big Game," eh?

Agent. This is neither the time nor the place to argue that point. Your business is lion-taming; ours is menagerie-managing.

Lion-Tamer (scornfully). All right, my noble swell! Manage him!

[*Pointing to Lion, who is ramping and roaring.*]

Agent. Not at all, not at all! [*Spectators become impatient.*]

Lion-Tamer. Well, look here, do you want this lion tamed for you, or do you not?

Agent. Why, cert'n'ly! Subject of course to the assistance—ahem!—I should say supervision of LOCH and myself.

Lion-Tamer. Ah, "supervise" away as much as you please, only don't interfere with me. The old game! Stand by while I do the dangerous part of the business, hamper me as much as you can, and when, in spite of you all, I am successfully through, take the business—and the credit—over yourselves!

Agent (aside). Wonderful man, very. Wish I quite knew what to make of him. Lion-tamers, like fire, are excellent servants, but bad masters. All alike, all alike, CLIVE, WARREN HASTINGS, RAJAH BROOKE, JAMAICA EYRE, BATTLE FRERE, GORDON, all wonderful, and—in the end—very useful, but worrying, worrying!

Lion-Tamer (proceeding). Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! All in to begin! See the big black-maned African lion, fresh from Mashonaland wilds; bigger than CHURCHILL ever chased or SELOUS slew, or VAN AMBURGH subdued, tamed in the twinkling of an assegai, conquered in the 'tss! or a Hotchkiss, by

the Great South African Lion-Tamer, RHODOROWDIDOW the Rumbistical.

Spectators. Hooray! Hooray!! Hoo-ray!!!

Agent (aside). How wonderfully popular these thrasonical wild-beast tamers and prancing proconsul sort of fellows are—with the gallery!

Lion-Tamer (to attendant). I say, just hand me the loaded whip, and—keep the poker hot, in case of emergency—

Agent (hurriedly). Oh, here, I say; that will never do, RHODOROWDIDOW!

Lion-Tamer (impatiently). What do you mean?

Agent. Why, you know, loaded bludgeons and red-hot pokers read too much like—*Cruelty to Animals!* What would LABBY and the Humanitarians say? You're none too popular already, you know, in certain quarters. Your masterful little ways and monetary success have put a good many backs up. We mustn't run any needless risks, RHODO. Wouldn't this little toy-whip and this big bottle of (medicated) rose-water do as well?

Lion-Tamer (scornfully). Was it with Rose-water that "John Company" tamed your Indian tiger for you?

YOU NEVER WROTE.

(*To Another Man's Fiancée.*)

You never wrote a single word, though I
Sent prompt congratulations in a note,
You gave my well-meant greetings the go-by—
You never wrote.

Do you remember when we took a boat,
And slowly drifted 'neath a summer sky?
Perhaps you don't. In fact, perhaps, you vote
Such memories a bore. You can't deny
That, politician-like, you turned your coat,
In fine, you jilted me. Is not that why
You never wrote?

Mrs. R. heard in Scotland that MONSON was always a bit of a scapegoat.

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XIV.—The Study at Hornbeam Lodge.

TIME—Saturday night, about 11.30. Mr. TOOVEY is alone.

Mr. Toovey (to himself). Oh the inestimable blessing of having nothing on one's mind again! How providential that I found LARKINS in! He was a little unsympathetic at first, to be sure; he would have it that I must have known all along what the Eldorado really was! but as soon as he saw how strongly I felt about it, he was most helpful. I could not have gone to that place this evening; how could I have met CORNELIA's eye after it? As it is, I can face her without—Surely she is later than usual from this Zenana meeting! (Wheels are heard outside.) A cab? I do hope nothing is the matter! Why, that sounds like—a latch-key! Can it be—ah!—a dispute with the cabman—it must be CORNELIA!

[The front door bangs.]

A Voice (in earnest remonstrance through the keyhole). 'Ere, I say, you don't sneak off like that, you know! I knowed you was no good the minnit I clapped eyes on you! Are you going to gimme my legal fare or not? I ain't goin' till I git it. I want another shellin' orf o' you I do!

Mr. Toov. (to himself). Another shilling? Why, it's under a mile! He little knows my wife's principles if he expects—

The Voice. You orter be ashamed o' yourself! A lydy like you to tyke a man orf his rank at this toime o' noight, all the w'y from—(The front door is hastily unlocked again.) Thankee, mum, thankee; lor, I only want what's my doo, and the distance 'ere from—

[The door shuts with a bang.]

Mr. Toov. She's given him the extra shilling—she can't be well! I'm afraid she's really poorly. She's gone into the drawing-room, but there are no lights there. She'll be here directly.

[He sits up expectantly.]

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, in the hall). Just as I expected. THEOPHILUS not home yet! I shall sit up for him in the study. (She opens the study door, and starts) So there you are, Pa! And pray when did you come in?

Mr. Toov. (mildly). Yes, my love, here I am; I've been in a long while, quite a long while.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). And he imagines I believe that! (Aloud.) I understood you intended to spend the evening with CHARLES.

Mr. Toov. So I did, my dear, so I did. I went to his rooms.

Mrs. Toov. And you went out somewhere together, Pa? Come, you won't deny that!

Mr. Toov. (to himself). What a mercy I didn't go to that Eldorado! I should have had to tell her! (Aloud.) Why you see we—didn't go anywhere. I found CHARLES was engaged to dine with a friend, so I went away again.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). A very likely story! Where has THEOPHILUS learnt such brazen duplicity? (Aloud.) Oh! and then of course you came straight home?

Mr. Toov. Why, no, my love; not immediately. I—I suddenly recollected that I had to see a friend on—a little matter of business which was—hem—somewhat pressing, so I went there first of all.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, contemptuously). Exactly the excuse in all those horrid songs! (Aloud.) And the business kept you rather late, eh, Pa? Some business is apt to do so, I know!

Mr. Toov. (to himself). She makes me almost feel as if I'd gone after all! (Aloud.) I was a little late, my dear, not so very. I suppose I must have been home between eight and nine, and PHOEBE brought me up some nice cold mutton and the apple-tart, so I did very well, very well indeed.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). If he is deceiving me, I can soon find out from the look of the joint and tart!

Mr. Toov. By the way, my love, surely you are rather late this evening, are you not? it's nearly twelve!

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, with a start). Oh, but I will not fib unless he forces me to. (Aloud.) I—I was detained later than I expected.

Mr. Toov. And you didn't expect to be back so very early either, for you took the latchkey, didn't you?

Mrs. Toov. I happened to find it, Pa, and I thought I might as well use it—and why not?

Mr. Toov. It was most thoughtful of you, my love, to think of saying PHOEBE. By the way, do you notice —? (He looks round him suspiciously.) Ah, well, it may be my fancy. And you had a successful meeting? were there many interesting speeches?

Mrs. Toov. (choking). As—as interesting as usual, THEOPHILUS! (To herself.) I'm sure that's true enough!

Mr. Toov. And supper provided afterwards, I suppose? Which accounts for your being late. Dear—dear me!

[His face grows troubled again.]

Mrs. Toov. Is there any reason why there shouldn't be supper afterwards, Pa?

Mr. Toov. Not in that house.

Our dear friends the CUMBERBATCHES do everything on such a truly hospitable scale. Now, most people in their position would have considered tea and coffee and sandwiches quite sufficient. Was it a hot supper, my love?

Mrs. Toov. (desperately). Yes—no—rather hot—I didn't notice. You ask such preposterous questions, THEOPHILUS!

Mr. Toov. I didn't mean to. I was just a little surprised, do you know, at your taking a cab for such a short distance. I thought you might have felt unwell; but perhaps dear Mrs. CUMBERBATCH insisted—

Mrs. Toov. Why, of course. Pa; you know how kind and considerate she is; otherwise I should never have dreamed of—

Mr. Toov. Just what I thought, my love. But wasn't the cabman rather uncivil? I wonder you gave way to him—unless, of course, he was drunk.

Mrs. Toov. He was—disgracefully drunk, Pa; if you heard so much, you must have noticed that; and how you could sit quietly here and never think of coming to my assistance! Ah, it is hardly for you to reproach me for submitting to his extortion!

Mr. Toov. Indeed, my love, I'd no idea—you are generally so very firm with cabmen that—

[Changing the subject.]

By-the-bye, I don't know if you noticed a note for you lying on the hall table? It must have come after you left. It looked to me wonderfully like dear Mrs. CUMBERBATCH's writing, but what could she have to write about when she would be seeing you directly? Did she allude to it at all?

Mrs. Toov. From ELIZA CUMBERBATCH? No; at least, she—I'll go and get it. (She goes into the hall and finds the note.) Good gracious, it is ELIZA's hand! (She reads it hurriedly under the hall-lamp.) "Just a line. Zenana meeting postponed at last moment. Will let you know when another day fixed." Well, it will save me the trouble of writing to her; but, oh dear, the stories I've been telling Pa! But he's as bad—I know he's as bad!

Mr. Toov. (as Mrs. T. returns). So you found the note, CORNELIA, and what does Mrs. CUMBERBATCH say?

Mrs. Toov. (putting the note in the fire). It—it was only from—my dressmaker. (To herself.) He drives me to this!

Mr. Toov. (again uneasy). Do you know, CORNELIA, I—I may be wrong, but I've a very strong suspicion that—

Mrs. Toov. (in terror). Pa, speak out! In—in the name of Heaven, what is it, you suspect?

Mr. Toov. It's getting stronger every moment. I'm sure of it. My love, there's a strange man downstairs in the kitchen!



"Mrs. Toovey suddenly sits down, scarlet."

Mrs. Toov. (with a gasp of relief). A man! Oh, this must be seen into at once! *(She rings the bell furiously; presently PHÆBE appears, evidently only half-awake.)* PHÆBE, what does this mean? I insist on the truth!

Phæbe. I'm very sorry m'm, but I'd no idea you was home, and I was sitting up for you downstairs, and I expect I must have dropped asleep, and never heard you come in.

Mrs. Toov. Don't attempt to deceive me! You are entertaining a man downstairs, contrary to all my orders. Yes, it's useless to deny it, your master has distinctly heard sounds.

Mr. Toov. No, my love, I can't exactly say as much as that—but—yes, every time the door opens it's more perceptible! *(He sniffs.)* Don't you observe yourself, my dear, a remarkably strong odour of tobacco-smoke? Now, as I never have been a smoker myself, it stands to reason that—

[Mrs. T. suddenly sits down, scarlet.]
Phæbe (roused). I'm sure if you and master suspect me of concealing followers downstairs, you're welcome to search as much as you please! Cook's gone up to bed hours ago, and for a poor girl to be kep' up to this time o' night, and then have her character took away—why, I'm not accustomed to such treatment, and, what's more, put up with it I won't

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, guiltily). It's that filthy smoke at the Eldorado! *(Aloud.)* THEOPHILUS, how can you have such ridiculous fancies? Tobacco, indeed! I—I don't notice anything. PHÆBE, it was a mistake of your master's; I don't blame you in the least. There, you've sat up long enough, go to bed, go, girl!

Phæbe. Beggin' your pardon, m'm, but insinuations have been descended to which I can't pass over in a hurry, and before I go I should wish—

Mrs. Toov. (feverishly). I tell you it was all a mistake. Your master will apologise for it. Pa, say you're sorry!

Phæbe. I don't require no apologies from master, m'm. I can make allowances for him—more partickler as there's no mistake about there being a smell of tobacco-smoke. I don't wonder at anyone noticing it. It's your sending for me like this, and trying to shift the blame on the innocent, when all the time—

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). This is too intolerable! *(Aloud.)* Haven't I said I didn't blame you, you unreasonable girl! Let us have no more of this impertinence! Leave us!

Phæbe. I will, m'm, as soon as ever you can get suited, for, to tell you the truth, I don't like such goings on as these; and I'll take care I get a good character, too, or I'll know the reason why! *(As she closes the door.)* And I ope master will satisfy himself where the smell of tobacco really does come from, I'm sure; it isn't from downstairs! *[She vanishes, leaving Mrs. T. petrified.]*

Mr. Toov. You see, my love, it couldn't have been all my fancy, because PHÆBE noticed it too. Dear me, it's late; I'd better go and see that everything is locked up. *(As he passes Mrs. T.)* It's very extraordinary. Surely they don't allow any of the missionaries to smoke at these Zenana meetings, my love—do they?

Mrs. Toov. Of course they don't. I—I am at a loss to understand you, THEOPHILUS, and—and I am going to bed.

Mr. Toov. No, but really—Why, I see how it was! Depend upon it, my dear, that cabman must have been sitting inside the vehicle smoking, with the windows up, before you got in. Yes, yes; that accounts for everything.

Mrs. Toov. (faintly). Do you think so, THEOPHILUS? I—I remember noticing a smell of cigars.

Mr. Toov. (as he goes out). My poor dear love, what a trial for you; and you never complained! Now, when I see dear Mrs. CUMBERBATCH at church to-morrow, I must really caution her not to employ that cabman again—she may have taken his number, and he really ought to lose his licence—drunk, and smoking inside his cab! Oh, I shall tell her! *[He goes out.]*

Mrs. Toov. (alone). Pa shall not go to church to-morrow. I will take care of that, and by the time he sees ELIZA again he will have forgotten all about it. Is he doing all this to cover his own misdoings? I can't rest till I know! I will make CHARLES tell me on Monday. But what if Pa is blameless? No, he must have been doing something he oughtn't to. It would be too horrible if it turned out that I—I am the only person who has been *(she catches her breath with a shudder)* "hi-tiddle-ying," as those vulgar wretches would call it! There's only one comfort that I can see—nobody here is ever likely to know, unless I choose to betray myself. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I could forget this awful evening!

[She ascends the stairs with a heavy and dispirited tread.]

END OF SCENE XIV.

AN INQUIRY.—Miss QUOTA writes to ask us "where the following well-known lines are to be found:—

"Eight hours to sleep, eight hours to food are given,
Eight hours to play, and all the rest to Heav'n."

[We are not sure, but imagine that they are to be found in the works of "Anon." Anyhow, better send to Editor of "Notes and Queries," who knows everything.—Ed.]



HUMAN NATURE REBELS!

POOR MR. WIGGLES HAS JUST BEEN DESCRIBED BY A FACETIOUS WITNESS OF THE LOWER ORDERS AS "THAT THERE B'OLD BLOKE WIV A CHOKER, AN' A CAULIFLOWER ON 'IS 'ED"!!!

TWO VIEWS OF VICTORY.

THE PAST.

THE Commander who had fought so bravely was tired out. He could go no farther. He had beaten back the stubborn foe, and there was nothing more for him to do. He waited with as much patience as he could muster the return of his messengers. In a short time he would learn whether the honour of his country had been preserved; whether his battle was a defeat or a victory.

"Will they never come?" he murmured. "Surely by this time they should have learned the truth?"

He had scarcely uttered these words when the scouts returned. "General," cried the leader, "your campaign has been crowned with success! England is herself again! Your reward is assured!" And it was. A week later he was made a K.C.B.!

THE FUTURE.

The Commander who had contended with the stubborn foe with a spirit of stern determination was at length exhausted. He had put to flight the enemies who at every step had attempted to bar his progress. But now the affair was over, and there was little for him to do; so he was waiting as patiently as he could the return of those he had sent forward to represent him in the proper quarter. Before long he would receive the intelligence for which he hungered. He would be told whether all was right or all was wrong; whether his battle was a defeat or a victory.

"Will they never come?" he murmured. "Surely by this time they should have revealed the truth, and made the most of the opportunity."

He had scarcely uttered these words when the scouts came back. "General," cried the leader, "your campaign has been crowned with success! Capel Court is itself again! The Stocks have gone up 15, and your success is assured!"

And it was. A week later and he found himself a millionaire!

MEM. FROM MATABELELAND.—Most of the news from the Cape, if not true, is certainly *Lo Ben trovato*.



EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

Shy Lady (trying to break the ice). "WHAT A SAD THING IT ALL IS ABOUT THIS WRETCHED COAL-STRIKE, ISN'T IT?"
Silent Gentleman (also shy). "ER—YES—ER—I ALMOST THINK THAT EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE SAID ON THAT SUBJECT—ER—ER—
 HAS BEEN SAID!"

[Conversation languishes after this.]

"RULE, BRITANNIA!" (P)

"Her Majesty's Government are perfectly satisfied as to the adequacy and capacity of the British Navy to perform all the purposes for which it exists."—*Mr. Gladstone, in House of Commons, November 7, 1893.*

"Everybody knows, Liberals as well as Tories, that it is indispensable that we should have not only a powerful Navy, but I may say an all-powerful Navy."—*Mr. Morley at Manchester, November 8, 1893.*

SINCE "Britain First!" is Fate's command,
 And History bids us sway the main,
 We feel this charter of our land
 All guardian statesmen must maintain.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!
 Out on the Chief who only shirks and saves!

The nations must not rival thee,
 Their fleets below our own must fall.
 Thou must, if thou 'dst be great and free,
 Still rise superior to them all!

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!
 Such primacy e'en peaceful COBDEN craves.

Russia and France are now allies!—
 Though funny, 'tis not all a joke.
 As their rejoicings shake the skies,
 Think how the great Free Trader spoke!

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!
 Better that Hundred Millions than be slaves.

True, all thy statesmen say the same,
 MORLEY hands COBDEN's dictum down.

Yet Ins and Outs do play a game
 That hardly adds to thy renown.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!
 But Parties squabble and the Exchequer—saves!

If thou 'dst maintain thine ocean reign,
 And first in Commerce still would'st shine,
 The easy optimistic strain
 And Pangloss pose must not be thine.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!
 But constant warding constant watching craves.

Devotion to the needs of home,
 And claims parochial, is not all.
 Beware, lest shades more darkling come,
 With gloomier writings on the wall.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!
 Britons to careless trust should ne'er be slaves.

Say, Statesman, are those figures found
 Full warrant for your picture bold?
 Our watch the wave-washed world around
 Needs iron hearts, and ungrudged gold.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!
 Britons—free-handed—never need be slaves!

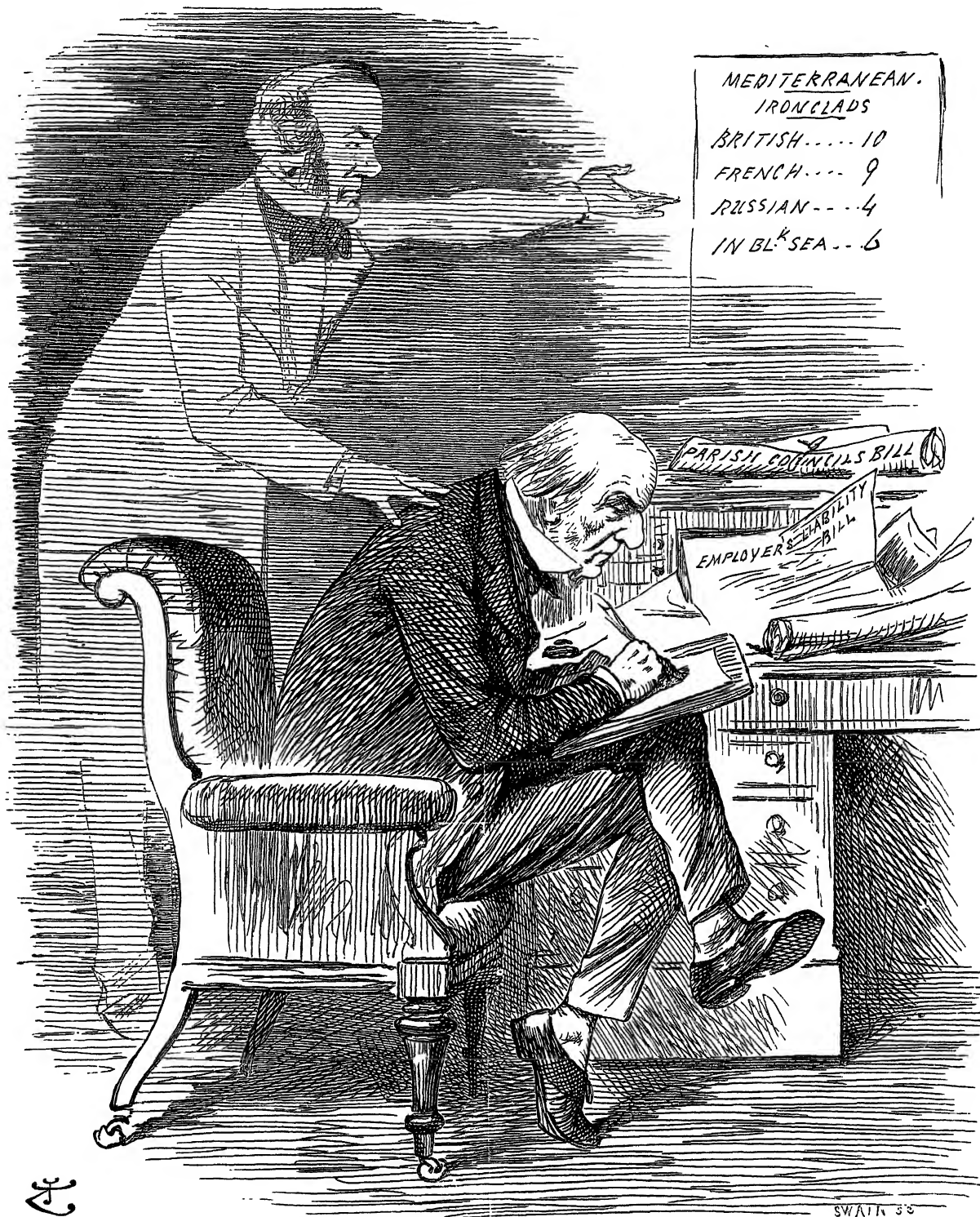
Mrs. R. thinks the reason so many of the young men of the present day are bald is, because they don't use antimacassar oil as they did in her time.

MARCH IN NOVEMBER.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,"
 In verse some call thee wind.
 Though Thursday's crowd was thinned
 By blasts so unrefined,
 And men in armour, tinned
 Like lobsters, mutely pined—
 They, later, "wined" and "ginned,"
 Whilst guests superbly dined
 On turtle, fish (that's fanned),
 Joints, game of matchless kind,
 And wines, rare, old, long-binned.
 Blow clear, before, behind,
 The streets where lately dined
 The band—each man, defined,
 Of *Vaterland* the kind—
 And sightless singers whined
 Not much like JENNY LIND;
 Would they were dumb, not blind!
 Whilst grinders grimly grinned,
 And ground their graceless grind.
 I swore; perhaps I sinned.
 But now they seem to find
 Their rags, just tied and pinned,
 Let in thy blast unkind,
 By which they're almost skinned.
 Then blow, I do not mind,
 Thou rough November wind—
 Pronounced by many, wind.

Seasonable.

WHEN garden lawns are a green bog,
 And shrubbery vistas veiled in fog,
 Reload revolvers, let dogs run!
 The Burglar Season has begun!



“RULE, BRITANNIA!” (P)

SHADE OF COBDEN (quoting from his own speech at Rochdale, June 26, 1861). “I AM NOT ONE TO ADVOCATE THE REDUCING OF OUR NAVY IN ANY DEGREE BELOW THAT PROPORTION TO THE FRENCH NAVY WHICH THE EXIGENCIES OF OUR SERVICE REQUIRE. WE HAVE A LEGITIMATE PRETENSION TO HAVE A LARGER NAVY THAN FRANCE. . . . IF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT SHOWED A SINISTER DESIGN TO INCREASE THEIR NAVY TO AN EQUALITY WITH OURS, I SHOULD VOTE A HUNDRED MILLIONS STERLING RATHER THAN ALLOW THAT NAVY TO BE INCREASED TO A LEVEL WITH OURS. . . . I HAVE SAID SO IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND I REPEAT IT TO YOU.”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. FISHER UNWIN is, my Baronite writes, still engaged in the important work, some time ago undertaken by his house, of publishing *The Story of the Nations*. The last volume issued is the thirty-fifth, in which Mr. GREVILLE TREGARTHEN deals with the History of the Australian Commonwealth. Australasia is a mere chit among the nations of the world, and story, God bless you, it has hardly any to tell. It has never been at war except with the aboriginal settlers, who were, at the outset, so lost to all proper feeling as to resent the incursion of the white man, occasionally carrying their prejudice to the absurd extent of eating him. But this is ancient history in a record which, beginning a little more than a hundred years ago with a convict settlement—it was on January 26, 1788, the British flag was for the first time unfurled in Sydney Bay—has already spread out lusty limbs over a vast Continent. *The Story of the Nations* forms a library of itself, and this last volume is not the least fascinating of the series.

The Baron, while greatly admiring and certainly grateful for the Diamond editions of all the best works, and Diamond editions should reproduce only those that can be classed among the "brilliant," of which two or three specimens at a time can be carried easily in the pocket of an ulster, begs to remind



CRUELLE ENIGME; OR, TWOS INTO ONE WON'T GO.

THE PROBLEM OF THE DAY:—HOW TO GET THIS YEAR'S SLEEVES INTO LAST YEAR'S JACKET.

Messrs. ROUTLEDGE, the publishers of DICKENS's works in a very pocketable form, that much of our journeying is done by such gaslight as railway companies supply, and therefore, as this is not always of the most powerful kind, a book in small type, however clear the type may be, is unreadable. That is what the publishers have to consider. This excellent little pocket volume of, for example, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, is of no use to the Baron when once out of the pocket. True, the publishers may say "it is intended for the pocket only"; but if this be the case, then the pockets that would suffer would be those of the publishers, not those of the reading public. The Baron's hints are well worth consideration. For travelling, the publishers might provide and sell a small case containing the Diamond edition and a portable candle-lamp by which to read it. Only this would rather add to the expense, and with every volume one does not wish to be obliged to carry a candle-lamp. Therefore, bigger and clearer type. That's all. Try it, and if it does not succeed, blame the hitherto blameless

BARON DE B.-W.

MRS. R. saw a heading in a newspaper. "*Board of Trade Returns.*" Whereupon she exclaimed, "Where's the Board of Trade been to? I suppose for a holiday, and we shall have to pay!"

THE BOGUS MANAGER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is it an easy thing to become the manager of a theatre?

Answer. Why, certainly; you require no cash, and very little credit.

Q. Is it necessary that you should have any special training to enable you to appropriately fill so responsible a position?

A. No. If you are sufficiently impudent, you may in the past have been a betting-man, a crossing-sweeper, or an unqualified dentist.

Q. Will you have any difficulty in securing a theatre?

A. Not at all. You will always find someone willing to accept you as a lessee without making any inquiry as to your antecedents.

Q. Having obtained a theatre, what is your next step?

A. To get together a company. This is easily managed, as the dramatic trade-journals give every week a long list of actors and actresses who are "resting."

Q. What do you understand by such a word?

A. That the advertiser is much in need of an engagement, but is too proud to acknowledge it.

Q. Such a frame of mind is, I suppose, favourable to hurried and unconsidered engagements?

A. Quite so. It is an easy matter to get an entire company on excellent terms. Not that money is of any importance; for you may as well promise five pounds a week as five shillings, if you do not intend to pay.

Q. Having secured your company, what is the next step?

A. To make them rehearse three weeks or a month without a salary.

Q. I suppose you have no trouble about obtaining a piece on advantageous terms?

A. None whatever. If you are lucky you will get some conceited noodle to pay

you for producing his play; and if you are not so fortunate, why at least you will get a drama, comedy, or burlesque for nothing.

Q. Say that you are ready to begin, will you have any difficulty in obtaining the preliminary announcements?

A. No. For having been trusted by the proprietor of the theatre, the advertisement agents will follow suit, and you will obtain sufficient publicity to balance your requirements.

Q. And what will take place on and after the opening of the playhouse under your management?

A. You will get more or less ready money taken at the doors during five days of the week, with which you can safely decamp without paying anybody on or before the sixth.

Q. Will not your sudden departure cause some inconvenience to a large number of persons connected with the enterprise?

A. Assuredly. Many of the company you have engaged will starve, and the other parties to the proceedings will use strong language as they wipe off your liability as a bad debt.

Q. Is it possible that you will be made a bankrupt?

A. Not only possible, but probable.

Q. And will this end your theatrical career?

A. Why, of course not. All you will have to do is to take a little holiday.

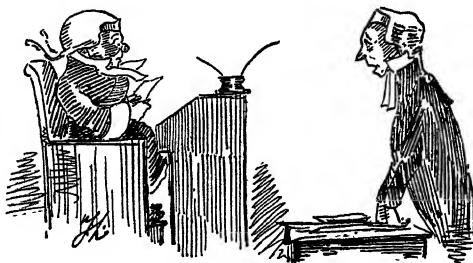
Q. And after the holiday, what next?

A. Why, then you can secure another theatre and repeat the proceedings with exactly similar results.

THE GINGHAM-GRABBER.

SOMEONE wrote, "Killing's no Murder." Nothing well could be absurder! But to many in our time Stealing (umbrellas) seems no crime. Therefore, to a frank plain dealer, Killing—an umbrella-stealer—Might be called—by Justice tried—Justifiable Snobicide!

NEWS FROM THE LAW COURTS.



Cold but In-vig-orating.



"CRAMMING."

Affectionate Uncle. "GLAD TO SEE YOU, ROBERT. NOW TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT. WHAT FORM ARE YOU IN, OLD BOY?"
Nephew (just returned from Harrow). "WELL, UNCLE, NOT SO BAD, I THINK. I CAN GENERALLY MANAGE A COUPLE OF EGGS, TWO SAUSAGES OR KIDNEYS, SOME DUNDIE MARMALADE, AND TWO CUPS OF COFFEE FOR BREAKFAST. I ALWAYS HAVE A LITTLE LUNCHEON, ANY AMOUNT OF ROAST BEEF OR MUTTON FOR DINNER, AND I GENERALLY LOOK IN AT THE CONFECTIONER'S IN THE AFTERNOON, AND INVARIABLY WIND UP WITH A GOOD SUPPER. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

[Disappointed and misunderstood Uncle subsides, and thinks it best to make no comments.]

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

The Lord Mayor's Show, I saw it from the Strand,
 I stood and waited there an hour or so,
 Till from afar there came with blare of band
 The Lord Mayor's Show.

In civic splendour and with footstep slow
 Passed the procession, glorious and grand!
 I liked the soldiers well enough, although
 The men from Deal looked quite at home on land.
 Yet I confess that when I came to go,
 I said that once a year's enough to stand
 The Lord Mayor's Show.

"THE BLACK ART" REVIVED!—"The best specimen of the Black Art," quoth the Baron de B. W., "that I have lately seen, is the republication of the works of the Wizard of the North, *alias* Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart., in a series of substantial library-shelve-ish volumes, printed in good clear type."

Q. E. D.

Don't tell me of "room at the top!" It's a case,
 I'm sure, of "no thoroughfare." I'm at the base!
 Does that not suffice you? There only remains
 Some "room at the top" of your head, man, for brains.

A DICKENSIAN QUESTION.—At the date when *Martin Chuzzlewit* was written, what may fairly be assumed to have been the fashionable hour for dining?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 6.—PRINCE ARTHUR in fine form to-night; made one of those speeches that distinctly enhance Parliamentary reputation. Ticklish situation for Leader of Opposition in face of Parish Councils Bill. Won't do, with General Election within measurable distance, to declare plump against it; still less will it suit party to support one of principal measures of a Government whose successive steps, however devious, are all bent upon goal of Home Rule. For two nights men rising from Opposition benches have endeavoured to wriggle through this difficulty; been more or less unsuccessful; PRINCE ARTHUR, with sure aim and light touch, does and says exactly right thing.

By all means let HODGE have a voice in direction of his own affairs; his best friend, the party who spent themselves in his behalf in Corn-Law days, who acted in his best interests whenever question of political enfranchisement or his relations to parson and squire cropped up—the great Tory party would be the very last to slacken effort for his prosperity. So anxious are they on the score, they would not imperil opportunity by throwing out this Bill on the Second Reading. But PRINCE ARTHUR showed, in little asides, that this particular measure is badly conceived, not nearly so good as what would have befallen HODGE had a Unionist Ministry been in office. For an hour the PRINCE spoke, displaying perfect mastery of the subject, managing, without assuming a hostile attitude, to bestow upon the measure some damaging blows.

First time since House met Mr. G. began to show that keen interest in proceedings which he seemed to have reserved for Home Rule Bill. Sat listening intently with hand to ear as PRINCE ARTHUR



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 4. SCENES IN THE CITY.

gracefully glided on from point to point. Pretty little sparring match when PRINCE ARTHUR endeavoured to draw him into doing something damaging, either in the way of reticence or declaration, touching GEORGE RUSSELL's explosive speech on Friday night. "I would not," observed PRINCE ARTHUR, "have said so much, but I presume that in this matter the hon. gentleman represented



T. H. Napoleon Bolton party "objected to ladies being Justices of the Peace."

Justice Herself. "Aha! Show me the man who said that!"

one o'clock, and take private Bills. House MALWOOD discreetly says he will think the matter over.

Tuesday.—Another night on Parish Councils. Debate should have finished last night; finally arranged to close it before dinner hour to-day; but it dribbled on to midnight. As there was an hour to spare, TOMMY BOWLES, who since Session resumed has been silent in six languages, thought he might as well say a few words. Romped in at half-past ten; awkward this; about the hour when JOKIM had intended to lift debate out of rut by one of his luminous speeches. THOMAS, however, thought House would prefer to hear him. At any rate, he provided opportunity. When at length JOKIM spoke upon subject on which he is supreme authority, House almost empty, altogether languid.

Brightened up for moment at SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's happy wit. JOKIM, following on line trekked by PRINCE ARTHUR, suggested that half of Bill dealing with Poor Law matters should be abandoned. "According to judgment of SOLOMON," said the SQUIRE, "it was the true mother who would not consent to divide her child in two."

A dreary night made endurable by incursion of KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN—HERBERT THOMAS, of Faversham division of Kent. For many years his brother sat in House till he finally wobbled into a peerage, and, as ROSEBERRY said, wore his coronet as a crown of thorns because it had been given him by Mr. G. When he was with us here, and one turned to *Dod* to find him under heading "HUGESSEN," there was discovered instruction "See KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN." This was explained at the time on score that no one from day to day exactly knew where HUGESSEN was.

Different with his younger brother. "Sometimes," he said just now, looking sorrowfully round the House, a gleam of comfort brightening his eyes as they rested on a back view of JIMMY LOWTHER's head, "I believe I'm the only Tory left in the House."

To-night up and smote Parish Councils Bill in uncompromising

the Government of which he is a member." Mr. G. shook his head. "Then he disclaims it?" Mr. G. shook his head again. "Oh, then, though he does not dissociate himself from the Under-Secretary of India, he does not associate the Government with his remarks?" Mr. G. again shook his head, finally explaining that his young friend and colleague had merely revived former custom—existing "in my early days"—whereby Ministers not in the Cabinet and not connected with department specially concerned in matter at issue, might enter at large into general debate.

"Here, here!" said ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight), for once in agreement with the views of Arch Enemy.

Business done.—More debate on Parish Councils Bill. As usual, adjourned at midnight. Motion made that House forthwith adjourn. OLIVER ROLLIT asks for more. Too early to go home; might as well sit up till

House aghast. SQUIRE OF

speech. No truckling to Socialism. No bowing the knee to the Baal HODGE. No leaning on the arm of Rimmon as he goes to worship in the temple of the Compound Householder. The Bill another downward step on the pathway dug out for the chariot of Free Trade; the country going to dogs at accelerated pace.

Small House, but it listened with delight to the most thoroughly honest speech heard from any bench through many Parliaments.

Business done.—Parish Councils Bill read second time.

Thursday.—Still smiling at PRINCE ARTHUR's joke; led up to with great skill; last touch of art given in the look of startled surprise with which he regarded uproariously laughing audience. Was passing eulogy on RHODES and the Chartered Company, forasmuch as, whilst certainly mowing down the Matabele with the Maxim gun, they had spread the benefits of civilisation, "extending railways, extending telegraphs, extending roads."

"Exactly," said the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. "I spoke for an hour and a half, and BALFOUR puts what I had meant to say in a phrase. What is all this action in Mashonaland, this spending of money, and making of war, but the Extension of RHODES?"

MAGUIRE undertook to defend Chartered Company against attack of SAGE. "Terrible work, TOBY," he said, mopping his heated brow. "Much rather approach LOBENGULA's kraal itself than stand up and face the House."

Had to be done, however, and MAGUIRE not the man to run away from anything approaching a fight. Still he observed precaution of getting as near the door as possible, speaking from remote end of bench, almost outside limits of bar. Also he found some subtle comfort, strength, and consolation in standing on one leg whilst he addressed the Speaker. Sometimes it was the right leg, sometimes the left. Whether on one or the other—not for a moment on two—he described to the charmed House how the cherished object of Mr. RHODES, the one desire upon which all the energies of the Chartered Company were bent, was that the men of Matabele should "marry and settle down."

Business done.—Discussion of affairs in Matabeleland.

Friday.—Debate on M'LAREN's Amendment to Employers' Liability Bill brought to conclusion at midnight. Thought it would be all over before dinner; dragged on hour after hour with ever deepening depression. Seems as it already, in this first fortnight of Autumn Session, energy's sapped; dulness certainly dominant.

"The fact is," said THE SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, "there is no fight about the House now JOSEPH is awa'. Hear he is coming back towards end of next week, balmy from the Bahamas, breezy from the Atlantic. I shouldn't at all wonder if, upon his arrival, a genial change was wrought in things generally."

Business done.—Government defeat averted by majority of 19.

QUEER QUERIES.

THE LONDON PROGRAMME.—I entirely approve of the spirited protest lately made by the cabmen against that vile instrument of Monopoly, the "Station Omnibus." But what I want to ask is whether there is no plan of doing away with a still more nefarious specimen of capitalistic greed and oppression—I allude to the "Out-Porter." Why should this minion of railway tyrants be permitted to take the beer out of the mouths of honest English working-men? I and a number of my pals are constantly loading round the station in our suburb waiting for a job of luggage-carrying, or if we aren't exactly at the station, we are always to be found at the Public just opposite. Will it be believed that passengers actually prefer to engage this avaricious blackleg, the Out-Porter, instead of employing us? Their paltry excuse is that he charges less than we do and is more civil. That shows him to be a contemptible blackleg! Only a serf of our present miserable social arrangements is ever civil to anybody. Call him an Out-Porter! If me and my pals catch him one of these dark nights we'll make an Out-Patient of him! Is the mere convenience of the public for ever to override the legitimate claims of the deserving unemployed?—CORNER BOX.



The Clark of the House causing a Division.

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.—“AFTER THE BALL.”

[The authors of the various versions of this “popular song” will not, *Mr. Punch* is sure, object to its refrain being used in a far wider sense—being applied, so to speak, to a more extensive sphere—than they contemplated.]



MAN, youth or maiden, amateurs, pros.,
Season of snow-storms, time of the rose,
'Tis the same story all have to tell!
Not even KIPLING's go half as well.
Nay; and *this* story is real and true.
All England over, Colonies too,
Cricketers, golfers, footballers, all
One pursuit follow—they're After the Ball!

Chorus—

After one ball-game's over,
Promptly the next seems born;
Quickly the Blackburn Rover
Treads on the "Corn Stalk's" corn.
GRACE, GUNN, and READ, the Brothers
RENSHAW, fall off with the Fall;
But there come hosts of others—
After the Ball!

Lords and the Oval, crowded and bright,
Send King Willow's subjects wild with delight.
What are they doing 'midst shout and cheer?
Smiting and chasing a small brown sphere!
Fielded, Sir! Well hit!! Played, *indeed!!!* Wide!!!!
Oh, well returned, Sir! Caught! No!
Well tried! [means it all!]
Cheering! Half-maddened! And what
Grown men grown boys again—After the Ball!

Chorus—

Sixer, or maiden over,
Misfield that moves young scorn,

Every true cricket-lover
Stares at from early morn.
Watching the "champion" scoring,
Ring and pavilion, all
Chattering, cheering, roaring,
After the Ball!

Then in October's chill and gloom,
Wickets for goals make reluctant room.
Talk is of "forwards," and "backs," and
"tries."
"Football Herditiion!" the newsboy cries.
Fancy *that*, for a sportsman's fad!
Players go frantic, and critics mad;
Pros. and amateurs squabble and squall,
And cripples seek hospital—After the Ball!

Chorus—

After the Ball the "Rovers"
Rush, and the "Villans" troop;
"Wolves"—who have lamb-like lovers—
Worry and whirl and whoop.
Scrimmages fierce, wild jostles,
Many a crashing fall,
Follow as "Blade" hunts "Throstle,"
After the Ball!

Balls are not all of leather, alas!
Cricket, golf, tennis, and football pass;
But ROBERTS the marvellous, PEALL the
clever,
Like the Laureate's Brook, can go on for
ever!

The ivory ball—like the carvings odd
In a Buddhist shrine—seems an ivory god;
And "A Million Up" will be next the call
Of the "exhibitionists"—After the Ball!

Chorus—

After the Ball is over?
Nay, it is *never* done!
All the year round *some* lover
Keeps up the spheric fun!
Ivory ball or leather,
Someone will run or sprawl,
Whate'er the hour or weather,
After the Ball!

Is't that our earth, which, after all,
Itself's a "dark terrestrial ball,"
Robs all "sportsmen" of sober sense
Within its "sphere of influence"?
"Special Editions" just to record
How many kicks at a ball are scored?!?!
Doesn't it prove that we mortals all
Have gone sheer "dotty"—After the Ball?

Chorus—

After the Ball!—as batter,
Handler of club, racquet, cue.
Or kicker of goals—what matter?
A Ballomaniac you!
Each is as mad as a hatter,
Who is so eager to sprawl,
Scrimmage, scout, smash, smite, clatter,
After the Ball!

THE HEIGHT OF COMFORT.

Q. I want to consult you about Flats. You must know all about them, as you have tried this kind of "high life" for a year. And I am quite charmed with the idea of getting one. Now, don't you find that they have many advantages over the old-fashioned separate house system?

A. Oh, a great many!

Q. I suppose that even in such paradises a few drawbacks do exist?

A. A few. For instance, did you notice, during your painful progress upstairs, a doctor coming out of the rooms just below us? No? Then you were fortunate. There's a typhoid case there, we hear.

Q. Dear me! Now I think of it, I did meet a woman dressed as a hospital nurse. But she was coming down from somewhere above you.

A. Yes. The people over our heads. It's a scarlet fever patient they have, I believe. We can hear the nurse moving about in the middle of the night. And chemists' boys with medicines call at our door, by mistake, at all hours.

Q. Still, they can't get in. Your flat is your castle, surely?

A. Quite so. It's a pity it isn't a roomier castle. Our bedrooms are like cupboards, and look out on a dark court. We have to keep the gas burning there all day.

Q. Oh, indeed! But then, being on one floor, living must be much cheaper, because you can do with only one servant?

A. That is true; but we find that the difficulty is to get servants to do with us. They hate being mastheaded like this; they miss the area, and the talks with the tradesmen, and so on.

Q. But they must go downstairs to take dust and cinders away?

A. No, those go down the shoot. At least, a good many of the cinders do, though some seem to stop on the way. Our downstairs neighbours complain horribly, and threaten to summon us.

Q. Do they? On the whole, however, you find your fellow-residents obliging?

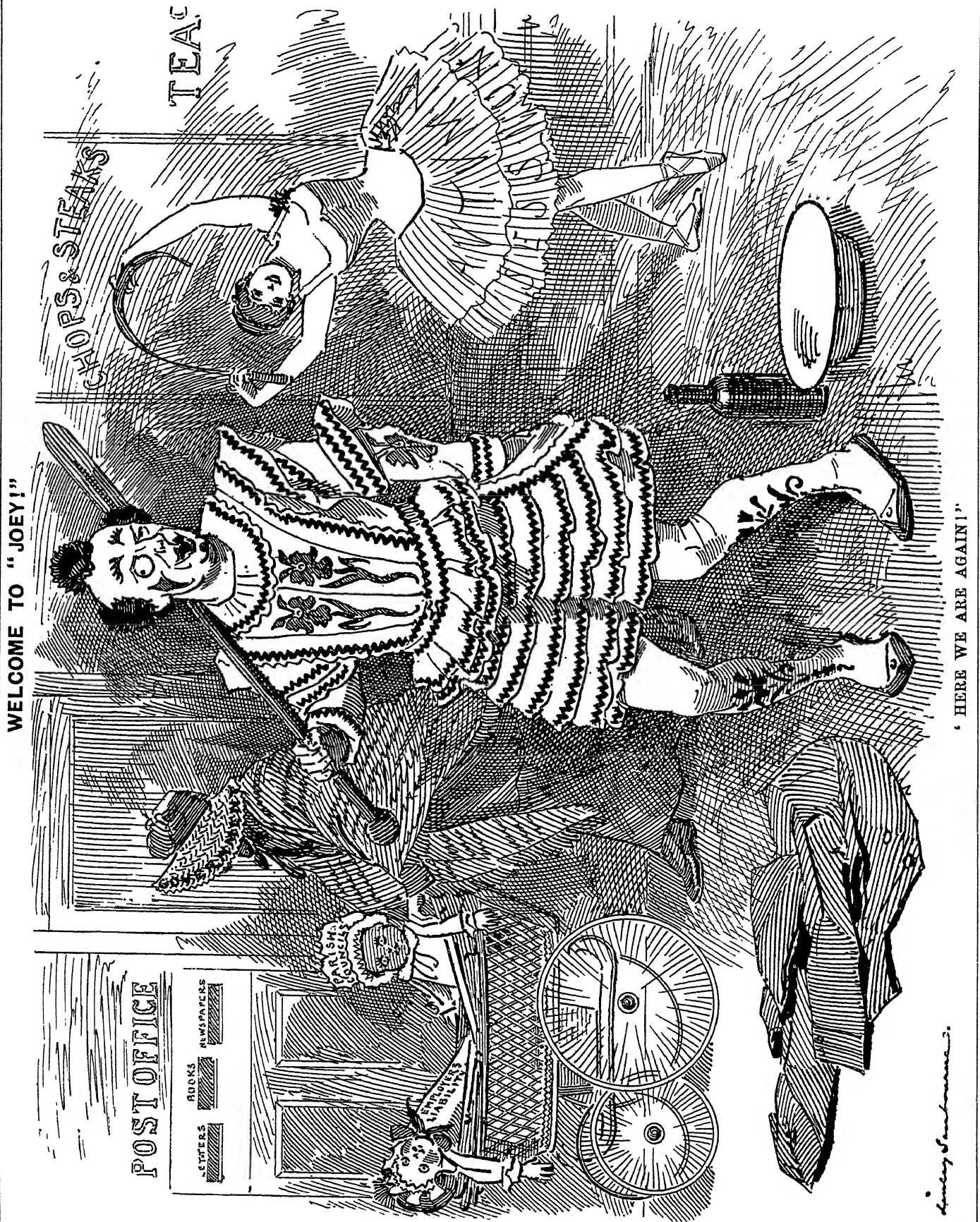
A. Oh, very! The landing window leads to some disputes. We like it open. The people upstairs prefer it shut. The case comes on at the police court next week.

Q. You surprise me! Then, as regards other expenses, you save, don't you, by paying no rates?

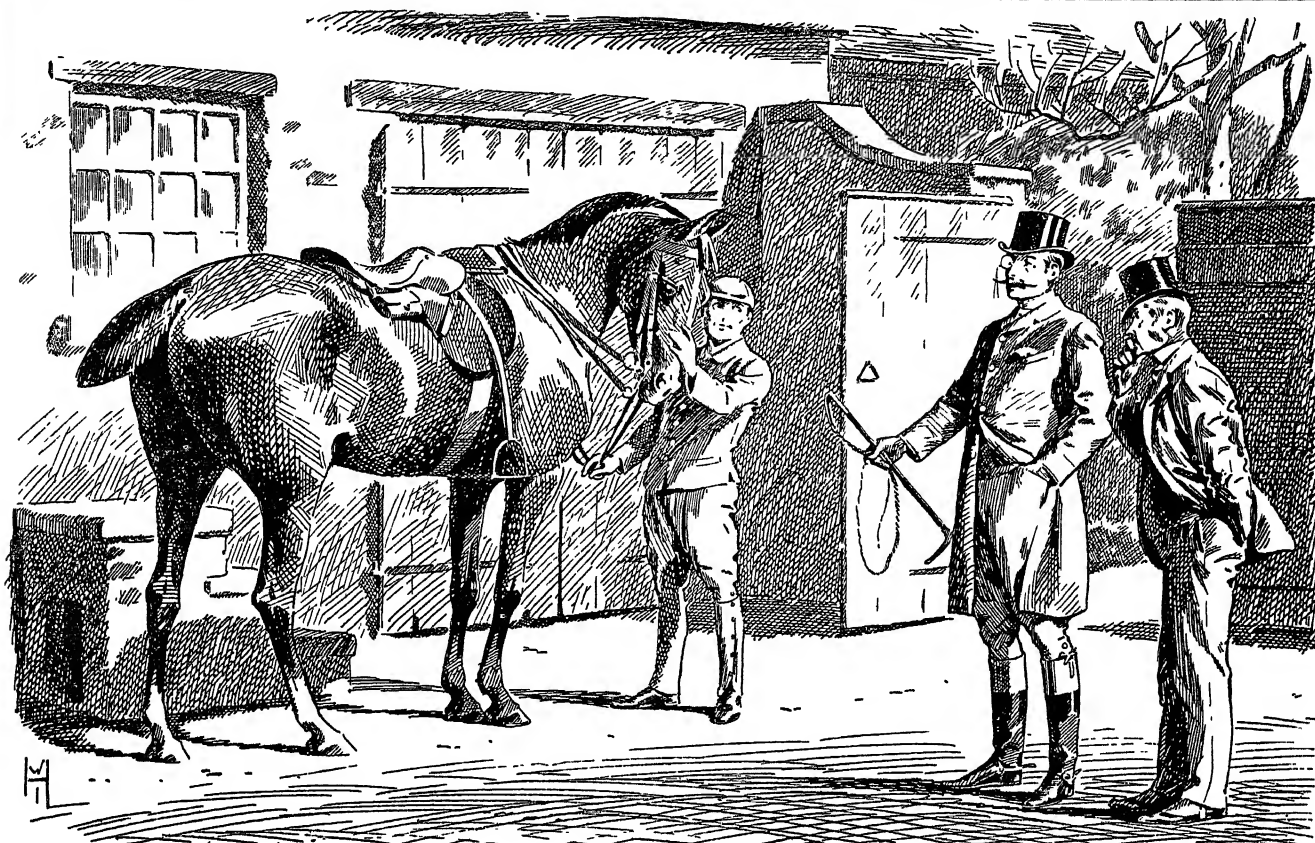
A. We do. That is why our landlord charges us for these eight rooms on one floor just double what we should have to pay for a large house all to ourselves.

Q. Thanks for giving me so much information. Of course, I knew there must be some disadvantages. And you won't be surprised to hear that we have taken a flat after all, as they are so fashionable?

A. On the contrary, I should be quite surprised if you didn't.



'HERE WE ARE AGAIN!'



SAD!

Sportsman (proud of his favourite). "NOW THAT'S A MARE I MADE ENTIRELY MYSELF! MARVELLOUSLY CLEVER, I CAN TELL YOU!"
Non-Sportsman (from town, startled). "EH, WHAT? DEAR ME! WONDERFULLY CLEVER, CERTAINLY." (*Mentally.*) "POOR FELLOW, POOR FELLOW! WHAT A MOST EXTRAORDINARY HALLUCINATION!"

HOME RAILS.

(By a Mournful Moralist.)

EACH day my heart with pity throbs;
 Can sympathy refuse
 The ready tears, the frequent sobs,
 When reading City news?
 Not long ago I daily found
 That you were good and "strong"—
 You gained but little, I'll be bound,
 Nor kept that little long;
 Yet I was happy, since it meant
 That, for a blissful term,
 You were so very excellent,
 So "steady" and so "firm."
 Prosperity brings pride to all;
 You rose too high to sell.
 Then—pride must always have a fall—
 You lamentably fell.
 Think what your altered state has cost.
 Alas, you must confess
 That you are ruined since you lost
 Your noble steadiness!
 "Unsettled" then—oh, feeble will!—
 "Inactive" you were too.
 There's Someone "finds some mischief
 still
 For idle hands to do."
 Why be inactive? All should work.
 Rise then, and do not seek
 Good honest enterprise to shirk.
 Because you're rather "weak."
 Alas, what use exhorting that
 Your fall you should annul?
 When some remark that you are "flat,"
 And others call you "dull."

At times I hoped that you would turn,
 And mend your evil ways,
 That you were "better," I would learn,
 And "quiet" on some days.

But now your baseness fitly ends,
 "Irregular"—and so
 You are "neglected" by your friends,
 Who all pronounce you "low."

This conduct gives me such a shock,
 I wipe my streaming eyes—
 I want to sell some railway stock;
 I'm waiting for the rise!

THE "ULTRA FASHIONABLE DINNER-
 HOUR" WHEN DICKENS WROTE *MARTIN
 CHUZZLEWIT*.—It is mentioned by *Montague
 Tigg*, when that typical swindler gives *Jonas
 Chuzzlewit* an invitation to a little dinner. It
 was "seven." Very few have guessed it, but
 most correspondents have referred to the
 dinner-hour at *Todgers's*. But *Todgers's*
 was a very second-class establishment.

SOMEBODY proposes another Dickensian
 query:—SCENE—*The wedding at Wardle's*.
 TIME—*After the wedding breakfast*:—"At
 dinner they met again, after a five-and-
 twenty-mile walk." Where did they break-
 fast, and where did they dine, and how many
 hours did men of *Mr. Pickwick's* and *Mr.
 Tupman's* build take to do a twenty-five-
 mile walk in?

THE GOLFER'S PARADISE.—*Link-ed sweet-
 ness long drawn out.*

THE REAL ROADS TO SUCCESS. — *Cecil
 RHODES.*

REX LOBENGULA.

[*"Rhymes are difficult things, they are stubborn
 things, Sir."*—FIELDING: *Amelia*.]

LOBENGULA! LOBENGULA!
 How do you pronounce your name?
 How do those who call you ruler
 Your regality proclaim?

Does the stalwart Matabele
 Seared with many a cruel scar,
 Ere he gives his life so freely,
 Hail you King LOBENGULA?

Have I read in British journals,
 On a 'bus en route to Holborn,
 Telegrams where British Colonels
 Have the cheek to call you LÓ-BEN?

Has your name some fearful meaning
 Redolent of blood and bones,
 Or am I correct in weening
 It's vernacular for JONES?

Kaiser! Potentate! Dictator!
 Any title that's sublime
 Choose, but send us cis-equator
 For your name the proper rhyme.

AFTER THE CALL.

[*"A further call of £5 per share has recently
 been made on the shareholders in one of the
 companies in the Balfour group."*]

AFTER the call is over,
 What is there left to do,
 All absolutely vanished,
 Left not a single sou.
 Furniture, trinkets, money,
 Gone, gone, alas! are they all:
 What is there left but the workhouse
 After the call?

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XV.—*The Drawing-room at Hornbeam Lodge. TIME—Monday evening, about six. ALTHEA is listlessly striking chords on the piano; Mrs. TOOVEY is sitting by one of the windows.*

Mrs. Toovey (to herself). Where did THEOPHILUS go last Saturday? He is either the most consummate hypocrite, or the most blameless lamb that ever breathed; and I'm sure I don't know which! But I'll find out when CHARLES comes. It would be almost a relief to find Pa was guilty; for, if he isn't— But, thank goodness, he is not very likely ever to hear where I was that evening!

Althea (to herself). It couldn't really have been Mamma in that box; she has never made the slightest reference to it. I almost wish she had been there; it would have been easier to tell her. What would she say if she knew I had gone to such a place as the Eldorado?

[*She drifts, half unconsciously, into the air of "The Hansom Cabman."*

Mrs. Toov. What is that tune you are playing, THEA?

Alth. (flushing). N—nothing, Mamma. Only a tune I heard when I was in town. The—the boys in the street whistle it.

Mrs. Toov. Then it's hardly fit to be played upon my piano. I shouldn't wonder if it came out of one of those abominable music-halls!

Alth. (to herself). She must mean something by that. If she was there after all! (*Aloud, distressed.*) Mamma, what makes you say that? Do—you know?

Mrs. Toov. (in equal confusion). Know! Explain yourself, child. How could I possibly—? (*To herself.*) I shall betray myself if I am not more careful!

Alth. I—I thought—I don't know—it was the way you said it. (To herself.) I very nearly did for myself that time!

Mrs. Toov. (as ALTHEA strikes more chords). For goodness' sake, THEA, either play a proper piece, or shut up the piano and take up some useful work. There's the crazy-quilt I've begun for the Bazaar; you might get on with that.

Alth. (closing the piano). The colours are so frightful, Mamma!

Mrs. Toov. What does that signify, my dear? When it's for a charity! Really, I'm beginning to think this visit to town has not had at all a good effect upon you. You've come back unable to settle down to anything. Yes, I see a great change in you, ALTHEA, and it's not confined to the worldly way you do your hair. I sincerely hope it will not strike Mr. CURPHEW as it does me. You know he is dining here this evening? I told him in my note that if he liked to come a little earlier— (*Significantly.*) I think he has something to say to you, THEA. Perhaps you can guess what?

Alth. (twisting her hands nervously). Oh no, Mamma. I—I can't see Mr. CURPHEW—not alone, I mean.

Mrs. Toov. Don't be ridiculous, my dear. You know perfectly well that he admires you. He has very properly spoken first to your father, and we both consider you a most fortunate girl. He is a truly excellent young man, which is the first consideration; and, what is even more important, he is, as far as I can gather, making an excellent income. And you can't deny that you were interested in him from the very first.

Alth. N—not in that way, Mamma. At least, not any longer.

Mrs. Toov. Nonsense. If Mr. CURPHEW proposes, I shall be seriously annoyed if you put him off with any foolish shilly-shallying. Mind that. And here he is—at least, it's somebody at the front door. I've mislaid my glasses as usual. And if it is Mr. CURPHEW, I shall send him in here at once; so remember what I've said. (*She goes out into the hall, and discovers her nephew CHARLES.*) So it is you, CHARLES! You're rather earlier than I expected.

Charles. Nothing much doing at the office, Aunt. And I thought I might have to dress for dinner, you know.

Mrs. Toov. You ought to know by this time that we are plain people and do not not follow the senseless fashion of dressing ourselves up for a family dinner, but I am glad you came early, all the same, CHARLES, as I should like a little talk with you before your Uncle comes in. We had better go into the study. (*To herself, as she leads the way.*) Now I shall get it out of him!

END OF SCENE XV.

SCENE XVI.—*In the Study.*

Mrs. Toovey (fixing CHARLES with her eye). What is this I hear of your proceedings last Saturday night, CHARLES? Come, you can't deceive me, you know!

Charles. I never made any secret about my proceedings. I told Uncle we might probably drop into the Eldorado or somewhere after dinner.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, in consternation). The Eldorado? they did go there then! If only they didn't see me! (*Aloud.*) Yes, CHARLES, go on. And while you were there, did you see anyone you—you thought you recognised?

Charles (to himself). She's heard! (*Aloud.*) I should rather think I did, Aunt. Never was more surprised in my life.

Mrs. Toov. (with a groan). And—and was your Uncle surprised, too, CHARLES?

Charles. Uncle? I haven't told him yet.

Mrs. Toov. But he was there, CHARLES, with you; he must have seen—whatever you did! Or didn't he?

Charles. At the Valhalla? my dear Aunt!

Mrs. Toov. Who's talking about a Valhalla? I mean the Eldorado, of course; that was where you said you went!

Charles. No—no, we couldn't get in at the El.; all the stalls gone, so we went to the Val. instead. Just the same sort of thing.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, relieved). To the Val. I! What a fright I've had for nothing! (*Aloud.*) I quite understand, CHARLES. You took your Uncle to a place called the Val., not the—er—El. What did you see there? that's the point!

Charles. I didn't take Uncle there; I was with a man from our office when I saw him. I must have seen him there often enough, but somehow I never spotted him before. It was the make-up, the disguise, you know, wig and moustache, and all that.

Mrs. Toov. Do you mean to say your Uncle attends music-halls disguised in a wig and moustache? CHARLES, who was he with? I will know!

Charles (in fits of laughter). Uncle? At the Val. in disguise? now, is it likely? I thought you knew all about it, or I shouldn't have said a word!

Mrs. Toov. You have said too much to stop now, CHARLES. It is useless to try to turn it off like that. If it was not Pa you recognised at this Val. place, who was it?

Charles (to himself). If I don't tell her she'll only go on suspecting poor old Uncle THEO. (*Aloud.*) Well, you're bound to find it out sooner or later; and I admire him all the more for it myself. I'd no idea he had it in him. Shows how mistaken you may be in fellows.

Mrs. Toov. I've yet to learn who and what you are talking about, CHARLES!

Charles. Why, that quiet, modest friend of yours, Mr. CLARENCE CURPHEW, if you must know!

Mrs. Toov. I don't believe it. Mr. CURPHEW is not at all the sort of young man to spend his money in such resorts.

Charles. He don't spend it there—he makes it. My dear Aunt, you ought to feel honoured by having such a distinguished acquaintance. Don't

you remember my mentioning the great music-hall star, WALTER WILDFIRE? You must. Well, CLARENCE CURPHEW and WALTER WILDFIRE are one and the same person—honour bright, they are!

Mrs. Toov. (sinking back with a gasp). A—a music-hall star! And I have been urging ALTHEA to— Oh, how fortunate it is I have been warned in time! He shall not see her—I will write and put him off—at once!

[*Mr. TOOVEY enters blandly.*]
Mr. Toov. Ah, CHARLES, my boy, so here you are? that's right, that's right. You, too, CORNELIA? (*To her, in an undertone.*) It's all right, my love—our dear young friend, Mr. CURPHEW, you know—we met on the doorstep just now, and I've left him and THEA together in the drawing-room. I thought it was best, eh?

[*He looks to her for approval.*]
Mrs. Toov. You've left— But there, I might have known! No, don't speak to me, Pa—there's no time to lose! Come with me, CHARLES, I may want you.

[*She rustles out of the room, followed by CHARLES.*]
Mr. Toov. (looking after her in mild perplexity). Dear, dear me! I wonder what can be the matter now. CORNELIA seems so very—I hardly like to go and see—and yet, perhaps, I ought—perhaps I ought. There's one comfort, whatever it is, it can't have anything to do with that dreadful Eldorado. Yes, I'd better go and look into it!

[*He goes out.—End of Scene XVI.*]



"Dear, dear me!"



"USING LANGUAGE."

The Squire. "WELL, SMITH, I WANT YOUR ADVICE. HADN'T WE BETTER LET THEM HAVE THEIR WAY THIS TIME?"
Smith. "NO, NO, SIR. STICK TO YOUR RIGHTS! WHAT I SAY IS—'GIVE SUCH PEOPLE A HINCH AND THEY'LL TAKE A HELL'—IF YOU'LL PARDON MY USIN' SUCH STRONG LANGUAGE!"

MAGIC AND MANUFACTURES.

(A Fairy Fragment from the German.)

LITTLE ALICE was delighted with her surroundings. She had found her way into a lumber-room, which was filled with modern furniture and modern toys. "How pretty they are!" she exclaimed; "and how I would like to speak to them!"

Then the Cup and Saucer labelled a "Present from Ramsgate," and the Old Grandfather's Clock glowed with satisfaction. Evidently they wished to join in the conversation.

Then ALICE thought that perhaps she might raise a sprite or a goblin of some magical person by reading ANDERSEN'S Fairy Stories backward. She had scarcely, with some difficulty, completed the first page (rendered reversely) of "The Shepherdess and the Brave Tin Soldier," when an old lady, about eighteen inches high, suddenly appeared before her.

"You want all these inanimate things to speak?" said the new comer. "Well, you will be disappointed if they do."

ALICE protested that she would be delighted beyond measure if they would but talk. "It will be interesting, so very interesting, dear godmother," she cried; and then she added, "I suppose I may assume that you are my godmother?"

"You may assume anything you like," snapped out the little old lady; "only don't bother me. Here! I authorise all these things to talk. I will be back again by-and-by to see how you are getting on. Adieu." And then the little old lady disappeared. And then, as she had foretold, ALICE suffered great disappointment.

The Cup and Saucer "A Present from Ramsgate," began speaking sixteen words to the dozen, but ALICE could not make out the meaning. Then the Old Grandfather's Clock talked, but without better effect. ALICE could not understand a syllable. And the box of tin Highlanders followed suit. So did a doll dressed as an Irish peasant. Then all sorts of things that seemed to be English to the backbone or last ounce of metal—scissors, books, and calico curtains—kept up a fire of conversation. But

ALICE could make out nothing. She was absolutely astounded. Here were heaps of British goods suddenly endowed with the power of speech, and yet she could not understand them!

And as she considered, the little old lady again appeared. "Well, child!" she exclaimed. "What's the matter? You seem perplexed! Have not all the toys been talking?"

"Why, yes," faltered ALICE; "but then you see I cannot understand a word they say!"

"Of course you cannot," replied the Fairy. "They speak only their native language."

"Their native language! Then why don't they speak English?"

"Because, my good girl," returned the Fairy, preparing to take her departure, "they cannot. You see, young lady, they don't know anything about the English language, and this is natural enough, for they were all made in Germany!"

THE FUTURE OF HOME RULE.

MR. GL-DST-NE: ANOTHER TELEPATHIC AUTOMATIC INTERVIEW.

I HAD not seen Mr. GL-DST-NE for two days, nor had I heard from him for three posts, neither knew I where he was. I knew he had been at Downing Street. That evening I found myself in an Inner Circle train, and no sooner there than I made up my mind to ask Mr. GL-DST-NE if he would mind my interviewing him. My hand at once wrote—on the margin of my evening paper—that he was at Downing Street, and that I might have the interview. It was quite an ordinary one, except that I thought the questions and wrote the answers on my knee with my hand. "Well, Mr. GL-DST-NE," I said, or, rather, thought, "what do you think of Home Rule?" My hand (not the Old Parliamentary Hand) wrote:—

"W. E. G. I do not think that I shall be in any way departing from what has long since become to be recognised as the practice applicable to this present set of circumstances, a practice to which I am able to speak from an experience of more than sixty years, when I say speaking, not merely for myself, but for the whole of the Members of the Cabinet, and, indeed, I may fairly say of the Government in its entirety, that we are not indisposed to grant to Ireland that measure of self-government for which she is asking in a constitutional way through her duly elected representatives, and that we earnestly hope that as a result of our efforts we may be enabled, with a reasonable prospect of finality, to put an end to a condition of affairs which for the whole of the present century has embittered our relations with our sister country, and has exposed us to the censures of every authority in the civilised world whose acknowledged competency entitles him to an opinion."

Then I ventured a question as to the future. "What about Home Rule next Session, Mr. GL-DST-NE?"

"The question as to what position the Home Rule controversy will assume next Session is naturally one which can only be determined when we have before us all the facts which are essential for the purpose of enabling us to arrive at a definitive conclusion, and as soon as it becomes reasonably plain what the exact position of parties will be when it becomes necessary to decide on what lines the policy of the Government will proceed. I may, however, say that, whilst not forgetful in any way of the obligations of honour under which the Liberal party lie to the Irish people, and whilst it will be our duty at the earliest available moment to press forward measures which shall carry out our pledges in that direction, we shall not forget that the consideration of what are not unnaturally termed English reforms is an imperative necessity, to which the attention of the Government will be directed at the first opportunity."

By this time I had reached Charing Cross, and as I passed out the ticket-examiner handed me a postcard. It was in Mr. GL-DST-NE'S writing. Judge of my astonishment when I found that quite spontaneously he had written to me just what I had written in the interview. I at once wrote to him and informed him of what had happened. His answer was: "It is most extraordinary. If I didn't believe all you tell me, I should have come to the conclusion that you faked (I think that is the word) the interview up out of my old speeches." So there you have the whole story. Someone suggests I should publish the postcard. Curiously enough, I have mislaid it. But two and two make four, and you can go and ask the ticket-examiner.

Cause and Effect.

"I AM occupied with my secretaries while I am dressing."—*Lord Herschell to the deputation of Liberal Members, Nov. 16.*

"MR. K. MUTR MACKENZIE, Q.C., Permanent Sec. to the LORD CHANCELLOR, has been made a Companion of the Bath."—*Daily Paper.*

PLEASANT SPOOKERY.

YES, thanks to BRANDON THOMAS'S skill, and PENLEY'S comic nous, The lucky "Globe" may well be called the real 'Aunt-ed House!



BABY-WORSHIP. (THE POINT OF VIEW.)

"YOUR NIECES SEEM VERY FOND OF BABIES, MR. SINNICK. I SUPPOSE YOU ARE TOO?"

"OH YES; LIKE 'EM AWFULLY; ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY BEGIN TO CRY."

"AH, YOU THINK THE DEAR LITTLE THINGS ARE IN PAIN?"

"YES; AND SOMEBODY RINGS THE BELL, YOU KNOW, AND THE NURSE COMES, AND THE DEAR LITTLE THINGS ARE TAKEN AWAY TO THE NURSERY!"

THE HANDY BOY.

"[In the office he held, which in reality was much too heavy for any single man to bear, it was necessary to live almost a monastic life, and the eight hours which some persons regarded as a maximum of toil seemed to those who occupied that position a dim and distant and golden vision.]—*Lord Rosebery, at the opening of the Battersea Town Hall.*"

The Missis soliloquiseeth:—

AN! he's really the usefulest boy, that young PRIMROSE, that ever we've had, And I'm sure I don't know, not sometimes, how we'd get along, but for that lad! So willing, and so civil-spoken, yet none too much given to mag. He does the House credit all round, and I'm sure he's the pick o' the bag.

Gets through his own work without worrit, and then he's so good at odd jobs!

Which some servants are awfully uppish, and thinks themselves no end of nob. But PRIMROSE is pleasant and modest, you know where the boy's to be found, And there's nothing he won't turn his hand to, to make things agreeable all round.

Heigho! How I wish— But no matter! Young PRIMROSE, he *knows* such a lot, And he seems to be trusted by all, which some of us, I fear,—well, are not. There is WILLIAM, the butler, and JOHN, now; they're excellent servants, of course, Yet they don't seem as happy as PRIMROSE, although the boy works like a horse!

His task's to attend to the door, which needs wonderful quickness and tact; For our visitors, foreign and others, are troublesome, that is a fact. But Russian, or Frenchman, or L.C.C. boss from out Battersea way, Or a working-man out of a job, PRIMMY always knows just what to say.

He's a treasure, that boy; and I'm always a-putting fresh work on his back! There's this Coal Question now! Awful worry! He has such a wonderful knack. I am sure he might settle that shindy. If so he will just be a jewel! If pig-headedness holds on both sides, we shall presently run out of fuel.

If he can "conciliate" them, it will truly be very good biz: And so I've suggested—no more!—that "the boy"—ah! by Jove, here he is! Poor chap! Two big scuttles—up-stairs! He must find it a terrible pull, With his work too! But if he succeeds—well, the cup of his credit is full.

Ah, PRIMROSE, my boy! This is good of you! Two at a time, too. Oh, dear!— It is not just *your* work, I'll allow, and you find they are heavy, I fear. But you know what a bother it's been. Some chaps are such obstinate souls!— But I was quite sure that *you* wouldn't mind stooping to—taking up coals!

WHY does LOBENGULA, when finding fault with his regiments, appear a great commander? Because then he is an Impi rater.

QUEER CARDS.

(By a Rural Innkeeper, who has been "had.")

THEY come to me (a poor old chap!) And take one room—mostly the same; A quiet spot, they say, for Nap: (But "Crib's" their real game.) Their luggage is a smallish trunk, A whopping walking-stick—always! When for a month they've fed and drunk, I gently hint at pay. They say, "Why, certainly! They mean To dwell some months beneath my roof. So happy they have *never* been!" (I think they call this "Spoof.") They swear my wife's the best of cooks, They hint they're half in love with SUKEY, My daughter, who can boast good looks (And here begins Blind Hookey). Then, when they're some more weeks in debt, I tell them Tick's last door is shut; When—their knave's tricks not ended yet— They shuffle—pack—and cut!

BUSINESS.

"[France, it is expected, will endeavour to hasten England's evacuation of Egypt, and Russia will try to settle the question of the Dardanelles.]—*Daily Chronicle.*"

WHO says that Franco-Russian gush Means naught, to reason's optic? The Russ will help the Frank to rush England, from regions Optic; And—here JOHN BULL must surely finch, While Gallia's bosom swells!— The Bear, if but allowed an inch, Will take—the Dardanelles!



THE HANDY BOY!

THE MRS'S. "I KNEW YOU HAD PLENTY TO DO, PRIMROSE, BUT I WAS QUITE SURE YOU WOULDN'T MIND TAKING UP THOSE COALS!"

THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL—FOR SCANDAL.

THE two principal figures to be considered are Mr. WILLIAM FARREN, who, as *Sir Peter*, is a Master of Arts in the Old School, and Miss REHAN, who as *Lady Teazle* is an experimentalising teacher in the New School for Scandal. All playgoers, whose memory takes



Shade of Sheridan. "William Farren, my old friend, I congratulate you: and I suspect that in the present generation I owe you much."

Sir William Peter Farren Teazle. "Not more than I do you, Mr. Sheridan. Let us say, mutually indebted."

[They exchange snuff-pinches.

truth to tell, I do not precisely know from what point of view and by what standard to judge of her performance. *Sir Peter* describes her as "a girl bred wholly in the country," and so forth, "yet," he continues, "she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass plot out of Grosvenor Square." To let her country training be perceived through the assumed airs and graces of a town Madame seems to me to be Miss REHAN's object; and in this, granting her ideas of the country hoyden and the town lady to be correct, she certainly succeeds; notably in the scenes with *Sir Peter*. For thus is the Jekyll-and-Hyde-ness of her character made apparent: in company, in the scandal scenes, she is to be all airs and graces, but when alone with her husband she, in spite of her perpetual wrangling with him, reappears as her own natural self, with most of the polish temporarily rubbed off. But if this be so, then, when in "society," her funny little run and shaking of the head are out of place, while they may be accepted as a relapse into her provincialisms when she is quite free and easy, *en tête-à-tête* with *Sir Peter*, and especially bent on captivating him by recalling to his memory the lass of whom he had become desperately enamoured some eight months ago.

In the Screen Scene when "discovered," Miss REHAN's attitude is eloquent; and on this tableau I have always thought the curtain should descend, as all after this, even *Sir Peter's* exit with "damn your sentiments," good as it is, is an anti-climax. I should prefer that Miss REHAN's *Lady Teazle* should be silent, or if it must be played as written, then here of all situations in the comedy would I insist upon her emphasising the perfectly natural manner of the unaffected country girl, instead of addressing *Sir Peter* in the deep tones of a tragedian, as if attempting a mere theatrical effect. In the last Act, as arranged, she appears to have done with her town airs and graces for ever, and, wearing a queer sort of mob-cap, enters on *Sir Peter's* arm, ready with him to face the ridicule, the satire, and the scandal of their world.

Miss VANBRUGH makes a delightful *Lady Sneerwell*, and Mrs. GILBERT a dear old *Mrs. Candour*, who would spitefully gossip about her neighbours for hours together. *Maria* is almost always a thankless part, and Miss PERCY HASWELL leaves no doubt on the mind of the audience of her being a poor orphan of some six months' standing. The part of *Moses* offers very little scope to Mr. JAMES LEWIS, especially as the celebrated "I'll take my oath of that" is cut out, and some lines are introduced, which being quite un-Sheridanese and un-Mosaic do not in the least assist the character. However, as he is much slapped on the back, dug in the ribs, and generally treated as a butt by *Charles* and *Careless* (who, by the way, gives "*Here's to the Maiden*" in first-rate style), Mr. LEWIS may be

congratulated on getting to the end of his impersonation of one of the long-suffering tribe in perfect safety. Mr. BOURCHIER's *Charles* goes well with the audience; but Mr. GEORGE CLARKE is too conscientious, and too impressed with a sense of the horrible scoundrelism of *Joseph's* character to be ever really at home in so uncongenial a part.

For the re-arrangement, much may be said "for," and more "against." There is only one point that strikes me as absolutely inartistic, and that is, making *Sir Peter* give his explanatory speech about his wife *after* we have seen her, instead of leaving it in its proper place, as SHERIDAN wrote it, where it serves as a prologue to the subsequent scene between *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle*, when she appears for the first time in the comedy.

There are some curious oversights in the scenic arrangements at Daly's. The first is in *Charles Surface's* picture gallery, which has no windows and no skylight. The second is that though *Charles* has sold all his books, yet through the door of the picture-room are seen the first shelves of an evidently well-stocked library. The third oversight is in *Joseph's* chambers, described in the original play as "a library in *Joseph Surface's* house," where, when he tells *Sir Peter* that "books are the only things I am a coxcomb in," there are only a very few volumes to be seen, and these are lying at haphazard on a table.



Lady Ada Rehan Teazle.

"In for some sort of a run"—at Daly's.

To revert for a moment to *Charles Surface's* windowless and skylightless picture gallery, the scene takes place in the evening, after dinner, or supper, and how is the huge apartment lighted? Why, by a couple of ordinary candles placed on a side-table, while on the mantelpiece at the back remain a couple of silver candelabra, filled with candles which remain all the time unlighted. Why, naturally, the company would have been in darkness, but not a bit of it, for these two candles do give so preternaturally wonderful an illumination, that the stage is as bright as a sunlit garden at noonday in July. The company that could produce such candles would make a fortune by their patent. The dance at the end of the first Act brings down the curtain to enthusiastic applause, and, to the end, the old comedy, in spite of various chops and changes, holds its own, as it ever will do, triumphantly.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FATHER CHRISTMAS is already sending out his Cards for the Coming Festivity, now six weeks ahead. His representatives all "decorated," and still ready to receive any amount of "orders," are MARCUS WARD, the RAPHAEL TUCK family, C. W. FAULKNER, C. DELGADO, and many others, whose excellent works are known to all, and by none more appreciated than by the youthful Baronites and Baronitesses.

"BLACKIE AND SON!" says a Junior Baronite; "why, that must be the publishers of Christy Minstrel works!" but they are soon undeceived. Such delightful books! their very bindings are suggestive of cheerfulness, and seem to invite inspection. We will take a peep inside, like Jack Horner, and pull out the best plummed story. Three by G. A. HENTY, who knows how and what to write for youths of adventurous spirit. His three are:—

Through the Sikh War. Indian affairs are always of interest to the young Britisher, "who will," quoth the little Baronite, "seek and find all he wants in this book."

St. Bartholomew's Eve might be a tale of curiosity, but it is history, and deals with the valour of an English boy during the Huguenot Wars. Being a hero, he does not get killed in the massacre, but lives to fight another day.

A Jacobite Exile is a tale of the Swedes. Hardly necessary, perhaps, or as SHAKESPEARE puts it, "Swedes to the Swede,—superfluous." To the English reader, therefore, it is not a superfluity.

Then here is *The Penny Illustrated*. It is called "*Roses*," and whatever any reader may require, here he will find it "all among the roses." The rearer and cultivator of these "*Roses*" is JOHN LATEY, whose "*Rose of Hastings*" is among the best of the contributions. "We can't do better than provide ourselves and our families with this specimen of a Flowery Annual," quoth,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



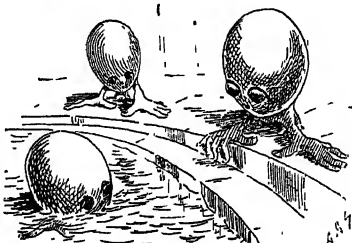
A NEW ADJECTIVE.

Customer. "YOU'LL FIND I MEASURE A BIT MORE ROUND THE WAIST THAN I DID LAST TIME YOU TOOK MY MEASURE."

Tailor. "AH, WELL, SIR, IF I MAY BE ALLOWED TO SAY SO, YOU ARE A TRIFLE MORE—AH—MORE *LOBENGULOUS* THAN FORMERLY."

1,000,000 A.D.

["The descendants of man will nourish themselves by immersion in nutritive fluid. They will have enormous brains, liquid, soulful eyes, and large hands, on which they will hop. No craggy nose will they have, no vestigial ears; their mouths will be a small, perfectly round aperture, unanimal, like the evening star. Their whole muscular system will be shrivelled to nothing, a dangling pendant to their minds."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, *abridged*.]



WHAT, a million years hence,
will become of the *Genus*
Humanum, is truly a
question vexed;
At that epoch, however, one
prophet has seen us
Resemble the sketch
annexed.

For as Man undergoes
Evolution ruthless,
His skull will grow "dome-
like, bald, terete";

And his mouth will be jawless, gumless, toothless—
No more will he drink or eat!

He will soak in a crystalline bath of pepsine,
(No ROBERT will then have survived, to wait,)
And he'll hop on his hands as his food he steps in—
A quasi-cherubic gait!

No longer the land or the sea he'll furrow;
The world will be withered, ice-cold, dead
As the chill of Eternity grows, he'll burrow
Far down underground instead.

If the *Pall Mall Gazette* has thus been giving
A forecast correct of this change immense,
Our stars we may thank, then, that *we* shan't be living
A million years from hence!

ONE DOWN T'OTHER COME ON.—King Log is a most useful substitute when King Coal has temporarily abdicated.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 13.—TOMLINSON has for some time observed with deepening disfavour his position in House as affected by, and compared with, that of his friend and companion dear, TOMASSO BOWLES. TOMMY, to drop into the affectionate diminutive, is a mere child compared with him. He is but the birth of the last General Election; whilst for thirteen years this very month TOMLINSON has presented at Westminster Preston's idea of the highest form of culture and intelligence.

Employers' Liability Bill offered opportunity for coming to front; not that either as Employer or Employed TOMLINSON has any special knowledge on subject. But he sees as clearly into its bearings as he does through the average Lancashire stone wall. Awake at nights drafting new Clauses that should baffle ASQUITH and make the SQUIRE of MALWOOD sit up. Looked most imposing on paper. Thought at one time of posting copy to every elector of Preston, so that he might see what a power in Senate is the borough Member. Wouldn't cost so much since, posted at House of Commons in official wrapper, they might go free. Still there would be remarks made if TOMLINSON drove into Palace Yard enthroned on top of waggon containing 15,959 addressed copies of Amendments to Employers' Liability Bill. Gave up idea. Electors must buy the papers where, in Parliamentary reports, they would read voluminous digests of his speeches.

Began soon after House took up Bill this afternoon. First group of Amendments covered folio page of print. Read admirably; if it had not been usual for Member in charge of new Clause to explain to House its object and effect in operation success would have been assured. Here's where TOMLINSON came to grief; talked for some time; House listened at first, honestly intent upon considering project, whatever it might be. Effect of TOMLINSON's speech not elucidatory. The more he talked the more hopeless the muddle. When he sat down anguished listeners not quite sure whether he had (1) moved the Clause, (2) proposed to withdraw it, or (3) suggested that a more convenient place for insertion would be found later on. Fortunately new Clause in print among Amendments. That ASQUITH should decline to have anything to do with it natural enough. Saddest of all befel when from his own side of House



THE HOME SECRETARY'S SAFETY-VALVE. TRAFALGAR SQUARE OF THE FUTURE.

ROLLIT bluntly denounced Clause, CARSON hoped it wouldn't be pressed, and HENRY JAMES, from allied camp opposite, demolished it with final shot.

This not encouraging, but there were other Amendments standing in his name of which something must be said. TOMLINSON rose when called on, but gratefully sat down when greeted with mirthful cries for division. Only gleam of comfort in sorrowful night was when TOMMY BOWLES, rushing in whence he had retreated, called down on himself SPEAKER's stern commentary that his remarks were "quite irrelevant."

Business done.—Report Stage of Employers' Liability Bill.

Tuesday.—To casual observer there is nothing in personal appearance of UGHTRIED KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH suggestive of the Tartar. Yet to-night Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD BART(LETT), going a hunting on the Treasury Bench preserves, bagged Secretary to Admiralty and found he had caught a Tartar. ASHMEAD, in his self-asserted character of BRITANNIA's Confidential Clerk, tried to draw UGHTRIED on subject of Naval Scare. SHUTTLEWORTH, with manner that combined severity of a magistrate with benignity of a dean, managed to present ASHMEAD in aspect of fussy person who, having had some official knowledge, in whatever subordinate position, ought to have been able to restrain the self-assertiveness that led him to put such a question. House, which does not do credit to The BART(LETT)'s many sterling qualities, roared with delight. Stung to quick, ASHMEAD up again; shouted across table, "I ask the right hon. gentleman whether he can give me any evidence of his being alive—" House, struck with evidence to that effect just given, broke in with fresh roar of laughter. ASHMEAD stood glaring round at merry circle. When noise subsided, continued: "—any evidence of his being alive to the importance of his duties?" More laughter. ASHMEAD appealed to SPEAKER to reprimand KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH. SPEAKER justified Minister's action. One more attempt; one more rebuff; and ASHMEAD subsided for the night, not quite sure after all that silence isn't golden. At least it used to bring in £1000 a year.

Business done.—A good deal with the Employers' Liability Bill.

Wednesday.—Another quiet sitting with Employers' Liability Bill. Cap'n TOMMY BOWLES, respectfully removing his tarpaulin and shifting his quid, relieved dullness of afternoon by some capital yarns. One drew a vivid picture of dangers that lurk behind the casual pilot. On a dark night in midsummer Cap'n TOMMY, a-sailing down the coast of Barbaree, came upon what looked like a

town. Turned out to be Algiers; hauled down his main yard; ran out the topgallant sail spanker, and bore down on the harbour. Just as he was entering was boarded by pilot.

"Sheer off!" says TOMMY through his polyglot speaking-trumpet. "Don't want your help; know every rock and shoal on the coast; will take the ship in myself."

Pilot produced from lining at back of his trousers Code of Regulations; this set forth that pilot was compulsory. Nothing to do but submit, unless he would involve Great Britain in war. Pilot came aboard; took charge; forged ahead; just going to run ship on break-water when TOMMY's keen eye perceived danger.

"Sir," said the

only Member of House of Commons who, since BIG BEN's death, holds a sea captain's certificate, "I took my ship out of the pilot's hand, and brought her in safely."

House uproariously cheered, and FRANK LOCKWOOD went off and drew a sketch of the historical scene.

Business done.—More of Employers' Liability Bill.

Thursday.—Government in difficulties to-night. *Cherchez la*

femme. WALTER M'LAREN had her in charge; a modest little thing, merely asking that women, whether married or single, should be enabled to vote at election of Parish Councils. House not very full; no danger anticipated; but Conservatives joined their forces with Radicals below gangway, and before Ministers quite knew where they were they found themselves in minority of twenty-one.



"Winged!"

"Winged!" cried Admiral BORTHWICK. "The FOWLER went out shooting, and comes home shot."

Suggestion made that Government should resign; Mr. G. only smiled.

Spiteful little thing RENTOUZ said just now. Supporting amendment to Employers' Liability Bill he remarked "Gentlemen who sit on this side of the House are in favour of the amendment; gentlemen who sit on the other side of the House equally approve it; whilst Sir ALBERT ROLLIT, who sits on every side of the House, does not object to it."

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill reported; Government defeated; got into Committee on Parish Councils Bill.

Friday.—Rather painful scene to-night between SYDNEY BUXTON and SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. SAGE, ever thirsting for knowledge, wanted to know much about Matabeleland. Drafted a long string of questions addressed to Under Secretary for Colonies.

"Unfounded assumptions," BUXTON, in the pride of office, characterised these simple interrogatories. The SAGE, insatiable for information, desires to have the unfounded assumptions particularised. BUXTON referred Members to the question.

"But why," asked the SAGE, with tremble and pathos in his voice, "did you call them unfounded assumptions?"

Affected by this spectacle of genuine emotion, BUXTON proposed to substitute for the obnoxious word milder form "unproved."

"Yes," said the SAGE, sticking to his point; "but you said unfounded." No use BUXTON attempting to deny this; lapsed into embarrassed silence; probably will be more careful in future.

Business done.—Very little of Parish Councils Bill.

A COCKNEY ON A GREAT COLLECTION.

[We are informed that Prince LUCIEN BONAPARTE's unique library of some 25,000 volumes, included "a complete set of *Punch*," preserved presumably by the Prince for the specimens of "Cockney dialect which it contains."]

JEST fancy a Prince BONYPARTY sech nuts upon patter and slang! Proves a Prince may be fly to wot's wot, and of chat as is chat 'ave the 'ang.

Lor bless yer, this LUCYUN, 'e knowed all the cackles as ever was I'll wager as 'e was aweer as a Billingsgat Pheasant is fanned! He'd got SOLOMON's song in Tyke lingo! A pity 'e didn't know me! I'd ha' run it off into back slang, and ha' done it most willing and free.

'Cos a Prince and a Frenchy at that, as appreciates *Punch*, and my Is a precious sight smarter than some "Cockney" criticks, and that's wot's the matter!

So bully for Prince BONYPARTY! When weighed in 'e's well hup to scale;

And if them books come to the 'ammer, wy 'ARRY means seeing the



Tommy Bowles and the Pilot.

TO A LADY.

(Whose "Fringe" has fallen off
at a Ball.)

ALAS! those waving curls,
That parting on your brow,
Had been some other girl's!
"Where ish dot barting now?"

Like BREITMANN's barty gone
Away in *ewigkeit*,
Those curls which you put on
To grace the ball to-night.

Too feeble were the pins,
Too frisky were your hops;
Derisive are the grins,
Departing parting drops.

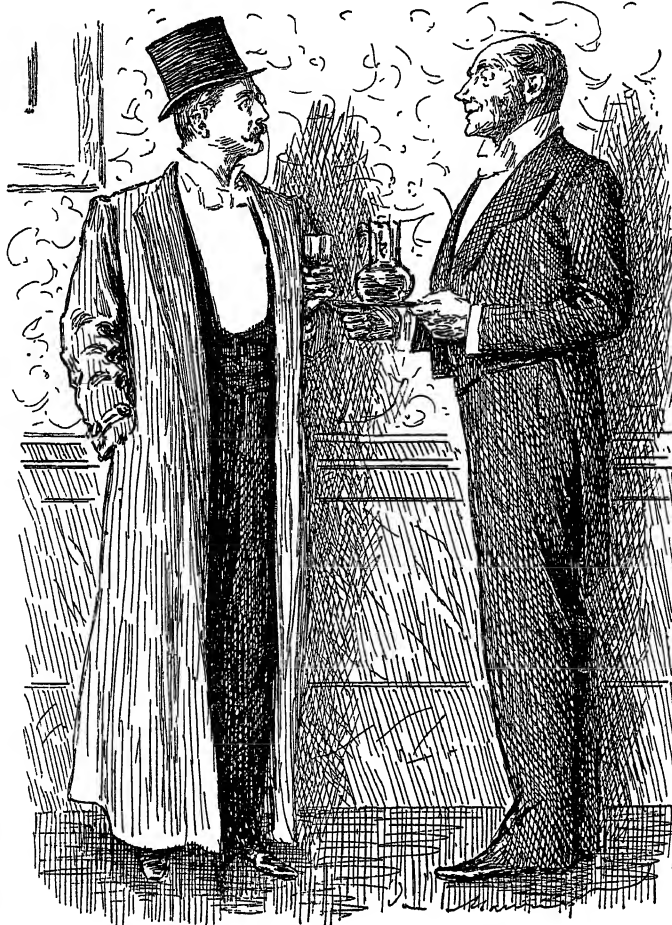
A parting, this, that shocks
Beholders evermore;
You dare not claim those locks
Now lying on the floor.

I used to think them fair,
I find them false instead;
If thus you lose your hair,
I shall not lose my head.

Nor certainly my heart—
With that I should not care
So readily to part
As you with purchased hair.

We kick those curls aside.
Your looks and locks have fled,
Then hasten home to hide
Your much diminished head.

Don PEDRO D'ALCANTARA LE
COMTE D'EU is eighteen. He
is pursuing his studies at a
Military Academy, speaks Ger-
man fairly well, and in his
leisure hours is, we are in-
formed, "studying Polish."
The latter being acquired, he
will become a most polish'd
Prince. He is so very well off
that he will not have to go to
Brazil for a crown.



DOMESTIC THRIFT.

SCENE—Entrance-hall at the Browns, after one of their Parties.

Jones (the last to depart, as usual). "WHAT A DELICIOUS DRINK, WAITER!
WHAT IS IT?" Waiter. "THE LEAVINGS, SIR!"

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF
BATTENBERG.

EUROPE'S Prince Charming, lion-
like, born to dare,
Betrayed by the black treach-
erous Northern Bear!
Soldier successful vainly, patriot
foiled, [spoiled!]
Wooser discomfited, and hero
Triumphant champion of Stiv-
nitz's field,
To sordid treachery yet doomed
to yield;
Of gallant heart and high-en-
during strain, [vain!]
Valiant resultlessly, victor in
Motley career of mingled shine
and shame.
Material fashioned for romantic
fame!
An age more chivalrous you
should have seen,
When brutal brokers, and when
bagmen keen,
Shamed not the sword and
blunted not the lance.
Then had you been true Hero of
Romance.
Now, when to Mammon Mars
must bow his crest,
King-errantry seems a Quixotic
quest,
And "unfulfilled renown" finds
only—early rest!

A VALETUDINARIAN'S VISDOM.

EVENING red and morning grey
Makes me by the fireside stay.
Evening grey and morning red
Finds me tucked up all day in
bed!

CURIOUS BUT TRUE.—So par-
ticular are the Worshipful
Company of Fishmongers to
have everything in order, that
they have this year elected as
Prime Warden a fine SALMON
(ROBERT H.).

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"WITH the New Year," says a Baronite, "there is a great
desire to turn over a new leaf." Such intentions are easily satisfied
by the *Back-Loop Pocket Diaries*, where leaves for this purpose
are plentifully supplied by JOHN WALKER & Co. Likewise DE LA
RUE & Co. offer Diaries and Memorandum Books in every size and
form, and this year they have a patent clip to keep the leaf down.
Ought to be advertised as "clipping!"

The Baron's Baronites look into a box of Christmas books and find,
first—*Westward with Columbus*. By GORDON STABLES, M.D.C.M.
Graphic account. "STABLES must have been in excellent form
when writing this," observes a Baronite; "evidently he was not
Livery Stables."—*Wreck of the Golden Fleece*. By ROBERT
LEIGHTON. A capital sea story, plenty of rocks and wrecks,
hardships and plague-ships, and all sorts of wonderful adventures.
—*The White Conquerors of Mexico*, by KIRK MUNROE, tells how
CORTES and his Spaniards, being white, did MONTEZUMA and his
Aztec natives brown.—*With the Sea Kings*. F. H. WINDER. The
youthful amateur salt will find everything here to satisfy all his
cravings and *See-kings*. "Winder has taken great panes with this,"
says Baronitess.

"My clients," quoth the Baron, "will do well to read BARING-
GOULD's cheap *Jack Zita*." Fascinating book by reason of its
picturesque effects and its description of life in the Fens at the
commencement of the present century. "I wonder," muses the
Baron, "whether any of my readers, being Cantabs, will call to mind
how some thirty-five years ago the names of those eminent amateur
pugilists J-CK SH-FF-LD, F-RE-SS-N D-V-E, L-NN-X C-NN-NGH-M,
and others were associated with life in the Fens as it existed at that
time, and how these pupils of NAT LANGHAM's now and again
disputed the championship of a certain Fen Tavern, won it, and
for a time held it? Some undergraduates were hand and glove

with the Fenners—not the cricket-ground, so styled, but the
dwellers in Fen-land; and on occasion they were hand to hand with-
out the 'glove.' Why this question? "Because," says the Baron,
"one of the scenes so graphically described in the chapter, headed
'Burnt Hats,' might have been witnessed at the time I have
referred to by any undergraduate sufficiently venturesome to accom-
pany those fisticuffers." As for the plot, well, 'tis a good plot, and
has always been a good plot, and "twill serve, 'twill serve." But
it is the BARING-GOULD flavouring that makes the dish acceptable to
the jaded palate of oldest novel-devourer. BARON DE B.-W.

GOOD LUCK TO IT!

(To Mr. CAINE and his Bill prohibiting advertisements in rural places.)

OH, MR. CAINE, for this relief much thanks.
As most benignant benefactor ranks
The man who saves our own sweet countryside—
At once our chiefest glory and our pride—
From all the many nauseating ills
Which come out of advertisements of pills!
Pills there must be, but when we chance to pass
Through meadows and would rest our eyes on grass,
Or pleasantly meander by the river,
We would forget we've even got a liver.
So here's success to you, Sir, in your Bill
To make it wrong to advertise a pill
In rural spots in which we fondly now
Associate "three acres and a cow!"
And when success this rural venture yields,
Do for the beaches what's done for the fields!

"INVISIBLE TROUSER STRETCHERS."—Legs.



THE BABES ON THE TREASURY BENCH.

With Mr Punc's Thanks to Mr. Courtney for the Suggestion. Vide Times, Parliamentary Report, Wednesday, November 22)



"TRANSMITTED."

Ignorant Bachelor Visitor. "HULLO, THROGMORTON; WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOUR TWINS UP TO WITH THAT CONTRIVANCE?"
Proud Father (of Throgmorton, Threadneedle & Co.; Telephone 1234564). "HA! THERE YOU ARE, MY BOY—MARVELLOUS EXAMPLE OF INHERITED BUSINESS INSTINCT! THEY'RE TRYING TO TELEPHONE TO EACH OTHER!"

THE BABES ON THE TREASURY BENCH.

[*"The leader of the Opposition had treated them to good logic, but why administer such strong meat to the babes on the Treasury bench?"—Mr. Courtney on the Parish Councils Bill.*]

We have heard of the Babes in the Wood,
 And the ruffians greedy and cruel,
 Who (as INGOLDSBY said in gay mood)
 Conspired for to "give them their gruel";
 But pitiful bosoms will blench
 At this vision of BALFOUR the sinister,
 To Babes on the Treasury Bench
 Presuming his dose to administer!
 They find Doctor BALFOUR, one fears,
 Worse than poor Davy Copperfield's
Creakle;
 As awful as grim Mrs. Squeers
 With her jorum of brimstone and treacle.
 Ah, COURTNEY, how could you conceive
 A picture so Mephistophelian?
 Your buzzam is stone, I believe,
 And your heart must be truly a steely 'un!
 Sweet Babes! They seem likely to choke!
 Poor GLADDY! Poor JOHNNIE! Poor
 WILLY!
 ARTHUR's "logic" is tougher than "toke,"
 And much more insipid than "skilly."

Strong meat? How your irony you barb,
 Your humour's as grim as the gallows.
 Your dose is as drastic as rhubarb,
 And almost as bitter as aloes.
 Logic? For Babes? On that Bench?
 You're as hard as the Poles' "whiskered
 pandour."
 You might as well set out to drench
 Your own Opposition with—candour!
 The Treasury Babes may object
 To prescriptions from MILL or from
 WHEWELL,
 And logical draughts, I expect,
 Would very soon give you your gruel.
 If COURTNEY could physic himself,
 Or BALFOUR and he dose each other,
 How soon both would lay on the shelf
 This prescription, and try quite another!
 No; Reason, as party-strife goes,
 As food is attractive to no men:
 And Logic's a nauseous dose,
 To be given—as physic—to foemen!

"WHAT author was it," inquired Mrs. R. of a literary friend, "who wrote the line describing going to bed as 'that last infirmity of noble minds'?"

"HARK! I HEAR THE SOUND OF COACHES."

[*"There are still five of the road-coaches running out of London."*—*Daily News*, Nov. 18.]

If drooping with toil, or aught else, I or
 You may spring up with "Excelsior!"

As up to the box-seat one climbs,
 "How pleasant," one murmurs, "'Old
 Times!'"

Times equally good, we'll engage,
 Have others who go with "The Age."

Though outlooks to-morrow be livid,
 Hold tight now a joy that is "Vivid."

"Post equitem?" Ah! his reliance,
 At least, wasn't placed on "Defiance."

RATHER FAMILIAR!—It was announced in the *Times* that "Canon G. F. BROWNE will lecture at St. Paul's, in January," on "*The Christian Church before the coming of Augustus*." The Canon ought to have said "*Sir Augustus*." Of course there is only one "AUGUSTUS," i.e. our "DEURTOLANUS."

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XVII.—The Drawing-room at Hornbeam Lodge. CURPHEW and ALTHEA are standing at some distance from one another, in evident constraint.

Curpew (sadly). It's only what I expected, and yet—tell me this—is it entirely because of—of what you saw at the Eldorado last Saturday?

Althea. Ah, you know, then! but what does it matter now? I was mistaken—isn't that enough?

Curpew. Don't judge me by what you saw of WALTER WILDFIRE. I can do better things than that. I can make you forget him—forget that he ever existed, if only you will trust me!

Althea. (indignantly). Do you really suppose that he—that I—oh, it's too insulting! And you will do no good by disparaging him. The man who could write those songs, and sing them like that—

Curpew. (winning). Don't! I know how they must have struck you. I would have prepared you, if I could. I did try—that afternoon at the station, but I was interrupted. And now it's too late, and the harm's done. But at least you will never see WALTER WILDFIRE again!

Althea. (exasperated). Have I ever said that I wanted to? Why will you persist in talking as if—? Once for all, I can't care for you; whatever I may have thought once, I know now that I can have no sympathy with the sort of life you lead; the pleasures you are content with would not satisfy me; I should want more than you could ever give me. We should have nothing in common—nothing—There, now do you understand?

Curpew. Yes, I think I do. I suppose it's natural, and yet—don't think too hardly of me if you can help it. I might have chosen a higher walk than I did, but at least I've kept out of the mire, and now at last I see my way to— But that wouldn't interest you. There, I had better say good-bye; you won't refuse to give me your hand at parting, will you?

[As he takes her hand, Mrs. TOOVEY enters with CHARLES, and stands transfixed.]

Mrs. Toovey. ALTHEA, don't tell me I'm too late! You have not accepted that man?

Curpew. (releasing ALTHEA'S hand). On the contrary, I have just had my dismissal, Mrs. TOOVEY; we were merely saying good-bye.

Mrs. Toov. Thank Heaven! But I knew I could trust my daughter to detect instinctively the designing serpent in wolf's clothing—(correcting herself angrily)—the sheep in dove's plumage, I should say.

Charles. (sotto voce). Similes are cheap to-day!

Mrs. Toov. (more angrily still). Well, I know what I mean, and so does he!

(Mr. TOOVEY enters.) And how a person with Mr. CURPHEW'S antecedents could ever have the face to thrust himself into such a household as this—

Mr. Toov. (coming forward). CORNELIA, my love! Such language to our dear young friend! Surely, surely, there must be some sad mistake!

Mrs. Toov. There has been indeed, Pa, and so you will say when you hear who and what he really is!

Curpew. Mr. Toovey has been quite aware of it for the last week, and was kind enough to say he saw no insuperable objection.

Mrs. Toov. Pa, is this true? You knew who Mr. CURPHEW was, and never told me!

Mr. Toov. My dear, I've no more notion who he is, if he's not Mr. CURPHEW, than a babe un—

Curpew. But surely, Sir, you forget our conversation at Clapham Junction this day week? You certainly knew everything then. I thought your nephew had probably—

Charles. I'd no idea of it myself till last Saturday, so it couldn't have been me!

Althea. (impatiently). No idea of what? Who is Mr. CURPHEW Papa?

Curpew. (to her, in astonishment). But you know! surely you know? What else have we been talking about?

Mr. Toov. (helplessly). I think we might try to be a little more clear, all of us. I do indeed. I'm in a perfect fog myself.

Mrs. Toov. Then, Pa, let me inform you that you have been encouraging the acquaintance of a person who gains his living by singing ribald songs at music-halls under the name of WALTER WILDFIRE!

Althea. (to herself). WALTER WILDFIRE! Then it was— Oh, if I had known!

Mr. Toov. A—a music-hall singer! He! Oh, dear, dear me; how one may be deceived in people!

Curpew. Really, Sir, this can hardly be news to you, when you allowed me to send you a box for the Eldorado for the express purpose of—

Mrs. Toov. Don't deny you were sent the box, Pa, because I know better. The question is—what you wanted one at all for?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). There's no occasion to say anything about those shares now! (Aloud.) To be sure, I was sent a ticket, my love; I could not help that, but (drawing himself up) it was not likely that I should compromise myself by visiting such a place,

even from the best of motives, and I did not use the ticket myself, though I believe some other person did.

Mrs. Toov. (in some distress). Well, well, never mind that now, Pa. What you have to do is to ask this Mr. WILDFIRE to oblige us all by walking out of this house—for ever.

Curpew. I should not have stayed so long as this, only I hoped that Mr. TOOVEY at least would have done me the justice— However, I've nothing to keep me here any longer now.

[He moves towards the door.]

Althea. (coming forward and intercepting him). Yes, you have—you've me. Oh, do you think I'll let you go like this—now I know? Can't you understand what a difference it makes?

[She clings to his arm.]

Charles. Bravo, THEA! I always knew you were a sensible girl!

Curpew. (utterly bewildered). Then you weren't—you don't—? I wonder if I can be awake!

Mrs. Toov. ALTHEA, if you had the remotest conception of what a music-hall singer is, you would never—

Althea. I know what Mr. CURPHEW is, Mamma. He is a great artist, a genius; he can hold a mixed crowd of careless people spell-bound while he sings, make them laugh, cry, shudder, just as he chooses, and whatever he does is all so natural and human and real, and—oh, I can't put it into proper words, but one goes away thinking better of the whole world after it—and to hear him treated as if he were some outcast—oh, I can't bear it!

[She breaks down.]

Curpew. (to himself). I don't care what happens now. They can't take this away!

Mrs. Toov. Upon my word! And pray where did you learn all this about Mr. WILDFIRE'S performances?

Althea. (boldly). Where, Mamma? Why, at the Eldorado, last Saturday evening.

[Sudden collapse of Mrs. TOOVEY.]

Mr. Toov. (electrified). A daughter of mine at the Eldorado! THEA, my child, you can't know what you are talking about; look at the effect on your poor mother!

Althea. (desperately). But indeed, Papa, there was no harm in it. I went with the MERRIDEWS. And—and I may be mistaken, of course, but I—I thought I saw Mamma there too!

[Sensation.]

Charles. Oh, I say, THEA; aren't you coming it rather strong? Aunt at the Eldorado! Why, Aunt thought Uncle was there!

Mr. Toov. CORNELIA, my love, don't pay any attention to her; the child must be stark staring mad to say such things. It's bad enough that she should have gone; but to think of you in such a scene! (To ALTHEA.) Why, it was that very Saturday evening that your dear mother went to the Zenana Meeting at Mrs. CUMBERBATCH'S—yes, to be sure. (To Mrs. T.) You remember, my dear, how you came home so late, in a cab the driver had been smoking in, and how the moment you entered the room I—

Mrs. Toov. (hastily). My dear THEOPHILUS, I remember the cir-



"Can't you understand what a difference it makes?"

cumstances perfectly, but I should not condescend to answer so preposterous a charge; especially when it is my own daughter who brings it!

Alth. (in distress). But indeed I don't, Mamma. I only fancied it might have been you, and of course, if you were at the CUMBERBATCHES—

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). I must put a stop to this once and for all. *(Aloud.)* If I was at the CUMBERBATCHES! When your father has just told you I was there—really, ALTHEA! Did I hear wheels outside? Just look, Pa. I haven't seen my spectacles since Saturday.

Mr. Toov. (at the window). Why, really, my love, it does seem to be a carriage, indeed. I wonder who can be calling at such a— Now, it's quite a coincidence, truly—it's dear Mrs. CUMBERBATCH! I hope she'll come in, because I really think it's a duty to warn her against employing that particular cabman again. A driver who permits himself to smoke inside his own vehicle to that extent—

[Mrs. Toovey makes ineffectual efforts to speak.]

Alth. (in a whisper, to CURPHEW). Do look at Mamma! You don't think she could really—?

Curph. I don't know what to think yet; but we shall all know in a very few seconds now.

[The hall-door is heard to open:]

Mrs. Toovey attempts to rise, but has to remain in her seat, dumb and paralysed.

END OF SCENE XVII.

LOBENGULA'S LETTER-BAG.

(Post-mark, Regent's Park.) Shall be glad to engage you for the Gardens. You will be expected to look after the elephants and to make yourself generally useful with the lions and tigers. As the Christmas holidays are approaching, perhaps you might invent a little comic scene with the crocodiles. A similar feature was supplied years ago by the French sailor in charge of the seals with much effect. Of course we shall be glad if your knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of the orang-outang enables you to suggest anything that could be worked up into a comic interlude. Please bear in mind that the Gardens want waking up, and you have a big opportunity. You would have Sunday off every other week. The Gardens would reserve to themselves the right of regulating your costume. Your boots and straw-hat may be ample in Africa, but in the Regent's Park would be considered inappropriate. We think we can clothe you in the very thing, if we can find a size large enough for you. It is called "the boy's home-for-the-holidays lounging suit," and is largely advertised. Shall expect you by next boat.

(Post-mark, Westminster.) Glad to engage you for a month certain, with power to increase the time to six weeks or longer. Could you bring with you a pugilistic hippopotamus? It must be a young one, as there is not much room for any side-shows. If you can jump, and don't mind water, so much the better. If you would leap from the organ-loft into a tank on to the stage, carrying on your back the boxing-kangaroo, the feat might be accepted, and prove a feature. Think this over on the journey to England. Perhaps something may occur to you. If so, mind that we are deeply respected, and are highly popular with the L. C. C. So please let your suggestions be as refined as possible.

(Post-mark, Paternoster Row.) Shall be glad to arrange with you for the immediate production of your Recollections. Would be glad if they were written in a bright, chatty style. You might give an account of your connection with literary celebrities, torturers, scientific expeditions, executions, sport in the far East, native war, and other topics of interest that may have come under your personal observation. If you could write up to some electros we have of a comic German Christmas party so much the better. As the success of the book is doubtful, we do not wish to incur unnecessary expense, and therefore would be glad if you could see your way to introducing the following blocks, of which we hold the copyright:—Covent Garden by Moonlight, A Spanish Bull Fight, An Execution in front of the Old Bailey, A Students' Ball in the Quartier Latin, H. R. H. opening a Newly-erected Board-School, Snipe Shooting on the Norfolk Broads, Christmas in a Storm at Sea, Hampstead Heath on

Bank Holiday, Portrait of JOHN WESLEY, A Lecture on Chemistry at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, Exterior of the new Police Court at Bow Street, An Incident in the Lord Mayor's Show, "Oxford wins," VAN TROMP sailing up the Thames, Paris Fashions for February, Christmas Eve—the Last Omnibus, Hop Pickers on the March, The new Uniform of the Grenadier Guards, and the late Fire at the Borough Brewery. We shall be glad if you will put the book in hand at once, as it is scarcely necessary to say that the sale of a work of reminiscences depends to a large extent upon the popularity of its author at the moment of publication. Terms, after the sale of 5000 copies, one penny a volume royalty.

(Post-mark, Drury Lane.) Engage you at once for ten years. Probably shall not require you for more than three or four months, but shall retain you for the rest of the time. May come in useful later on. Place waiting for you in the Pantomime. Minute and a half in English History in twenty minutes. Also comic scene with the Clown. The engagement must have clause allowing transference. Can find places for your wives (if they are really nice ones) in the Transformation Scene. If you can imitate the cries &c., of wild beasts, &c., think I can get you a turn at the

Palace. Writing a first-rate part for you in Autumn drama. A sort of gentlemanly demon, who appears in the West End during the first and third Acts, and in the last scene, appears in national costume with a real army and the whole bag of tricks. Bring as many of your army with you as you can. Can find something for them to do until the production of the Autumn drama. Collect a good lot of assegais and other useful props. May see way to working you into the Opera season. If you can sing, can give you a show at a concert. Might do for German series. Terms as per usual. Special arrangement if wanted at Windsor. Come over at once. On second thoughts, remain where you are. Will run over to have a chat. Third, and last thought, come over yourself. Find myself, with my engagements, just now a little pressed for time. *Au revoir!*

Coal and Wood.

[“That a Board of Conciliation be constituted forthwith, to last for one year at least, consisting of an equal number of coalowners and miners' representatives, fourteen of each.”—Terms of the Collieries Strike Conference.]

HOORAY for happy harmony so readily restored!

Thanks chiefly to young ROSEBERRY, that shrewd and genial lord. And *Mr. Punch* is thankful, for such strikes we can't afford, That in the Labour platform the newest plank's a Board!

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL OUTBURST.

[“A specimen of the rare white-tailed eagle has just been shot at Bude Haven, Cornwall.”—Daily Paper, Nov. 24.]

AH! shades of YARELL, MORRIS, BEWICK, WOOD,
Swoop down from Nephelococcygian eyrie [toms,
With legions of bird-phantom-ghosts and spectral bantams,
And venge the Vandal sporting-man's vagary,
Wrought on your race in Cornwall's bay of Bude!

A *Haliaeetus* he's done to death!
Haunt him and harry, ossifrage and osprey!
Hoot, owl! Croak havoc, raven!
He of that wave-beat haven Should—like the Ancient, of the Albatross—pray
For tardy pardon till his latest breath!

Soon will the Sea-earn join the vanished band
Of Garefowl, Ægyptornis, Dodo, Moa!
And e'en the merry mavis Will rank as *rara avis*—
The sparrow, sole of all that sailed with NOAH,
Will learn the casual pot-shot to withstand!

Why surely, when rare birds are rarer made
By 'ARRY, or by 'ARRIET's hat-adornor,
These gentry should be tethered
To posts, and tarred and feathered! [a mourner
To see the balance thus redressed
Would not be he who has these lines essayed!



A NOVELTY.

Mr. Cylinder (who always uses his Host's cartridges). "WHAT POWDER ARE THESE LOADED WITH, MY BOY?"

Beater. "AR DOAN'T RIGHTLY KNOW; BUT AR THINK THEY CALLS IT SERDLITZ POODER!"



A DISCUSSION ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"A—I'VE NO DOUBT YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT IN *THEORY*, LADY HYPATIA. BUT I'M AFRAID THAT IN *PRACTICE* THE WORLD AT LARGE WON'T AGREE WITH YOU." "WON'T IT? THEN IT OUGHTN'T TO BE AT LARGE!"

A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.

(Latest Parliamentary Version.)

Mr. H. FOWLER sings. (AIR—"Daisy Bell.")

THERE'S mazy misgiving upon my part,
Hazy, hazy,
Women, by WALTER M'LAREN'S art,
Muddle my "Mazy Bill."
Whether I love it or love it not,
Down I must gulp this pill.
She-suffrage complicates the plot,
Much, of my "Mazy Bill"!

Chorus—

Mazy! Mazy!
She-Voter, sit up, do!
I'm half crazy,
All with the weight of you!
You will not be robbed by marriage
Of a ride on this bi-wheeled carriage.
You look so sweet
(So you think) on the seat
Of a Bicycle built for Two!

We must go "tandem," like man and wife!—
Aisy! Aisy!—
Am I not working away for life,
Driving my "Mazy Bill"?
Taking you up, as an extra load,
Taxes my strength and skill.
Rough and up-hill is the country road,
Run by the "Mazy Bill."

Chorus—

Lazy! Lazy!—
Spin like a "Scorcher"—do!
I'm half crazy
With the dead weight of you!
Spinster or bound in marriage,
You claim gratuitous carriage;
But—use your feet
If you must have a seat!
On this Bicycle built for Two!

I must stand by you? Oh yes, I know!

They see, they see,—

M'LAREN and STANSFELD, JESSE and JOE.—

I'm bound to my "Mazy Bill."
You'll take the lead, if I don't mistake.
Then, if you work your will,
Who will there be to put on the brake,
Working my "Mazy Bill"?

Chorus—

Hazy! Hazy!
Such is the country view!
Squires half crazy,
All for sheer dread of you!
Maidens or married by marriage,
Your sex means claiming their carriage;
But, I feel dead beat
With your weight on the seat
Of this Bicycle—built for Two!

CONVERSATION BOOK FOR CANDIDATES.

(When the Ladies have the Franchise.)

Voter. Are you sure you are quite steady?
Candidate. Quite. And I am prepared to give the best time of my life to the consideration of the most important—

V. Thank you, that will do. But do you think that a carriage is necessary for a wife?

C. Certainly, and it would be a grievance if she had not one. By a development of the trade of the country I believe that—

V. Thank you, that will do. And I suppose you admit the equality of the sexes?

C. Undoubtedly, considering that the highest places in the university class lists are carried off by—

V. Thank you, that will do. And I suppose you, if elected, will have a fortune sufficiently ample to afford a house in Eaton Square, a place in the country, a yacht in the Solent, a box at the opera, and all the other necessary eteteras?

C. Most probably. I hold it to be the duty

of every legislator to see that his wealth is sufficient to enable him to give his individual time to the service of his constituents, and—

V. Thank you, that will do. I presume, if you married, you would like your wife's mother to occasionally visit her daughter?

C. Theoretically, yes. Judging for others, I would say that no subject of greater interest than happy domestic arrangement could be imagined. I would insist that the well-being of the family circle is of paramount importance, and that—

V. Thank you, that will do. And now for my last question. If you are elected will you be prepared to marry my eldest daughter?

C. That is a matter of great moment which requires the most careful consideration. Without absolutely pledging myself to any course of action, I may declare that—

V. Thank you, that will do. And now I will examine your opponent!

PALINODE.

["In my old Radical days."—Mr. Chamberlain.]

Yes, I once was a smart little Rad
Who talked about "lilies" and "ransom."
Those views, which were shallow and mad,
I retract, in a manner most handsome.
Ea? "Skeletons," "Armchairs"? Oh no!
I hold they are traitors or sillies,
Who talk (like the juvenile Joe)
About skeletons, ransom, and lilies!
Ri fol de rol liddle lol dol!

I might be indulging to-day
In the rampant and rancorous Rad's tone,
Swearing "lilies" full "ransom" must pay,
If it hadn't a-been for that GLADSTONE!
He serves as a warning to me,
A sort of political helot;
But, thanks to old W. G.,
I'm no longer a radical zealot!
Ri fol de rol liddle lol dol!



“A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.”

[“If he (Mr. FOWLER) understood the decision of the House correctly on this subject, it was this—that the disqualification of married women should cease; that was to say, where a woman was otherwise qualified, and was on an existing register, and, as such, entitled to vote, she should not be disqualified by reason of being a married woman. . . . It was a decision which the Government would endeavour to carry out. . . . He should propose to insert a new clause removing the disqualification of married women altogether.”—*Mr. H. Fowler in the Debate on the Parish Councils Bill.*]

ROBERT'S PUZZEL.

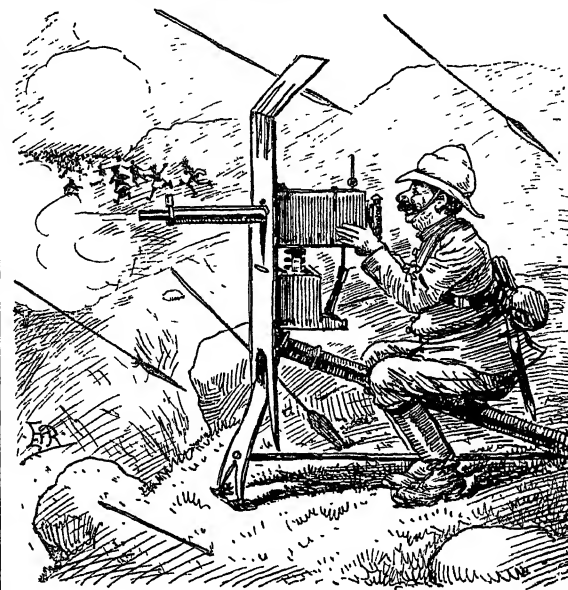
I've had a Puzzel put into my hands by a heminent Common Councilman which has puzzeld me orfully, but which he says is as plane as the hob-jects of a County Counsellor. It is as follows:—

"Amalgamation is Wexation,
Unefecation is as Bad,
The Royal Commission puzzels me,
And their praetises drives me Mad!"

In course the hole thing is a Com-mondrum to a pore Waiter like me; but my frend tells me that it all means, that as the City Copperation is the popularest body in all the hole Country, and the London County Counsel about the most unpopularest, as they are allers a hinterfering unnessasarily with the cumforts and amusements of some class or other of the peeple, they acshally has the hor-dasity to propose that the grand old Copperation should be abolished alto-gether, and ancient Gildhall and the honored Manshun House, with all their sacred contents, handed over to the County Counsellors! and that in future there should be no reel City of London, but that all the hole place, with its five millions of peeple, should be muddled up together, and put under the loving care of the London County Counsel!

Well, I do happen to have a pretty large acquaintance one way and another, and I ventures to say, most truthfully, that I haven't come across one singel one on 'em but what has ether amost bustt hisself with larfter, or amost screamed hisself hoarse with hindignation, when I have told him my almost unposserbel tail!

ONE OF THE "MAXIMS" OF CIVILISATION!



OLD AND NEW.

"THINK of the glorious Mottoes," said a Major of the old school. "'Nil Desperandum,' 'Death or Victory,' 'England Expects,' and so forth!" Replied his friend, the modern Captain, "Bother your Mottoes! Give us the 'Maxims'!"

"Flibbertigibbet."

THE fiend that now urges to—pen flippant novels
Is modern *Poor Tom's* modish *Modo*.
The work that in cynical worldliness grovels
Will soon be extinct as the Dodo!

* See *King Lear*.

I did venture to ask the Common Councilman, the other day, whether he reelly thort as there was any possibility of such a hideous skeme a being carried out, when we all knowd what a splendid character the old Copperation had borne for ages past for Gener-ossity, for Horsepittallerty, and for Eddication. His arnser was, "My dear ROBERT, we lives in sitch rum times that one hesitates to say that any habsurdity is impossible, but the great trust of all of us is, that should things get to the werry worst, and ewen the House of Commons throw us over—tho I have heard their great Leader himself declare, in Gildhall itself, that the history of the City Copperation reflected an amount of credit upon those who had governed it for generations that it would be differcult to surpass—the same nobel and hindependent Body as only a few munse ago saved the country from disruption, and thereby raised themselves greatly in the estimation of all thinking men, would again step forward and save the grate Capital from such a ridiculus, and contemtible, and silly absurdity as was never equalled in the history of the world!"

Ah, well, these was nice comforting words for me to hear, and sent me about my ofishal dooties with quite renewed wiggour, and when shortly afterwards I ventured to repeat them to one of the most importantest of our gests, he turned round and acshally shook my hand, and exclaimed, "Ah, my good ROBERT, we may trust to them, for many and many a time have I heard some of our gratest men exclaim, 'Thank God we have a House of Lords!'"

ROBERT.

"HISTORY (NEARLY) REPEATS ITSELF."

(A Peep into the Future.)

THERE was a general strike. The playing fields were deserted, and trade was at a standstill. Not a cricket-ball or a foot-ball had been made for months, and the lawn-tennis industry was paralyzed. The papers of the day urged the Government to intervene. "After all, it was only a matter of figures. Surely a compromise might be reached. If players would only meet payers, all would be well." So a Cabinet Council was held, and the most popular Member of the Ministry was selected as arbitrator. The name was well-received by both sides, and all seemed *en train* for a satisfactory settlement.

"We must have a proper salary," said a representative of the foot-ball profession; "if we don't, we shall have to give it up, and take to soldiering, doctoring, brief-accepting, and the rest of it."

There was a murmur of disapproval at this suggestion. Was foot-ball to perish because its professors could not get a "living wage"? No, a thousand times no!

Then the Minister suggested that he had better hear the complaints of the men, the women, and the children. So the cricketers, the golfers, the polo-players, and the lovers of lawn-tennis spoke at length.

"And what may you want young lady?" asked the arbitrator, with a smile.

"I must be paid for taking my doll for a walk," replied a small girl of six or seven. "I have to keep the toy perambulator in repair, and when Rose falls on her nose, I have to get her face replaced. How am I to bear these expenses if I receive nothing? It is impossible, unreasonable!"

"And I, too," cried a schoolboy. "How can I trundle my hoop or play at marbles if I am not allowed something for my time?"

And there were other complaints. Everyone wanted a wage, and the cries for salaries waxed louder and louder.

Then the Minister asked for a few minutes' grace, and began writing. After he had finished his despatch, he put it in an envelope, and requested someone to read it when he had taken his departure. Then he went away.

"Dear me!" said the person to whom the despatch had been entrusted. "This is highly unsatisfactory. I find the arbitrator has resigned without making an award, and has left the matter in the hands of Lord ROSEBERRY."

Then there was a cry of sorrow. For it was known that as Lord ROSEBERRY had had quite enough of conflicts between capital and labour, he would certainly refuse to be dragged into another quarrel.

So the war went on between players and payers, and "Merrie England" became a byword of reproach in the comity of nations.

MATURE CHARMS.

MAIDEN slim and fair, with the golden hair,
So eager to snare with the knowing glance
Of your eyes so bright, and to waltz all night
With that step so light in the mazy dance,

Years ago, I swear, we once met somewhere;
We danced—you take care to forget that ball—
And my arm embraced that wasp's whalebone waist,
So cruelly laeod, so absurdly small!

But then I declare you had nut-brown hair,
The colour's still there just down at the roots;
You are "fancy free," full of girlish glee,
But you're forty-three I would bet my boots.

Your beauty is rare, but I am aware
That face you prepare, that vile waist you buy,
Which corsets to civilised women give,
And hairdressers live so that you may dye.



Popular Idea of the Costume
of a Member of the Bar on
"Grand Day."



SO POLITE!!

Slim nervous Gent (pulling up at a regular facer). "HOLD HARD, YOU BRUTE! 'LADIES FIRST!'"

A BALLAD.

I WISH I could write romantic rot,
Like the beautiful songs they sing
At Ballad Concerts; why should I not
Attempt such a simple thing?
This metre's just right. Here goes!—The
moon
Shone sad o'er the silvered waves, [June,
The nightingale trilled 'neath that night of
Where the river the primrose laves.

(That's good, though hazy the sense may
seem,

No primrose would bloom at the time;
The river "laves" it, not it the stream;
"Moon" and "June" makes a clumsy
rhyme.)

Upon the terrace a maiden fair
Was gazing the waters o'er,
And dreaming of vows of love she ne'er
Would hear, as in days of yore.

("Days of yore," that's fine.) And her soft,
sad eyes

Looked up at the starry night,
She kissed a fair ruby ring, with sighs,
Which shone on her fingers white.

(You put the words as it suits you best;
The adjective need not be
Before the noun.) On her heaving breast
A red, red rose you could see.

(That is if you had been there.) She wept;
To-night must her lover go.

The rose was awake, though the pimpernel
slept. [know?]

(Bagged from TENNYSON, don't you

The silent stream whispered scarce a sign,
Ere it swept past the willows grey.
(The sense is vague, though the sound is
fine;
What it means even I can't say.)

Alas! alas! red, red rose, bright ring!
Red rose, cherished ring, alas!
(Such bosh sounds beautiful when you
sing.)

A hush lay over the grass.
(I'm hanged if I know what a "hush"
may be.
It's something pathetic, sublime.)
The nightingale warbled upon the tree.
O rose-scented summertime!

He came, and pressed to his manly heart
The maid 'neath the pale moonbeams
(Don't mind if accents are wrong); they
part!

In (excellent rhyme) her dreams
The joy of that passionate farewell kiss
To the silent tomb she bore.
(I could easily write you a mile of this,
But you probably want no more.)

"LA FIN DU SEA-AIGLE (!)." — The
Standard informs us that—

"A specimen of the white-tailed, or sea eagle,
has just been shot at Bude Haven, Cornwall. The
bird weighed nearly eight pounds, and the ex-
tended wings measure between seven and eight feet
from tip to tip."

Now, "next please," and let us have the
"Very last of the Sea Serpent!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, No-
vember 20.—Rumour current to-night that
Ballykilbeg is in the market. Ballykilbeg is
the manorial seat of one of the most ancient
and honourable Irish families, long settled in
County Down. The O'Hnston's were in the
train of BORRHOIMI when he first essayed,
and succeeded in, the difficult task of form-
ing a United Ireland. JAKE O'Hnston is a
name that lingers lovingly in tradition of
Youngest Ireland. Gradually, being always
on the people's lips, it began to take a new
form. J. O'Hnston naturally became JOHN-
STON; but Ballykilbeg was always there.
To-day House of Commons contains no more
esteemed Member than he who is known as
JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg. A man of war
breathing battle, ever ready to take his place
amongst the corpses in the last ditch, JOHN-
STON of Ballykilbeg off the platform in Ulster,
or off his legs in House of Commons, is the
mildest-mannered man that ever proposed to
broil a brother for conscience' sake.

Quite a sensation at prospect of dissevering
JOHNSTON from Ballykilbeg. Glad to hear
there's nothing, or little, in it. Arises out
of circumstance that JOHNSTON has ap-
proached Mr. G. with suggestion that
Treasury shall purchase an estate in Ire-
land, and there plant out the Duke of York.
If the Duke, making a survey of Ireland,
should find no more attractive place
than Ballykilbeg, the descendant of the
O'Hnston's is not the man to allow personal



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 5. HUNTING.

predilections or old associations to stand in the way of gratification of Royal desire. It might come to pass that the Crowned Heads of Europe would welcome at their courts YORK of Ballykilbeg, whilst the last of the O'HENRONS would be content to house his loyal head



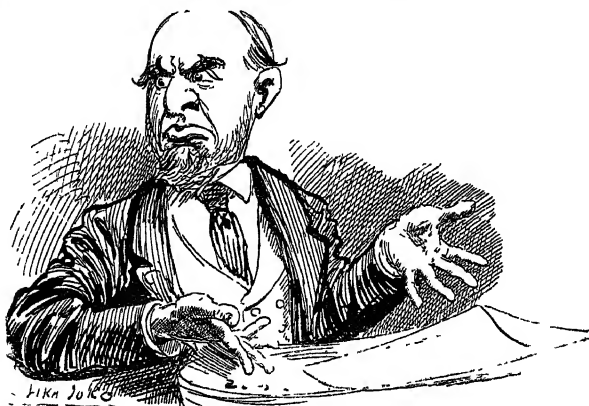
Johnston of Ballykilbeg escorting the Duke of York.

under alien roof. That, however, not a prospect in view when he moved in the matter. There is surely room between the seas that circle Ireland for the Duke of YORK and JOHNSTON still at Ballykilbeg.

Business done.—Clause I. added to Parish Councils Bill.

Tuesday.—Parish Councils on again. That was order of day, but human ingenuity dragged in other matters. First Woman's Suffrage, on which there was livelier debate than has yet arisen in Committee on this Bill. Last Thursday WALTER M'LAREN raised question in form of an Instruction. Government resisting were beaten, the Opposition coalescing with revolting Radicals. Now, as SQUIRE OF MALWOOD puts it, the Government, kissing the rod, accept injunction; undertake to embody M'LAREN's Amendment in Bill. Pretty to see air of doubt and hesitation that hereupon comes over ingenuous faces on Opposition benches. If HENRY FOWLER had put his back up, declared that Woman delighted him not, nor WALTER M'LAREN either, Opposition would again have joined forces with Radicals, and Government would once more have suffered defeat. Since they resolved to obey Instruction carried by majority last Thursday, PRINCE ARTHUR shakes his head; EDWARD STANHOPE shows this is quite another pair of sleeves; whilst JOSEPH, back bronzed from breezy Bahamas, bluntly says he will oppose new Clause HENRY FOWLER has promised to bring in.

"It is the duty of an Opposition to oppose," says PRINCE ARTHUR; "and I did not for several Sessions sit at feet of OLD MORALITY without being impressed with imperative sense of duty."



Mr. Courtney explains the Puzzle.

Later, when this difficulty temporarily out of way and it seemed progress with Clause might be made, Proportional Representation was dragged in neck and crop. COURTNEY took charge of the puzzle business, and tried to explain it. No prizes offered, and attention a little slack. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD defined the theory in admirable phrase. "It is," he said, "an ingenious system by which a man is

to vote for a person he does not prefer in order to secure a majority for some purpose he does not understand." Can't better that; leaves nothing else to say. Nevertheless, much was said; talked by the hour; finally a division, in which Government majority, rarely falling below three score and ten, stood at 72.

Business done.—Something of the debating society order.

Thursday night.—Things coming to a pretty pass if TOMLINSON is not to offer a few observations on third reading of Employers' Liability Bill without an arrogant Minister moving the Closure. Apart from consideration of individual liberty and freedom of speech, House would have suffered special disappointment if SPEAKER had accepted ASQUITH's suggestion and submitted question of Closure. Finding TOMLINSON on his feet at this juncture it naturally thought he had, in interval, discovered what his amendments moved last week in Committee on Bill meant, and was seizing this opportunity of explaining them. He didn't; but that was all ASQUITH's fault. Enough to cow any man rising at ten minutes to twelve and having pistol held to his head in shape of motion for the Closure.

Just at the time when TOMLINSON was coming to his explanation, hand of clock touched five minutes to twelve. He might still have used up at least four minutes; being flurried, he sat down; and now we shall never know what his amendments were designed to accomplish. Happily there was time left for MATTHEWS to soundly rate ASQUITH for his attempt to Closure TOMLINSON. Right hon. gentleman could scarcely control his tongue in the emotion under which he laboured in contemplation of the attempted outrage. It would have been bad enough with an ordinary member. That the weighty and sententious speech of so eminent a statesman as the Member for Preston should have been broken in upon by a motion for the Closure only showed, in the ex-Home Secretary's opinion, how bad was the case of the Government, how reckless the tactics to which desperation drove them. A beautiful speech; almost, as TOMLINSON says, worth being snubbed by ASQUITH in order to elicit this eloquent testimony to modest merit.

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill read a third time.

Friday Night.—Great advantage of habit of foreign travel ingrained with Members of Commons is that when erudite question comes up sure to be someone present who can illustrate its bearings from experience gained in more or less remote portions of the planet. Just now HENRY FOWLER moved provision in Parish Councils Bill, making it possible for Lovely Woman, whether married or single, to stoop to folly of being elected on Parish Council Board. Up jumps HORACE PLUNKETT with some charming reminiscences brightly told of residence in the State of Wyoming. In that happy land women enjoy equal political and municipal privileges with their brother men.

"I was," said PLUNKETT, "well acquainted with a female Justice of the Peace. She discharged her duties, and, when necessary, a revolver."

Another of PLUNKETT's lady friends in far-off Wyoming had her domestic duties broken in upon by summons to attend a jury. Case proved protracted; husband had to stay at home and mind the baby, whilst she was locked up all-night with eleven good men and true.

After hearing this, Committee unanimously, without division being challenged, agreed to FOWLER's Amendment.

Business done.—On Clause III. Parish Council Bill.

SHAKSPEARE IN LONDON.

BUY no more, Ladies; buy no more;
Shops were deceivers ever:
One price in season, one before,
And reasonable never.
Then buy not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting "Robes, modes, et
manteaux"
Into—"Pas, si je connais!"
Bring no more bargains—sales are
low,
And bills are dull and heavy;
(The shopmen drew their longest
bow
For Summer's rout and levée.)
Then buy not so,
But let them "show"
And be you shrewd and bonny,
Converting all their "Tout ce
qu'il faut"
Into—"Pas, si je connais!"

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS!"

PUNCH's picture, "When the
Cat's Away!"
Seems to have effect! The brutal
"play"
Of young ruffians, in at least two
cases,
Whipping has rewarded. What
long faces
TROTTER pulls! With his mild
creed it clashes.
Sentiment's eyes are wet—about
the lashes!
Howling brutes make molly-
coddles snivel.
Let the ruffians rail, their cham-
pions drivel.
Brutalising to chastise brutality?
'Tis the merest blind sentiment-
tality.
Feeble men and helpless women
save
From the roughs, and let the
weepers rave!



JUVENILE PESSIMISM.

First Youthful Reprobate. "SAY, BILLY, 'AVE YER GOT SECHA THING AS A BIT O' 'BAOCCA ABOUT YER?"

Second Y. R. "AIN'T 'AD SO MUCH AS A W'IFF SINCE LARST TOOSDAY FORTNITE!"

First Y. R. "AH! WOT A WORLD! EH?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A PERUSAL of Captain LUGARD's *Rise of our East African Empire* fills one with a thrill of pride at being also an Englishman. Captain LUGARD is a Soldier of Fortune, of the type of *Quentin Durward*, only, instead of lending his sword to a foreign king, he helps to carve out empire for England in the very heart of Africa. This is, however, merely an accident. He reached Massowah bent upon joining the Italian forces then fighting against the Abyssinians. This journey was undertaken for what, to my Baronite's peace-loving disposition, is the oddest reason in the world. Finding himself with his regiment at Gibraltar in December 1888, his health shattered in the Burmah campaign, Captain LUGARD came to the conclusion that nothing would do him good except a little fighting. So, with £50 in his belt, and no outfit except his rifle, he got on board the first passing ship, and sailed whithersoever it chanced to be going. This turned out to be Naples, a fortunate stroke, since Italy was the only nation that chanced at the moment to be at war. Captain LUGARD's efforts to obtain permission to join the expeditionary force, made first at Rome, and afterwards at Dogali, were unsuccessful. He drifted into East Africa, and finally reached Uganda, with which territory, particularly interesting just now, much of the book is concerned. It is impossible even to hint at the marvellous adventures through which he made his way. They were accomplished with marvellous endurance and superb courage, the picturesque narrative being written with charming modesty. No more stirring story has been told in recent years than Messrs. BLACKWOOD publish in these two handsome volumes, profusely illustrated and enriched with maps.

A few hints to those about to marry in *Courtship and Marriage*, by ANNIE SWAN. Miss ANNIE SWAN is a Duck!

The latest "Outs" published by "INNES" are *The Dainty Books*, a charming series, containing some very pretty stories; that of a little girl, always aiming at dramatic effects, in *A Hit and a Miss*, by the Hon. EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGGESSON, is most amusingly told, and *The Lily and the Water Lily* is a delicate flowery romance by Mrs. A. COMYNS CARR, in which flowers and fairies talk and act for the benefit of some little children.

Those who have bad memories should get the *Dictionary of Quotations*, compiled by Rev. JAMES WOOD. It is not a Stock Exchange memorandum, but a compilation of more than the usual stock quoted from various writers.

Distinguished for his art gems, RAPHAEL TUCK AND SON are as Artful as ever with their variety show of cards and booklets.

In consequence of the high price of coals this winter, FAULKNER & Co. have turned our eyes to summer flowers and pictures. Winter being summarily dismissed, is not on the cards.

A splendid collection of *Good Words* for 1893, published by ISBISTER, and edited by DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.; in it will be found a serial story by EDNA LYALL, "To Right the Wrong," which proves how wrong it is to write,—but read this, and right through, says the
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

HOW TO WRITE A CHEAP CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

From Editor to Contributor.—We are going to have a seasonable extra, but can't go to any unnecessary expense. Want a story of the old kind. Snow, ice, hunting, and plum pudding. Scene must be laid in an antiquated country-house, to bring in picture of "Dowderry Grange by Moonlight." Can you manage it?

From Contributor to Editor.—Just the thing ready to hand. Scene Burmah, but can easily bring all the characters to Loamshire. Central incident. Heroine run over by a wild elephant, easily changed into an accident on the railway. Have you any blocks you can send me?

From Editor to Contributor.—Sending you heaps of cuts by the parcels post. Choose those you like best, and return the remainder. Isn't railway incident rather stale? Better stick to elephant. Possibly introduce a topical tone. Think you will find in parcel a sketch of the bombardment of Rio. Do your best.

From Contributor to Editor.—Thanks for packet of blocks. I have kept half a dozen. Have found a fellow who will do for a hero. Only drawback he's always changing his personal appearance. However, can make him an amateur detective. Wrong about the bombardment of Rio. No picture of that incident. Think you must have taken "Illumination of Jammeripore, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee," for it. Can work in that, as it will do for one of my Burmese scenes. Rough sketch of plot. Hero in love with heroine, who is left alone in lonely manor-house. She meets him in a circus, where he rescues her from an infuriated elephant. Brings in three blocks nicely. Hard at work.

From Editor to Contributor.—Afraid I must ask you to send back blocks you have selected. Appears I promised them to another Contributor, who had written up to them a story called, "Farmer Fuddle's Visit to the Cattle Show." However, retain the Jubilee illumination, as he says he doesn't want it. Sending you fresh parcel.

From Contributor to Editor.—Rather annoyed, as I was getting on capitally. EDWIN and ANGELINA, on their escape from the mad elephant, were seeking shelter under the Adelphi Arches. Now come a lot of pictures of the French Revolution! However, will do my best.

From Editor to Contributor.—You are such a good-natured fellow, it's a shame to bother you. Find I had promised another chap those

revolutionary subjects. He has written a story up to them, called "Nettleby's Nightmare." Have sent you a heap more in exchange.

From Contributor to Editor.—It's really too bad! I had put EDWIN in the Conciergerie and ANGELINA was trying to bribe ROBESPIERRE. And now you have altered it all! And what am I to do with a picture which seems to be an advertisement of somebody's shirts? Haven't you made another mistake. However, I have got on as fast as I can, and put a heap of subjects in a mad scene. EDWIN's brain breaks down, and he has visions of lots of things, inclusive of some wedding-cakes.

From Editor to Contributor.—You are quite right. I *did* make a mistake. The last packet of blocks were put into my room by mistake. Please return them at once—they are required for the advertisements. Better send in your story as it is, and then I will find something appropriate. Why *will* you live in the country? If you were here, you could settle the whole matter in two twos.

From Contributor to Editor.—I stay in the country because I can't get inspiration in town. And that's my affair, and not your's. Pardon this tone of irritation, but I hate altering a story after once panning out the plot. However, I have obeyed your orders. EDWIN and ANGELINA are born in Burmah (they are cousins), and are taken to an old English country-house. Then they are told by an old crone the story of their parents' past. That brings in all the French revolutionary business. Then I get in the detective part, with a reference to the undiscovered crime in Cannon Street. You will see it is all right.

From Editor to Contributor.—I have read it, and heartily congratulate you. Just what we wanted. What do you call it?

From Contributor to Editor.—"A Lovely Devonshire Rose." It seems to me neat and appropriate; or, as it is a story for Christmas, how will "A Ray of Arctic Sunlight" do?

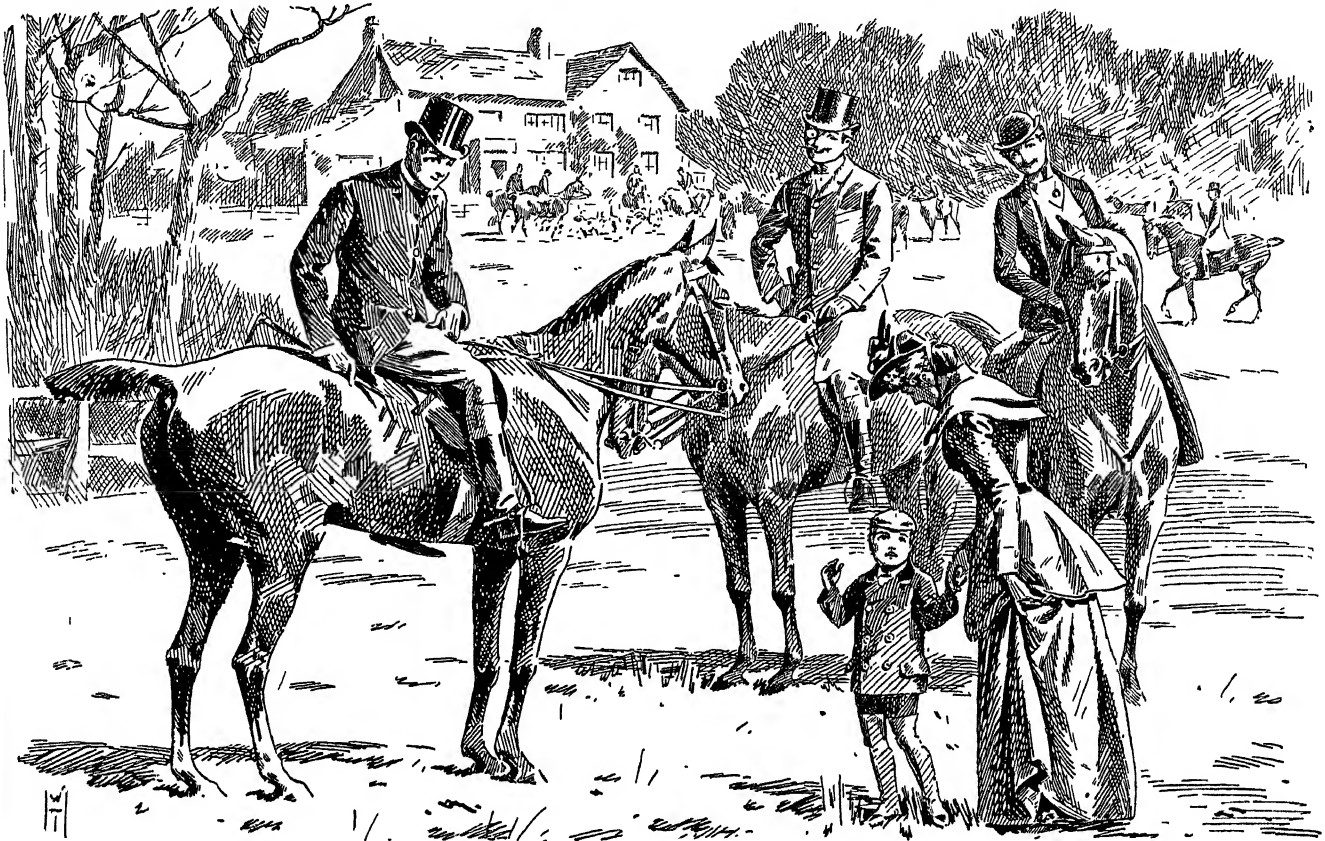
From Editor to Contributor.—"A Ray of Arctic Sunlight" is better for Yule Tide. I have got the very blocks for the illustrations. Belonged to a book called *Travels in the Soudan and Syria*. Could not have found anything more appropriate if I had searched for centuries. I enclose a little cheque, and offer thousands of thanks for all the trouble you have taken. It is no idle form when I wish you the happiest of Christmasses and the most prosperous of New Years!

From Contributor to Editor.—Reciprocation of seasonable compliments. But I say—hang it—you might have made it guineas!



Amey Sandhu's pen

PARLIAMENTARY FOOTBALL MATCH.—"FOWLER'S FINE SINGLE-HANDED RUN."—(See page 267.)



A DILEMMA.

Young Sportsman (to his small nephew, the Parson's son). "HELLO! JIMMIE! WHY DON'T YOU COME OUT ON THE PONY? YOU'LL NEVER BE A MAN IF YOU DON'T HUNT."

Jimmie. "NOW LISTEN TO THAT, MOTHER! THERE'S UNCLE JACK SAYS I SHALL NEVER BE A MAN IF I DON'T. THERE'S FATHER SAYS IT'S CRUELTY IF I DO. THEN OLD JOHN SAYS I SHOULD BE LAMING THE PONY; AND YOU SAY THE PONY WOULD BE LAMING ME! WHAT AM I TO DO!"

"A SINGLE-HANDED RUN."

"It is interesting to watch the methods of obstruction . . . Progress (with the Parish Councils Bill) has been slow enough, but it is impeded with an artfulness which indicates a certain division of labour among the different sections of the Unionist army. The first section includes the Liberal Unionists, whose rôle is . . . to take no overt part in the game of mere talkativeness; the second is the official Tories, who mostly hate the Bill . . . and lose no opportunity of expressing a guarded but thoroughly sincere distrust of every portion of it; the third section consists of the go-as-you-please Lowtherites—the mere guerillas, who are allowed to obstruct as much and as long as they please."—"House and Lobby" in the "Daily Chronicle."

(Rough, and rather amateurish, reporter's mems. picked up on the St. Stephen's Football Grounds during the progress of the big match, Midlothian United v. Unionists. See illustration, p. 266.)

FOOTBALL at St. Stephen's looking up! Fine exponents of the Rugby game. Strong combinations, "Midlothian United" and "Unionists" met to decide great—postponed—fixture. Though weather favourable, failed somehow to attract the large crowd usual at matches between these two "sides" of far-famed amateurs. Enthusiastic followers of the game, however, who turned up in adequate numbers, rewarded by sight of good, if slow and unexciting game. Both sides well represented, and the homesters, who won the toss, played first half from pavilion end of ground, having wind, which was blowing across ground, a trifle in their favour.

"Midlothian United," famous team, better known as "GLADSTONE'S MEN," play well together, and are strong lot, though less speedy perhaps than their opponents. "Unionists" indeed (made up from two admirable teams at one time opponents) an extremely clever, not to say artful, combination. As pick of anciently opposed sides, wonderful how well they are together, and how unselfishly they play the game. "Midlothian United" team (which has undergone numerous changes of late) also fairly well together, and admirably captain'd.

From kick-off, ball was well returned, and play settled down in

homesters' territory. Later, game of very equal character, each side looking like scoring, but nothing definite obtained before half time. Game then ruled a bit slow. Showing good combination, the visitors' forwards caused home-side some anxiety. Forwards, however, played very self-denying game, and game largely confined to the half and three-quarter backs, and in this visitors had advantage, as "Midlothian United" do not so greatly shine in this phase of game, whereas, among their opponents, BOWLES, LONG, LOWTHER, and one or two more, very smart and tricky. FOWLER, however, the great Midlothian forward, played with fine combination of energy and judgment, made some fine runs, and proved vastly effective in serum. BALFOUR, GOSCHEN, and H. JAMES, played very artfully indeed, and "tackled" strongly, and although that mighty forward CHAMBERLAIN less prominent than usual, still, in doggerel of football-field, it may be said that,

JOE, the Brum,
Shines in serum.

Later BOWLES, TOMLINSON, STANLEY LEIGHTON, LOWTHER, and HANBURY, were very active for the "Unionists," though one or two of them seemed sometimes "within measurable distance" of being pulled up for fouls. COLLINGS once made tracks but failed to pass RIGBY, who throughout played a sound game at back for the Midlothianites. Not to be denied, the "Unionists" again advanced to the attack, LONG and LEIGHTON especially being conspicuous. FOWLER deprived latter, but BALFOUR and CHAMBERLAIN rushing up relieved. Fast and even play then became order, the ball being taken from one end of ground to other with great rapidity. FOWLER broke up a determined attack by "Unionists." From a hot serum he got possession, and put in a fine single-handed run right down centre of ground, closely pursued by those determined tacklers, BALFOUR, JAMES, GOSCHEN, and the redoubtable Brum, when—

[Here the reporter's mems. abruptly terminate, and it is presumed they were dropped—actually or metaphorically—by the evidently amateur scribe.]

DIABOLUS EX MACHINA.—Dynamiting Anarchism.

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XVIII.—*The Drawing-room, as before. The door opens, and PHOEBE appears.**Phoebe* (to Mrs. TOOVEY). If you please, ma'am, Mrs. CUMBERBATCH—*Mrs. Toovey* (in a rapid whisper). Not here, PHOEBE! Show her into the study—anywhere. Say I'll come!*Phoebe*. She said she hadn't time to come in, m'm; she left her compliments, and just called to let you know the Banana Meeting will be next Friday. And oh, if you please, m'm, I wished to ask you about that dress you wore last Saturday. I've tried everything, and I can't get the smell of tobacco out of it, do what I will, m'm. (To herself.) That'll teach her not to accuse me of hiding followers downstairs!*Althea* (to herself). Mine had to be left all night in a thorough draught. Where could Mamma have been, unless—?*Mrs. Toov.* (with dignity). I came home in a smoky cab, and you know perfectly well this is not the place to ask me such questions. Leave the room!*Phoebe* (to herself, as she leaves). A smoky cab indeed! There's no smoke without fire—as Master will find out before long!*Charles*. Had your cabman been giving a smoking party inside his fourwheeler, or what, Aunt?*Mrs. Toov.* I don't—yes, I believe he had. He apologised for it; it—was his birthday. (To herself.) Oh, dear me, what makes me tell these dreadful stories?*Mr. Toovey*. His birthday! Why, if you remember, CORNELIA, you said the man had been drinking. That would account for it! But did I understand there was to be another Zenana Meeting, my love? That seems rather soon, does it not, after having one only last Saturday!*Mrs. Toov.* (to herself). I must go on, or he'll suspect something. (Aloud, severely.) And why not, Pa—pray, why not? You know what an energetic creature Mrs. CUMBERBATCH is! Can we do too much for those poor benighted heathen women? And there was a great deal that we had to leave unfinished the other evening.*Mr. Toov.* Dear me, and you were home so late, too!*Mrs. Toov.* Perhaps you disbelieve my word, Pa? If you do, say so, and I shall know what to think! Though what I've done to deserve such suspicion—*Mr. Toov.* (astounded). My own love, I never for one single moment—Hem, the wife of Cæsar is above suspicion.*Mrs. Toov.* (with relief). I should hope so, THEOPHILUS; not that you are Cæsar—but there, that is enough of a very painful subject. Let us say no more about it.*Curphew* (to himself). I'm more certain every moment that this immaculate matron is lying like a prospectus, but what can I do? I've no proof, and if I had, I couldn't bring myself to—Well, I must wait, that's all.*Mrs. Toov.* What I should like to know is, why Mr. CURPHEW still remains here after we have distinctly informed him that we do not desire his further acquaintance?*Curph.* Before I go, let me say this: that I have no intention of giving up your daughter until she gives up me. I am in a position to marry and support her, and if you refuse your consent, you will only reduce us to the painful necessity of doing without it.

[ALTHEA intimates her entire acquiescence in this ultimatum.]

Mrs. Toov. We will never consent to give our daughter to a notorious music-hall singer—never!*Curph.* That objection is easily met. I am no longer a music-hall singer. I have left the profession for ever; not that I consider it any disgrace to belong to it, but I prefer to live by my pen in

future. (To Mr. T.) I appeal to you, Sir. You had no objection before; what can you have now? [Mr. T. opens his lips inaudibly.]

Mrs. Toov. Tell him, Pa, that in the circle in which we move, the remotest connection with—with a music-hall would be justly considered as an indelible disgrace.*Charles* (sotto voce). No, hang it, Uncle! It's no business of mine, and I'm not going to shove my oar in; but still you know as well as I do that you can't decently take that line, whatever Aunt may do!*Mrs. Toov.* I heard you, CHARLES. So, Pa, there is something you have been hiding from me? I felt positive there was some mystery about that box. Now I will know it. ALTHEA, leave us!*Mr. Toov.* There is nothing she had better not hear—now, my love. It—it's true I would rather have kept it from you, but I'd better tell you—I'd better tell you. The fact is that, without being in the least aware of it—I was under the impression I was investing in a gold-mine—I became the proprietor of several shares in the Eldorado Music-hall.*Curph.* (surprised). You, Sir! you were a shareholder all the time! Is it possible?*Mrs. Toov.* (bewildered). Why, but you knew! I consulted you at the Junction about whether I ought to retain the shares or not, and you advised me to go and judge for myself!*Curph.* I assure you I thought we were talking about my connection with the Eldorado, not yours.*Mrs. Toov.* So, Pa, by your own story you found yourself in possession of those horrible wicked shares, and you actually hesitated what to do! You considered it necessary to—visit the scene!*Mr. Toov.* Indeed, I never actually went, my love. And—and Mr. CURPHEW assured me the establishment was quite respectably conducted, under the supervision of the London County Council; and then there was the dividend—seventy per cent. on only five hundred pounds—three hundred and fifty a year, CORNELIA; it—it seemed a pity to give it up!*Mrs. Toov.* (to herself, impressed). Three hundred and fifty a year! Why we can keep our carriage on it! (Aloud.) Well, Pa, of course—as you bought the shares under a misapprehension—and I'm bound to say this for the Eldorado, that there was nothing positively objectionable in the performance so far as I could—(correcting herself hastily)—have ever been given to understand—why, I'm the last to blame you.*Mr. Toov.* (overjoyed). Ah, my dear love! I scarcely dared to hope for this leniency. But I never would have gone—oh, never. Why, I could never have looked you in the face again if I had!*Mrs. Toov.* (with a twinge). That depends, Pa; it is quite possible to go to such places, and yet—*Mr. Toov.* Yes, but you see I didn't go, my dear. I found I couldn't really bring myself to visit it when it came to the point, so I went to call on LARKINS instead, as it was on his advice I had taken the shares, and I told him my difficulty, and he quite sympathised with my scruples, and most good-naturedly offered to take them off my hands.*Mrs. Toov.* But surely, THEOPHILUS, you never gave up three hundred and fifty a year without so much as consulting Me!*Charles*. You can't count on such dividends as a certainty, you know, Aunt, and I've no doubt Uncle got rid of them at a very good figure; they've been going up like sky-rockets!*Mrs. Toov.* (mollified). Of course if your Uncle did that, I—*Mr. Toov.* Well, you see, my love, CHARLES very properly pointed out to me that there was no moral difference between that and keeping the shares, and—and LARKINS took the same view himself; so (I'm sure, CORNELIA, you will consider I have only done what was my strict duty!) I agreed to surrender the shares for just what I paid for them—five hundred pounds—and my conscience is clear.*Mrs. Toov.* If it's no clearer than your head, Pa—I never heard of such downright Quixotism! As if you could be held

"Well, Ma'am, this is the last place I expected to find you in!"

responsible; as if anyone here need *know*! I call it folly—sheer rainous folly!

Phæbe (opening the door—to Mr. T.). A young gentleman to see you, Sir; says he comes from Mr. LARKINS, with a paper to be filled up. I've shown him into the study, Sir.

Mr. Toov. Ah, to be sure, yes; tell him I'll come. (To Mrs. T.) It's about those shares; LARKINS said he would send a clerk down to complete the transfer.

Mrs. Toov. So it isn't completed yet? Mr. LARKINS has been trying to get the better of you, Pa; but it's not too late, fortunately. (To PHÆBE.) Show the young man in here. I wish to see him about this business. (As PHÆBE goes.) I shall insist on the fair market value of the shares being paid before you put your signature to any document whatever; leave this entirely to me, Pa. I think I shall be a match for any young—

Phæbe (returning). Mr. JANNAWAY.

Mr. Jann. (to Mr. TOOVER). From Mr. LARKINS, Sir. Brought a transfer-deed for your signature.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). Gracious goodness! It's the man whose ears I boxed at the Eldorado! What shall I do?

[She seizes the current number of "The Quiver," and retires behind it.]

Alth. (to herself). He's awfully like the young man in that box on Saturday! If Mamma really *was* there! (She glances at Mrs. T., in whose hands "The Quiver" is rustling audibly.) Ah, then I wasn't mistaken. Oh, how dreadful if he should recognise her!

Mr. Toov. My signature? Yes, yes, yes, to be sure, just so; but the fact is, I—I've been thinking over the matter, and—and—but that lady by the window will explain my views.

Mrs. Toov. (in a muffled voice, from behind "The Quiver"). I—I shall do nothing of the sort. I—I'm busy. Sign whatever the young man wants, Pa, and don't bother me about it!

Mr. Jann. (to himself). That's rum. Where have I heard that voice? And "Pa," too! Very rum!

Mr. Toov. Oh, very well, my love; I only thought—but I'll sign. I'll sign. Only, I rather fancy you're sitting just in front of the writing materials, my dear.

Mr. Jann. (gallantly). Allow me! (He goes towards Mrs. T.'s chair. "The Quiver" treacherously collapses at the critical moment; their eyes meet.) Well, ma'am, this is the last place I expected to find you in; after 'unting for you the entire Sunday afternoon all over Upper Tooting, too!

[General sensation. Tableau.]

END OF SCENE XVIII.

THE TYRANNY OF THE UNSUITABLE.

(A Fragmentary Christmas Tragedy.)



The atmosphere of the chamber is heavy with a portentous sense of paralysing dread; the fire covers in the grate, cold at its very heart; the gas-flame shudders with a shuddering not caused by water in the pipes. Mr. DREDFERLEY CORNERD, seated in his arm-chair, glares at his newspaper with pre-occupied and unreceptive eye; while ever and again his hand passes nervously over his care-lined brow. Mrs. DREDFERLEY CORNERD glances furtively at him through the perforations of her fancy-work, held between

tremulous fingers; her eye is dilated, while her pale brow is puckered by the lines that whisper of prescience of impending calamity. Mr. DREDFERLEY CORNERD feels that his wife's eye is upon him; he strives to avoid her gaze; but, fascinated, yields; and their eyes meet.

Mrs. Dredferley Cornerd (huskily). JAMES—

[Thrice he raised his outspread hands in wild, unvoiced deprecation; he clutches at his throat, as if suffocating; then buries his face in his trembling hands, and, in a hollow, far-off gurgle, says "Go on!" She goes to him, and smooths his throbbing brow.]

Mrs. D. C. JAMES, let us nerve ourselves to it once more! Let us remember DUTY! Come; we will plunge at once into the thick of it. What is JANE to have?

Mr. Dredferley Cornerd (hurling himself from his chair, his eye ablaze with unspeakable hate). Nothing—a bottle of poison—a dynamite bomb—the cat-o'-nine tails! Hear me, MARY-ANN. One year ago, at this very season that brings this haunting, maddening torture of the selection of Christmas presents, my sister JANE sent us that ormolu clock which at this very moment glares upon us from that mantel-piece! I loathe the ormolu. Had we not laboured and struggled, you and I, to furnish this, our dining-room, in perfect taste, all in old oak and Flemish pottery. Then, in the very moment of our triumph, arrived that loathsome clock of ormolu, and crushed our whole design! It had to go there, lest we gave offence. I hate my sister JANE!

Mrs. D. C. Well, let us, for the moment, then, dismiss your sister JANE. Now what are we to give to JOSEPH?

Mr. D. C. MARY-ANN, I loathe that man! Well knowing how I hated summer-houses—abominations filled with creeping horrors—he gave me one just seven years ago. It makes our garden hideous to this day; I will not speak of him—

Mrs. D. C. Well, then, the JONESSES. They gave us—

Mr. D. C. MARY-ANN, I know they did. We have to eat them still whenever they drop in to meals. A lamprey makes me—(shudders) ugh! They give us seven barrels twice a year! No, MARY-ANN; I will not threaten you, but breathe their name no more.

Mrs. D. C. Well, put them off. But now there's Mrs. BLENKINSOP.

Mr. D. C. The cat! She gave us six outrageous oleographs, all

green and yellow, framed in blazing gold, and said we ought to hang them in the hall. Our hall is Japanese; we'd left six spaces for kakemonos of subdued design, and there we had to hang those oleographs. I loathe our hall—I never enter it—I come round always by the garden door! Woman, you madden me! You'll mention next the hated name of Cousin ICHABOD—!

Mrs. D. C. I was about to.

Mr. D. C. Cousin ICHABOD presented to me, fifteen years ago, a pair of silver brushes. At the time I had but little hair; that very year I lost the rest. Still those accursed brushes mockingly gibber on my dressing-table. They *must* be there, for Cousin ICHABOD drops in at unexpected moments! Once I hurled them from the window. One of them caught ICHABOD, approaching up the path, over the eye, and raised a livid bump. I writhe with detestation of his name. Would that that brush—Unhand me, MARY-ANN; see, I am calm. For years have thoughtless friends encumbered us with Christmas presents quite unsuited to our tastes and our requirements. What do we want with seven bereaunettes (our children being two), with fifteen inkstands, with twenty biscuit boxes, and thirty-five illuminated hanging almanacks? For years we've played the shameless hypocrite, pretending to adore these gruesome gifts; and now I bid you mark me, MARY-ANN; I mean REVENGE. Yes, let us to the council, and plan what gifts to such and such; the most unsuitable that we can hit on. Here's PARKER's list, and PORRINGER's, and SPRITZLEY's. Come, here are wedding dresses; sister JANE is sixty and a spinster; I will send her a wedding gown—(hysterically) a dozen wedding gowns! Write, MARY-ANN, to PARKER for a dozen. Then JOSEPH. JOSEPH, ha! I have it; JOSEPH goes mad with fright on passing near a dog. To-morrow I will seek the Lost Dogs' Home, and pick out fifty of the savagest—all blood-hounds, mark you! I will drag the pack to JOSEPH's door, and leave them with the maid. And now the JONESSES. Silence, MARY-ANN! I do not need cold water on my temples! You shall not stroke my head, and murmur "Shish!" You shall not scream for cook, and BLENKINSOP, and GEORGE, and JANE. I'm calm. The JONESSES—hurr! Let me get at them! Back—unhand me! Ha!—



[He swoons. Curtain.]

TRIOLET.

(Written whilst you wait.)

A WOMAN who's late
Is, of course, in the fashion.
She's quite up-to-date,
The woman who's late.
The man has to wait,
And swears in his passion.
A woman who's late,
Is, of course, in the fashion.

WEATHER WISDOM.

"HARK! I hear the Asses bray,
We shall have some rain to-day."
So the nursery jingle goes,
Is it truthful? Goodness knows!
But if vocal donkey's strain
Brings indeed the daily rain
'Tis no marvel altogether
We are worried with wet weather.

A "Wonder-Kid."

[A licence was recently applied for to enable NELLIE WICK, aged eight years, to shave in public. Mr. DE RUTZEN, in granting the application, remarked that "the child was not likely to suffer any injury from the performance." Let us hope no one else will, either.]

The latest infant-prodigy is literally a shaver,
A little lady-Figaro, who'll raze you like the wind!
Though brave may be this barber-child, her victims will be braver—
A kind of wounder, possibly, might prove this "wunderkind!"



LEAVING THE PARENTAL NEST.

The Bride's Father (to Bridegroom). "OH, JOHN, YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF HER, WON'T YOU!"

THE MODERN MEDUSA.

["The views and objects of the 'Commonweal' group of Anarchists are published in a journal called the *Commonweal*. . . . and by reference to which it appears that they applaud and justify the wholesale massacre of innocent persons as a legitimate method for the attainment of their ends."—*Mr. Asquith*.]

GORGON Medusa of the snaky locks,
Whose loathly lair was 'midst the wave-washed rocks,
Thou wert less hideous than our monstrous, mad
Belated birth of Nemesis and Nox.

Gendered of vengeful hatred and blind wrath,
Crawling malign in Civilisation's path!
Venomous vermin, of relentless fang,
Foul spawn of wrong, oppression's aftermath.

Dark is the monstrous mystery of thy birth,
Sinister scourge of a time-wearied earth;
But all men's hands against thee must be raised,
Foe of all love and murderer of all mirth.

Negation of all progress, hope's chill blight,
Black bringer-back of Chaos and Old Night;
The one unfaltering foe of humankind*
Which all that's human to the death must fight.

With thee weak tenderness must make no truce,
Parley with thee were pity's mere abuse.
The hand that halts, the sword that shrinks or spares,
But lets the Gorgon's snaky offspring loose.

* "*Hostis humani generis*."

Gorgon or Demogorgon! "Dreaded name!"*
Yet dread of thee were but disastrous shame.

Fear is thy hope, and, fronting thee, to
Is but to court disaster and dis fame.

Thou crawling horror of the coward soul!
Thy snaking convolutions furtive roll.
To track thy trail, to face thy stony glare,
And smite and slay is general duty's goal.

Civilisation armed with trenchant Law
Must play the Perseus with thy monster
And all mankind be banded in the quest
Of the worst enemy mankind e'er saw.

The massacre of innocents, the blind
Blasting of the best hopes of humankind;
Hate's indiscriminate earthquake, letting
Of all the fiends of blood, and fire, and
wind:

Sheer wreck of hearth and altar, home and
State,
Rending of revered ties, love desolate,
Order submerged; these are the Gorgon's
hopes,
Which Law must frustrate ere 'tis all too
late.

Smite Perseus! Wield the unhesitating
brand
With steadfast heart and with unfaltering
hand;
And from the grosser Gorgon of our day
Free, in Humanity's cause, each harried
land!

* "The dreaded name of Demogorgon."
Paradise Lost.

AN ADVERTISER'S APPEAL.

["Mr. CAINE (who advocates prohibiting open-air advertisements in rural places) forgets that a good many people are unable to see that an advertisement of soap and pills mars the beauty of a landscape."—*Illustrated News*.]

OH, Mister CAINE—not Sugar-CAINE, but
bitter
'Gainst alcohol and opium and field-signs—
Why put poor Advertisers in a twitter
By laying thus hard legislative lines
In the defence of merely pastoral Beauty,
By levying on Field-Signs a fine or duty?

Good gracious! what are meadows, rocks
and trees [Sir!—
Compared with the necessity—*absolute*,
Of advertising Silks and Soaps and Teas,
POPKINS'S Pickles, BOODLE'S Bottled Fruit,
Sir?
Or how should he King Mammon's heavy
hand'scape
Who'd sacrifice great £ s. d. to—Landscape?

A Nuisance? Nonsense!!! Posters and
Placards,
In field or forest, serve the Public better
Than all the blatant bosh of bleating bards.
The Advertising Art would you thus
fetter?
What is the worth of rivers, rocks, and hills
Compared with SMUGSON'S Soaps and
PODGER'S Pills?

Soap, Sir, means Cleanliness, and Pills mean
Health;
And Sanitation's surely more than Scenery!
Subordinate the claims of Health—and
Wealth—
To sentimental love of rural greenery?
No, Mister CAINE, I wonder you're not wiser,
Pan is at present the great Advertiser!



THE MODERN MEDUSA.

NEW LIGHTS FOR OLD.

ON religious instruction being entirely omitted from the School Board curriculum, the following suggestions towards the formation of a moral and physical catechism may possibly be of use:—

Question. There was at one time much debating about a so-called "Conscience Clause." Now I will ask you what are we to understand by the word "conscience"?

Answer. It is only a name for the action of the liver in its various states.

Q. What is a "troubled conscience"?

A. It may arise from indigestion, or from an east wind, or from many other causes which affect different persons, with differing livers, in a variety of ways.

Q. In what sense do you recognise "conscience" as "an inward monitor"?

A. Its recognition as such depends on the extent of each individual's acquaintance with his own particular physical organisation as differentiated from that of others. In some cases the "voice of the inward monitor" may point to blue pill, and in others it may indicate moderated remedies.

Q. What is the moral law?

A. The so-called moral law is purely hygienic. Perfect health is perfect morality. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* "Law," so-called, is for the protection of the "good livers," and for the punishment of the "evil livers." *Voilà tout!*

THE ONLY PROFESSION WHERE THERE ISN'T "THE 'DEVIL' TO PAY."—The Legal.

EUROPEAN CRISIS AVERTED!!



"Touché!" Victorious Bancroft and Victorien Sardou.

Latest Intelligence.—We are glad to be able to assure our readers that, in spite of relations between the two parties being somewhat strained, it is not apprehended that serious international complications will arise out of "L'affaire Bancroft-Sardou," though it is now pretty generally known that so grave a catastrophe has only been averted by the sudden change in the French Ministry.

DEPTFORD HATH ITS DARLING.

A LAY OF LOYALTY.

"Mr. DARLING, of Deptford, considers it his mission to chastise the HOME SECRETARY."—*Illustrated News.*

AIR—"Charlie is my Darling."

DEPTFORD hath its DARLING, its DARLING, its DARLING!

O! Deptford hath its DARLING, the great Ca-vil-ler!

If ASQUITH needs stern warning,

Or MORLEY wants the spur,

They'll find it in our DARLING,

The great Ca-vil-ler!

O! Deptford hath its DARLING, &c.

As he comes striding up the House,

GLADSTONE shrinks like a cor;

He knows his fluency must fail

To foil the Ca-vil-ler!

O! Deptford hath its DARLING, &c.

"With Liberty Caps upon their heads
Shall Anarchists confer

On treason in Trafalgar Square?"

Demands the Ca-vil-ler!

O! Deptford hath its DARLING, &c.

"Now stand aside, you Liberal loon!

I'm going to raise a stir;

I'll harry you—at Question time!"

Quoth the great Ca-vil-ler!

O! Deptford hath its DARLING, &c.

And it's by the Square's damp fountains,

And it's in their Press, with pen,

Tr-r-raitors daren't sputter treason,

For DARLING, best of men!

Deptford hath its DARLING, its DAR-

LING, its DARLING!

O! Deptford hath its DARLING, the great Cav-il-ler!

ANACREONTICS FOR ALL.

(Being Bacchanalian Ballads for the use of all Professions, Trades, Crafts and Callings, and Convivial Carols for the Classes, the Masses, and the Lasses. By Tom Moore, Junior.)

THE DOCTOR'S DITTY.

AIR—"Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen!"

HERE's to the patient of hectic fifteen!

Here's to asthmatical fifty!

Here's to the port-soaked dyspeptic old dean!

And here's to the slop-swigger thrifty!

Chorus—

Let the dose pass,—

Drink, lad or lass!

I'll warrant ye'll soon love the (medicine) glass!

Here's to the charmer whom wrinkles surprise!

Now to the maid who has none, Sir!

Here's to the girl with two lungs of full size,

And here's to the nymph with but one, Sir!

Chorus—

Whos'er they be,

Send 'em to me!

I warrant they'll prove an excuse for a fee!

Here's to "Old Purple," with port in his toe!

Now to him who's gone saffron on sherry!

Here's to the masher whose mind's on the go

Through making nocturnally merry!

Chorus—

Let the dose pass!

Drink, lad or lass.

I warrant I'll prove there's some use in my glass.

For let 'em be gamesome or let 'em be grim,

Ill or hearty, I care not a feather;

Fill 'em—with physic—bang up to the brim,

And let us all dose 'em together!

Chorus—

Hows'er they be,

Send 'em to me!

I warrant I'll find some excuse for a fee!

A FINE OLD GIRL AND UNCOMMONLY WELL PRESERVED is *The Bohemian Girl* by the BALFE and BUNN family, whose Jubilee, November 27th, was celebrated by the chivalrous Sir DRUBOLANUS at the Good Old House from which he takes his Latinised title, conferred upon him some years since as a reward of merit (not PAUL MERRITT, dramatist, and once upon a time collaborateur with PETTIT) by Mr. Punch. The fair Bohemian seemed "going strong," and as lively as ever. *Ad multos annos!*

NEW VERSION.—An amendment has been proposed in our National Anthem. It is suggested that instead of "Knaveish," we should substitute "Navy-ish," when the line in question would read "Frustrate their Navy-ish tricks," which may be applied to a Home Governmental policy or to that of our Continental possible foes, just as circumstances may require.

TO MARJORIE.

(An Imaginary Name of a Child Friend.)

DEAR little maid, who in the Circle train

Sat so demurely, daintily arrayed

In sweet old-fashioned garment of delane—

Dear little maid.

Your merry smile, your laugh all unafraid

Made me forget the daily stress and strain.

To earth your childish prattle quickly laid

The phantoms that to middle age bring pain,

And life seemed more attractive, not so staid.

Oh! some day soon ride with me once again,

Dear little maid.

"HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR —?"—Messrs. A. and F. P-RS, a name which rhymes to the first and final word of the line, "Tears, idle Tears" (by the way, what a delightful song for a Radical to sing, "*Peers, idle Peers!*"), write to Mr. Punch, informing him of the supreme excellence of the P-RS' Christmas Number, asking him to notice it, as he probably would do, in his pages, and adding that "*it is already out of print.*" Then what is the use of drawing attention to it? Of course, if being out of print makes it the more valuable, then lucky are the possessors of original specimens, and well indeed are they off for the material for which the Upper House or House of P-RS is famed.

THE SILK INDUSTRY (not from the Board of Trade Returns).—Mr. J. F. LEESE, Q.C., M.P., appointed Recorder of Manchester. Mr. Punch wishes this capital cricketer a long innings, and may Manchester have a LEESE that will run for any number of years without expiring.

A CHANCE FOR THE BRIEFLESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a briefless barrister, and I wish to throw myself upon your generosity by asking you to allow me to make a suggestion which will be of great public interest, and incidentally help me to make my fortune. All London to-day is placarded with a thrilling picture of the Law-Court Scene in *A Woman's Revenge*. My suggestion is—Why not have real barristers? The theatre to-day is nothing if not realistic. Drury Lane has its race-horses. Ipsenity its ghosts—why should not the Adelphi take the town by storm with its barristers? The actor may, no doubt does, act the part admirably, but who can contend that he can possibly do so as well as could a real, actual barrister, who would know that he was striving not merely for the applause of the moment, but for the guinead briefs of the future? If Messrs. GATTI will undertake to accept the plan, I will undertake to provide the barristers. The programme would then run:—

Sir John Blacklock, Q.C. (Counsel for the Crown) . . . Mr. A. B., 102, Temple Gardens, Temple, E.C.

What we briefless barristers want in these hard times is merely the chance. I look to Messrs. GATTI to give it to us. I ought to add that the above address, though, in point of fact, it is my own, is given purely by way of illustration, and in no way to advertise myself, though should anyone wish to consult—again, of course, purely with reference to this suggestion—the way to my chambers from the Strand is down Middle Temple Lane, whilst the Temple Station is just three minutes' walk. I am, Sir, your obliged servant.

L. ERNED COUNSEL.
November 30th, 1893.

No second editions for Mrs. R. She says "she'll see the First Mrs. T' inquiry, or none at all!"



THE SAFE SIDE.

(Problem set:—To flatter a Poet's vanity and do no violence to your conscience.)

Pounceby (a minor poet). "ER, HAVE YOU SEEN MY LAST VOLUME, LADY VERA—THROBS AND THROES?"

Lady Vera. "OH, YES, I HAVE."

Pounceby. "AND WHAT DID YOU THINK?"

Lady Vera. "OH, I THOUGHT—THAT YOU HAD NEVER DONE ANYTHING BETTER."

THE LOST SMELL.

[The Queen's Hall is at present free from the smell of cooking hitherto "the inseparable accompaniment of orchestral music."—*Times*, Nov. 27.]

SEATED to-day at a concert,
I am weary and ill at ease,
Though LLOYD and ALBANI are singing,
Or anyone else you please;
I know not what they are doing,
For something is wanting there— [odour
That old-fashioned concert-hall
Which throbbed in the scented air.

It flooded the place, like one of
BEETHOVEN's sonatas might,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of wild delight;
It thrilled the enraptured sense,
A song without words—or music—
That travelled one knew not
whence;

It linked all delightful odours
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into soup-plates
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought—but I seek it
vainly—
That one lost smell sublime,
Which came from adjacent kitchens

At dinner or supper time.
It may be that CHOPIN is severed
From scents which with music
we group,
It may be that SCHUBERT is parted
For ever from odours of soup.

The Belfry of Bruges Overlooked.

["A more silent city than Bruges does not exist."—*Standard*.]

WHAT? Bruges a silent city!
Now, nay a thousand times!
If deaf, accept our pity;
If not,—oh dear! those chimes!

NEW LEGAL WORK. (*By the author of "In Silk Attire."*)—"The Briefless Junior; or, Plenty of Stuff to Spare."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 27.—Another night with Parish Councils Bill, dull as usual, save for one thrilling moment. Happened just before dinner. HENRY FOWLER accepted Amendment making responsible for expenses or damage those who had summoned meetings in Parish School. Sudden tumult below Gangway in Radical camp; Question put from Chair that Amendment be added to Bill. LOGAN raised stentorian shout of "No!" Chairman repeated Question; hubbub increased; amid it LOGAN seen waving arms aloft like windmill that had suddenly remembered an appointment. MELLOR's face grew a shade mellerer, not to say paler. Set his lips, and there was a gleam in his eye reminiscent of BEERBOHM TREE's when seated on the gargoyle of Canterbury Cathedral. On memorable night in summer-time LOGAN had taken him at disadvantage. Had executed flank movement, and so almost come down on CARSON's knee on Chairman's left rear. Now, if he meant business, he would catch the Chairman's eye; and probably something else.

During interval when House cleared for division ACLAND, who, having a holiday, has been out helping FOWLER, left Treasury bench; cautiously but nimbly crossed gangway; amid buzz of admiration from assembly that ever admires personal courage, entered the LOGAN's den. Sat down in very midst of excited Radicals; pro-

posed to argue matter out. Effect upon LOGAN maddening. Windmill remembered another appointment more pressing than the last. Members, anxious for ACLAND's safety, looked round for HAYES FISHER. The LOGAN Tamer not in his place; sand rapidly running out of glass on table; another minute question would be put again; if LOGAN insisted division must be taken, split manifested in Ministerial ranks, and a quarter of an hour wasted. ACLAND, undaunted, pegged away persuasively; windmill still went round, but less furiously; half a minute and last sands would run out.

LOGAN glanced towards table; Chairman's glittering eye fixed upon him. Effect magical. LOGAN slowly rose and walked towards Bar; crowd thronging in at sound of division bell respectfully opened their ranks as he approached. Like accomplished husband in case that recently occupied attention of Sir FRANCIS JEUNE, LOGAN "can use 'em a bit." Suppose he were to begin promiscuously with the crowd at the Bar! Had no such intention. At other side of the Bar he was technically out of the House. What others did whilst he stood there would leave no sear on his conscience. When question was put again, and Chairman declared "The Ayes have it," there was no responsive angry shout of "No!" The crisis was passed, but what it cost the Chairman, and how it would have been but for ACLAND's fearless foray, who can tell?

Business done.—Reached Clause VI. Parish Councils Bill.

Tuesday.—The MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE in great form to-day. Original Mr. Gridley was, according to records of Court of Chan-



AN INFLUENZIAL HOUSE OF COMMONS.

cery, accustomed to haunt the Court, and, at close of day's proceedings, address the Chancellor. STANLEY LEIGHTON knows no such limitation. 'Tis true he is generally found on his legs at moment of adjournment, shouting and gesticulating, whilst suborned and iniquitous Ministerialists (answering to tipstaves in Court of Chancery) howl him down. That only an incident in day's proceedings. Our MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE begins as soon as his Lordship—I mean the Chairman—takes his seat. At brief intervals, which make openings for TOMLINSON, our Mr. Gridley is at it all through the sitting of the Court.

To-night HENRY FOWLER took mean advantage of the suitor. That person had amendment on paper which if added to Bill meant nothing worse than surplusage. Rising from his usual place at back of Court, he began prodigious speech in support of amendment. Expected, in accordance with usage, to go on for quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; FOWLER would say couldn't accept Amendment; TOMLINSON would talk for quarter of an hour; perhaps Cap'n TOMMY BOWLES, having clapped the pilot in irons, would put in an oar; and HANBURY might say a few words. Then WALTER LONG or HICKS-BEACH would rise from Front Opposition Bench, protest fullest appreciation of Amendment, declare it indispensable to success of Bill, but in circumstances, observing obstinacy of Minister, and impatience of gentlemen below Gangway opposite, advise hon. friend not to press it. THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE would make another speech, thanking right hon. friend for his remarks, in deference to which he will withdraw, although—

Here another speech, about as long as the distance from Shrewsbury to Wem. Thus an hour pleasantly and agreeably disposed of, MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE takes breath, not that he wants it; a little later, comes up frowning with another Amendment, or a rambling speech in support of one moved by TOMLINSON.

FOWLER's strategy deprived him of this accustomed round of luxury. But if President of Local Government Board thought he had circumvented THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE he was as mistaken as the Chancellor in another court who used to stare at the ruined chancery suitor and blandly protest that, legally, he was unaware of his existence. Charm of speeches by Member for Oswestry division



The Persuasive Acland and the Pugilistic Logan.

of Shropshire is their illimitable adaptability. Will suit any purpose, any opportunity. If not delivered at opening of sitting upon his own Amendment, will come in admirably on somebody else's Amendment to another line of Clause dealt with at later hour by another member. Thus, when GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN delivered prodigious oration in presenting Amendment standing in the name of HULSE, THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE, bounding to his feet, waved his arms, and in them caught the Chairman's eye. A priceless opportunity this. To deliver your own speech prepared for your own Amendment a commonplace performance. To deliver it either for or against (doesn't matter which) an Amendment moved by another man, on behalf of a third man, is a luxury to be appreciated only by a gourmet.

THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE audibly smacks his lips over it. The other noise you hear is baffled HENRY FOWLER grinding his teeth.

Business done.—Reached Clause VII. Parish Councils Bill.

Thursday.—Some people inclined to regard as sufficient an arrangement that keeps them sitting day after day from three o'clock in afternoon to midnight listening to talk about Parish Councils.

Others want a little more. CHANNING suggests House shall sit on Saturdays, and, on four days a week, shall commence business at noon, putting in a twelve hour day. BARROW assents to that, but thinks twelve o'clock Rule should be suspended, so that, for fuller luxury, House meeting at noon may, an' it please, sit all night. No one yet proposed to sit on Sunday and Christmas Day; that will follow as natural consequence. THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE, breaking out in fresh place, joins in conversation. Asks Mr. G. if he is



The Shropshire Windmill.

aware that scores of Members are ill through overwork, and whether, instead of lengthening sittings, he will not rather shorten them.

Expected when Mr. G. rose he would make obvious retort that since Bill has been in Committee there is not single sitting that might not have been shortened by at least an hour if THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE had restrained his tendency to irrelevant babble. Mr. G. leaves that unsaid; is very firm about sitting till all necessary business is done; conditionally promises Saturday sitting; announces meeting of Cabinet to consider measures for expediting Bill. After this go into Committee, and succeed in not expediting progress. Night unspeakably dull.

Business done.—Reached Clause IX. Parish Councils Bill. Disposed of eight Clauses in eleven sittings. This leaves sixty-three more, not to mention new Clauses. If it takes eleven sittings to clear off eight Clauses, at what date, assuming same rate of progress, shall we be through a Bill that contains seventy-one? Small boys thinking of coming home for Christmas holidays please do this sum.

Friday.—Pretty to see Mr. G. just now explaining to Opposition that if they weren't good boys they'd be kept in to-morrow. Not that he put it in that coarse way. STORREY, coming to his assistance in task of directing business of House, had, as Mr. G. put it with a positive pang of pain in his voice, invited him to assume attitude of censor of proceedings in Committee on Parish Councils Bill.

"That," said Mr. G., with an effort recovering himself, "I am not entitled to do." All he had to say was that under present Standing Orders a Saturday Sitting would naturally follow unless a Minister interposed with Motion preventing it. MARJORIBANKS sitting by his side was looking forward anxiously to pleasure of making such a Motion. It would be cruel disappointment to an amiable man if circumstances so shaped themselves as to forbid him the pleasure and gratification of rising on stroke of midnight and moving that House do adjourn till Monday. But—here Mr. G. shook his head and his voice thrilled with infinite pathos—business must be done. If, in short, Committee passed 9th and 10th Clauses of Bill, MARJORIBANKS would move adjournment till Monday. "If unfortunately," he added, "any miscarriage should occur he would not be in a position to make the motion." SQUIRE OF MALWOOD half rose from his seat as if to catch the drooping figure of his right hon. friend overcome with emotion. But Mr. G., waving him off, sank slowly back into his seat and shudderingly closed his eyes, as if to shut out picture of gentlemen opposite spending Saturday in further consideration of Parish Councils Bill. GOSCHEN said it was too large an order. Couldn't possibly be done in the time. But it was.

Business done.—Got up to Clause X. and nearly finished it.

SEASONABLE SONNET.

(By a Vegetarian.)

Yes, Christmas overtakes us yet
once more.
The Cattle Show has vanished
in the mists
Of time and Islington, but re-
exists
In piecemeal splendour at the
butcher's store.
Here, nightly, big boys blue are
to the fore
With knives and choppers in
their greasy fists;
And now, methinks, the wight
who never lists
Yet hears the brass band on the
proud first floor.
High over all rings "What
d'ye buy, buy, buy?"
The meat is decked with gay
rosette and bow,
While gas-jets beckon all the
world and wife.
A cheerful scene? A ghastly
one, say I,
Where mutilated corpses hang
arow,
And in the midst of death we
are in life.

AS THEY LIKED IT.—We read of the recent success at Palmer's Theatre, New York, of *As You Like It*, with all the parts played by women. Of course, everybody knows that this was a complete reversal of the practice of the stage in SHAKESPEARE'S OWN day, when the buskin was on the other leg, so to speak; but we are not told if the passage "Doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat" was transposed to "Petticoat ought to show itself courageous to doublet and hose."

THIS SETTLED IT.—"He may be irritable," observed Mrs. R., "but remember the old saying that 'Irritation is the sincerest form of flattery.'"



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

Critic. "HOW'S THE BOOK GOING, OLD MAN?"

Author. "OH—ALL RIGHT, I FANCY. THE PRESS HAS NOTICED IT ALREADY. YESTERDAY'S *ROSELEAVES* HAILS ME AS THE COMING THACKERAY!"

Critic. "AH, I WROTE THAT!"

Author. "DID YOU REALLY? HOW CAN I THANK YOU? ON THE OTHER HAND, THIS WEEK'S *KNACKER* SAYS THAT I'VE BEEN FORTUNATELY ARRESTED BY MADNESS ON THE ROAD TO IDIOTCY!"

Critic. "AH, I WROTE THAT TOO!"

A PLEA FOR PLEADINGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Last week I begged for a chance for the Briefless, and the only reply has been, that by a few strokes of the pen the Judges have ruined and undone the Junior Bar. On a day which will be known henceforth in the Temple as Bad Friday, we read the new Rules, by which in future it will be possible to have an action—without pleadings! Statement of Claim, Defence, Reply, Rejoinder—all disappear into a beggarly "Summons for Directions," that can be drawn by a solicitor's office-boy. Of course, amongst the silks, the change will, no doubt, be popular. These learned gentlemen can with a light heart and a heavy pocket welcome the change, which will get rid of the pleadings which it is merely a nuisance to read. But what is to become of us whose business it is to draw them?

It may possibly be said that this new arrangement will save the pockets of the clients, but what have the Judges to do with that? Does anyone imagine litigation to be anything more than a pastime, at which those who play ought to be content to pay? In a hard winter, when the wolf is consistently at our door, to take the bread out of our mouths in this way, is a proceeding which (*pace* Mr. GLADSTONE) takes the cake. I am sure Mr. GOSCHEN will welcome such an expression. In any case I appeal, Sir, through you, from the Judges to an enlightened paying public.

Yours faithfully,

L. ERNEST COUNSEL.

102, Temple Gardens, E.C.,
Dec. 6.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—A razor and a *tabula rasa*.

JOHN TYNDALL.

BORN AUG. 21, 1820. DIED DEC. 4, 1893.

HONEST JOHN TYNDALL, then, has played his part!

Scientist brain, and patriotic heart
Both still in the last sleep, that sadly came,
Without reproach to love, or loss to fame.
Rest, Son of Science, certain of your meed!
Of bitter moan for you there is small need;
But England bows in silent sympathy
With her whose love, chance-wounded, all
may see
Steadfast in suffering undeserved as sore.
Punch speaks for all true hearts the
kingdom o'er
When mingling tribute to JOHN TYNDALL's
With hushed compassion for his bowed but
blameless wife.

A FEMININE TRIUMPH.—SHEE, Q.C., appointed Judge of the Court of Record at Salford. Naturally SHEE likes being courted. Pity it wasn't in Wales, as then they would Welshly-and-grammatically speak of "appearing before SHEE" as "appearing before Her." This is clearly an example of the "SHEE who must be obeyed."

Murch Praised!

["Mr. JEROME MURCH, seven times Mayor of Bath, &c., and for thirty years chairman of, &c., has just published a volume, entitled *Bath Celebrities*."] *Go to Bath, viâ book upon lap;—*

No Bath bungler is here, but a rare man.
You are certain to like this Bath chap;
And there never was such a Bath chairman.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—The Oxford undergraduate who was caught red-(paint)-handed, and sent down for a year, forgot, no doubt, that he had to be well read, not the town; but a year in the country will no doubt make him as fresh as the paint itself. Curiously enough, very popular still in his College, which shows no inclination to cut the painter!

"SOMETHING LIKE A HUNTING RUN."—In the *Pall Mall* last Thursday was the account of a grand run with "the Barlow Hounds." Of course *Sandford* and *Merton* were on ponies, and out with "their beloved tutor's" pack. Mr. BARLOW, of course, is both "Master" and "Whipper-in."

THE TOPER'S TOAST.—"Pot-luck!"

TRIP-LETS.

[Miss YOUNG writes from North Merton Vicarage to say that her turkeys have taken to step-dancing. "First two young 'toms' bowed politely to one another, then passed on with stately tread, skipped into the air twice in the most ludicrous manner, turned, and repeated the performance."—See *Daily Graphic*, December 7.]

THE lion, fleas, and kangaroo,
Baboon, and shaving baby too,
Have all had shows—here's something new!

Terpsichore and *Turkeydrop*
Have taught the turkeycock to hop,
To bow politely, skip and flop.

Like Cheshire cat, I would have grinned,
To see the fowl of Western Ind
Disport itself like LETTY LIND!

Enough of barn- and serpent-dance!
We'll give the poultry-yard a chance—
With *pas de deux*—"toms" let us prance!

CHARITY'S CRUX.—Charity begins at home, we are told. Perhaps. But at present, confused by rival claims and conflicting counsels, Charity seems to be "all abroad."



CHANGE OF PARTNERS. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ASKS FOR "JUST ONE TURN" WITH MISS FREE TRADE.



"NEXT HER HEART!"

Young Muddleigh, who has been out buying underwear for his personal use, purchases at the same establishment some flowers for his lady-love—leaving a Note to be enclosed. Imagine Young Muddleigh's horror, on returning to dress, to discover that the underwear had been sent with the Note, and the Flowers to him! Muddleigh discovered, repeating slowly to himself the contents of the Note:—"PLEASE WEAR THESE THIS EVENING, FOR MY SAKE!"

A CHANGE OF PARTNERS.

["The world should be open to our national ingenuity and enterprise. This cannot be while Federal legislation, through the imposition of a high tariff, forbids to American manufacturers as cheap materials as those used by their competitors . . . A measure has been prepared . . . embodying tariff reform on the lines herein suggested."—President Cleveland's Message to Congress.]

GROVER CLEVELAND sings:—
(AIR—"Are you coming to the dancing?")

Oh! there's only one girl in the world for whom I care a dime,
And I mean to be her partner—if you'll only give me time.
It is nice to see her smiling and a-calling from way over,
"Are you coming to the dancing, Mister GROVER, GROVER, GROVER?"

Chorus—Are you coming, are you coming,
Are you coming to the dancing, Mr. GROVER, GROVER, GROVER?
And I say, I guess I'm coming, Miss Free Trade, dear—as your lover!

"Come, GROVER, come!" my love will say; "just one turn in the dance,
And we'll show all competitors they have but little chance.
That's why I love you GROVER, 'cause you're limber in your feet
And defy the other fellows, to compete, pete, pete!"

Chorus—Are you coming, &c.

Miss Protection, my old partner's a bit *passée*, *entre nous*,
Yet I mustn't all forsake her; she's exacting and a shrew;
And to leave her quite a "Wallflower," and entirely in the shade,
Would mean ructions; yet I must try just one turn with dear
Free Trade!

Chorus—Are you coming, &c.

So I'll kiss her little finger, and invite her to the waltz;
Though the other turns her nose up (temper's one of her worst faults).
But I say, "I cannot help it, dear; you're danced quite off your [feet,
And a rest will do you good, dear, I repeat, peat, peat!"

Chorus—Are you coming, &c.

"The ball-room should be open to a dancer's enterprise.
I must try a change of partners; your high-tariff step so tries.

It's so stiff, and so exhausting, and a little Freedom's sweet;
Whilst I take one turn with Free Trade. You can take a seat, seat, seat!"

Chorus—Are you coming, &c.

"Oh! she's been and asked her mother, and her mother's said she might.
So sit down and don't show tantrums, for they make you look a fright."
May I ask you for just one turn, Free Trade, before this dance is
And she answers "With much pleasure, Mister GROVER, GROVER, GROVER!"

Chorus—Are you coming, are you coming,
Are you coming for one turn, my dear, before this dance is over?
And she smiles—and I'm her partner—and hope soon to be her lover!

"VARIETY! VA-RI-E-TY!"

"THE KILANYI Troupe" at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, with their strikingly realistic *Tableaux Vivants*, might well change their name *pro tem.* to "The Kill-any-other Troupe" that might be venturing in the same line. Of course, they are a great attraction, and would be still greater, were the Show varied from night to night, altogether omitting No. 6 in the present programme, and, in view of the popularity of "A tale of the tide," the humour of which is perceptible to everyone on account of the waggery in the tail, by substituting two or three comic for the simply classic poses. Mr. CHARLES MORTON, trading on his acquired store of operative knowledge, might give us a statuette of *Les Deux Gendarmes*, who could just vary their attitudes according to the movement of OFFENBACH's celebrated duett. After a short interval of patriotic song about NELSON and "doing duty" there is a capital French clown, or clown of some nationality, whose fun is genuine, and whose imitations, animal and orchestral, are excellent and really amusing. This is a case in which, if a real bassoon or a real hen intruded itself, either would be hissed, and the false honestly preferred to the real. Altogether, except that the ballet which plays the people out, and does play them out effectually, is old-fashioned, it is an excellent evening's entertainment. The County Council ought to come in their thousands, and, like the little dog who was so pleased to see the cow jumping over the moon, they would "laugh to see such sport."

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XIX.—*The Drawing-room.* MRS. TOOVEY is still regarding Mr. JANNAWAY, after the manner of an elderly bird in the presence of a young and somewhat inexperienced serpent.

Mr. Toovey (coming to the rescue). Excuse me, young Sir, but I don't think you quite realise who that lady is. (*With mild self-assertion.*) She is my wife, Sir, my Wife! And she is not accustomed to being hunted all over Upper Tooting, or anywhere else!

Mr. Jannaway (to himself). I've got this dear lady on toast. I can see! But I mustn't do anything ungentlemanly or I may get the sack if the governor gets to hear of it. (*Aloud.*) If I'm mistaken I'm ready to apologise; but the lady bears such a really remarkable likeness to a Mrs. TOMKINSON JONES, residing (so she gave me to understand) at The Laburnums, Upper Tooting, that—

Mrs. Toovey (finding her voice). I do not reside at Upper Tooting!

Mr. Jann. (*in silky tones*). Precisely so, Madam. No more does Mrs.—hem—TOMKINSON JONES!

Charles. And is that the only point of resemblance between your friend Mrs. JONES and my Aunt, eh?

Mr. Jann. That's a matter of opinion, Sir. I've my own. But neither the lady nor yet myself are particularly likely to forget our meeting. It was only last Saturday evening, too!

Mr. Toov. Why, then you must have met Mrs. TOOVEY at the Zenana Mission Conference?

Mr. Jann. Well that isn't the name I know it by; but if the lady prefers it, why—

Mrs. Toov. (*hoarsely*). I—I deny having ever met the young man before, anywhere; that is, I—I don't remember doing so. Take him away!

Mr. Jann. I should be most averse, of course, to contradicting a lady, and I can only conclude that she is so much in the 'abit of fetching unoffending strangers what I may venture to term, if you'll permit the vulgarity, a slap in the jaw, that such a trifling circumstance makes no impression on her. It did on me!

Mr. Toov. (*outraged*). Young man! are you endeavouring to suggest that my wife goes about—er—administering "slaps in the jaw" to perfect strangers at Zenana meetings?

Mr. Jann. Pardon me, I said nothing whatever about any—er—Pyjama meetings. I don't know what may go on there, I'm sure. The incident I alluded to occurred at the Eldorado music-hall.

Mrs. Toov. (*to herself*). There; it's out at last! What have I done to deserve this?

Charles (*to himself*). The Eldorado! Why, THEA said—What can Aunt have been up to? She's got herself into the very deuce of a hole! [*CURPHEW and ALTHEA exchange significant glances.*]

Mr. Toov. At the Eldorado? Now, do you know that's very singular—that really is very singular indeed! You're the second person who fancied Mrs. TOOVEY was there last Saturday evening! So that you see there *must* have been a lady there most extraordinarily like my wife!

Mrs. Toov. (*to herself*). Dear, good, simple Pa; he believes in me! After all, I've only to deny everything; he can't prove I was there! (*Aloud.*) Yes, Sir, and on a mere resemblance like that you have the audacity to bring these shameful charges against me—me! All you have succeeded in establishing is that you were in the music-hall yourself, and I doubt whether your employer would approve of a clerk of his spending his time in such places, if it came to his ears!

Mr. Jann. It's very kind of you to concern yourself on my account, Madam; but there's no occasion. It was Mr. LARKINS himself gave me the ticket; so I'm not at all uneasy.

Mr. Toov. Why, dear me, that must have been the ticket Mr. CURPHEW—I should say, Mr. WALTER WILDFIRE—sent me. I remember I left it with Mr. LARKINS in case he could find a use for it. So you were in my box; quite a coincidence, really!

Mr. Jann. As you say, Sir, and not the only one neither, seeing that—

Mrs. Toov. Pa, isn't it time this young man finished the business he came about, and went away? I am not accustomed to seeing my drawing-room made use of as an office!

Mr. Toov. (*snatching up the transfer*). By all means, my love. (*To Mr. J.*) Er, I really think we should be more comfortable in the study. There—there's a bigger inkstand.

[*He leads the way to the door.*]

Mr. Jann. (*following*). As you please, Sir. (*Turning at the door.*) I must say I think I've been most cruelly misunderstood. If I've been anxious for the pleasure of meeting Mrs. TOMKINSON JONES again, any revengeful motives or lowness of that description was far from my thoughts. My sole object being to restore a piece of property which the lady, whoever she may have been, left behind her, and which, as I 'appen to have brought it with me, would, if

recognised, settle any question of identity on the spot. But that can wait for the present. Business first, pleasure afterwards!

[*He goes out. A silence. Presently a succession of violent sniffs proceed from behind "The Quiver." All rise in concern.*]

Charles. I say, Aunt, you're not going to give way now, are you? That fellow hasn't frightened you?

Alth. (*kneeling down and embracing Mrs. T.*). Dearest mamma, don't you think you'd better tell us all about it? It was you who slapped that horrid little man's face—now, wasn't it? And serve him right!

Mrs. T. (*in a burst*). I took him for your father! Oh, what have I said? I never meant to admit anything! And what must you all think of me?

Curph. No one who has had the benefit of your opinions of music-halls or their entertainers, can possibly imagine you went to one with any idea of amusing yourself, Mrs. Toovey.

Mrs. Toov. (*without heeding him*). And Pa, what will he say? When I think of all the wicked stories I've had to tell that poor dear man! And after he once finds them out, there's an end of all his respect for me, all my influence over him, all my power in this house—*everything*! Why, for anything I can tell, Pa may actually believe I went to that detestable place on what (*to CURPHEW*) I suppose your friends would call the—the (*utterly breaking down*) Tee-hiddle-dy-hi!

Charles (*after a highly suspicious fit of choking*). Don't think there's any danger of that, Aunt; but look here, how if I went into the study and kicked that little cad out, eh?

Mrs. Toov. And have the whole affair in the police reports! You're a pretty solicitor, CHARLES! But Pa *knows* by now, and oh, what in the world am I to do?

Charles. Well, my dear Aunt. It sounds an immoral suggestion, but, as you seem to have given Uncle a—hem—slightly picturesque version of your doings last Saturday, hadn't you better stick to it?

Mrs. Toov. What's the use? Didn't you hear that wretch say he'd found something in the box? It's my spectacles, CHARLES; a pair in a Rob Roy tartan case, which Pa gave me himself, and couldn't help recognising! I remember now, I left them there, and—(*The door opens.*) They're coming back!

Mr. Toov. (*entering*). That's really a very honest young fellow, my love, nothing will satisfy him but bringing in the article he's found, and seeing whether it belongs to you or not.

Mrs. Toov. (*breathlessly*). And have you seen it, Pa—have you seen it?

Mr. Toov. Not yet, dear love, not yet. He's getting it out of his great coat in the hall.



"Why, Cornelia, my love, so you've found your spectacles!"

Curph. (starting up from behind ALTHEA). I think, if you will allow me, I'll go and speak to him first. It strikes me that I may know the lady who was in that box, and I'm naturally anxious to avoid any—
[He goes out.]

END OF SCENE XIX.

SCENE XX.—A few minutes later.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, in a fever). Why doesn't he come back? What are those two plotting together? Oh, if Mr. WILDFIRE imagines he will get a hold over me, so as to obtain my consent to—I'd sooner tell Pa everything! (To CURPHEW, who re-enters, smiling.) W—where is—the other?

Curph. The other? Oh, he's gone. I made myself known to him; and you would have been surprised, my dear Mrs. TOOVEY, at the immense effect my professional name had upon him. When he realised I was WALTER WILDFIRE he was willing to do anything for me, and so I easily got him to entrust his find to me.

Mrs. Toov. (inquisitively). And what is it—a fan, or a glove? There would be no harm in showing it to us, eh?

Curph. Well, really, it's so very unlikely to compromise anybody that I almost think I might. Yes, there can't be any objection.

[He takes something out of his pocket, and presents it to Mr. T. *Mrs. Toov. (mystified).* Why, it's only a hairpin! What a scrupulously honest young man that is, to be sure!

Mrs. Toov. (relieved). Only a hairpin? (Then, uneasily, to CURPH., in an undertone.) Where is—you know what? Have you kept it to use for your own advantage?

Curph. (in the same tone). I am a very bad man, I know; but I don't blackmail. You will find it behind the card-basket in the hall. (Mrs. T. goes out; ALTH. draws CURPH. aside.)

Alth. CLARENCE. I—I must know; how did you come to have a hairpin? where did it come from? (As he softly touches the back of her head.) Oh! it was mine, then? What a goose I am?

Mrs. Toov. (as Mrs. T. returns). Why, CORNELIA, my love, so you've found your spectacles! Now where did you leave them this time, my dear, eh?

Mrs. Toov. Where I shall not leave them again in a hurry, THEOPHILUS!

Mrs. Toov. Don't you be too sure of that, my love. By the way, Mr. CURPHEW, that lady of your acquaintance—you know, the one who made all this disturbance at the Eldorado—is she at all like Mrs. TOOVEY, now?

Curph. (after reflection). Well, really, there is a resemblance—at a distance!

Mrs. Toov. (peevishly). Then it's annoying—very annoying; because it might compromise my poor dear wife, you know. I—I wish you could give her a quiet hint to—to avoid such places in future!

Curph. Do you know, Sir, I really think it will be quite unnecessary. [PHOEBE enters to announce dinner.]

Mrs. Toov. Dinner, eh? Yes, yes, dinner, to be sure. Mr. CURPHEW, will you take in my dau—(correcting himself)—oh, but, dear me, I was quite forgetting that—h'm!

Curph.—that Mrs. TOOVEY has been expressing an ardent impatience to close your doors on me for ever?

Mrs. Toov. (not over graciously). That was before—I mean that—considering the manner in which we all of us seem to have been more or less mixed up with the music-hall of late—we can't afford to be too particular. If Mr. WILDFIRE chooses to stay, he will find as warm a welcome as—with a gulp—he can expect!

Curph. Many thanks, but I'm sure you see that I can't stay here on sufferance. If I do stay it must be as—

Mrs. T. As one of the family! (She chokes.) That—that's understood, of course. (To herself.) They know too much!

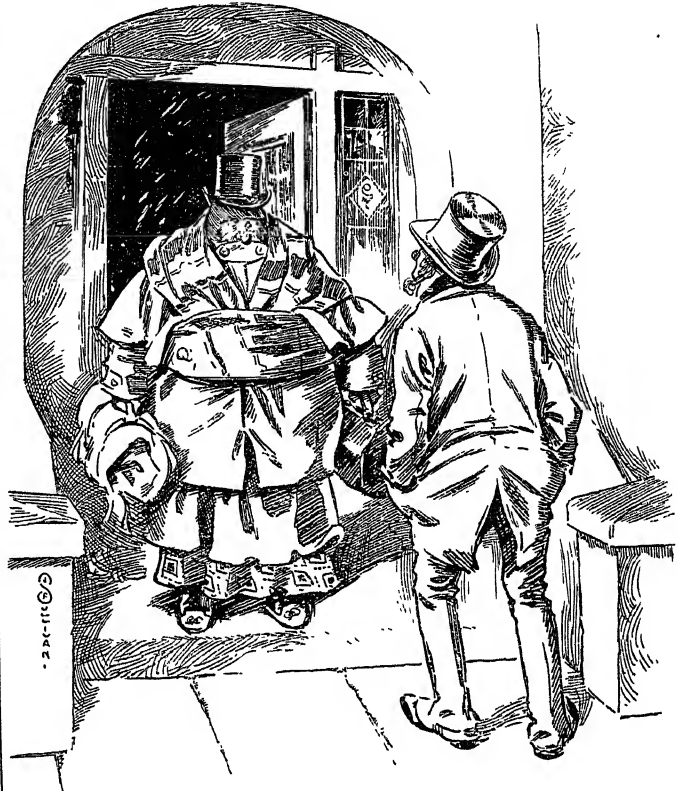
Mr. T. (to Mrs. T., chirpily, as the others precede them in to dinner). Do you know, my love, I'd no more idea you would ever have—Well, well, it might have been worse, I daresay. But we must never let it get out about the music-hall, eh?

Mrs. T. Well, Pa, I'm not very likely to allude to it!

THE END.

"CRYSTAL-GAZING."—The Crystal Palace Company should adapt some of Mr. ANDREW LANG's article on "Superstition" in this month's *Fortnightly*. Far more entertaining is the Sydenham building than any amount of "Crystal-gazing," and the directors have only to say (we make them a Christmas present of the suggestion), quoting from the article above-mentioned, "it is an ascertained fact that a certain proportion of men and women, educated, healthy," &c., &c., can obtain curious information, combined with amusement, by looking into the Crystal . . . Palace.

EXAMPLE OF "BURNING WORDS."—Lighting the dining-room fire with the torn pages of an old book.



OUR COSTLY CLIMATE.

"HULLO? OFF OUT OF TOWN SOMEWHERE?"

"OFF TO CAIRO, MY BOY!"

"CAIRO? WHY, ONLY THE OTHER DAY YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE AS POOR AS A CHURCH MOUSE!"

"THAT'S JUST IT. I'VE SPENT FIVE YEARS' INCOME ON CLOTHING ALREADY THIS WINTER, AND I'M NOT WARM YET; AND I'VE CALCULATED THAT IT'LL TAKE SEVEN YEARS' INCOME MORE BEFORE I CAN KEEP THE COLD OUT. SO I'M OFF TO CAIRO TO STOP AT THE BEST HOTEL—IT'S FAR CHEAPER!"

POISON IN THE PUMP.

[A medical writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says, "more people are killed by drinking water than are killed by drinking alcohol."]

THINK of that, teetotal folks, heed not WILFRED LAWSON's jokes And his gay, impromptu poems which he reads when on the stump, Here's a doctor says that you will indubitably do

Quite a foolish thing in swearing by your sweetly sober pump.

Surely that should give you pause when you advocate your cause, With your button-hole adorned with tiny scrap of sky-blue silk; There's not half the danger in whisky, brandy, rum, or gin, As in typhoid-bearing water or in diphtheritic milk.

We're not all gin-sodden sots, though we do not empty lots Of those enigmatic bottles, which to you are always dear, Filled with liquor, washy, sweet, aerated. Such a treat Is your execrable lemonade, your beastly ginger-beer!

Other people do not rave from the cradle to the grave.

The Frenchman takes his *petit verre*, his *Bordeaux* or his *bock*; The German's limpid beer or his *Rheinwein* none need fear.

Even you would not be overcome by claret, say, or hock.

Then if you are truly wise, you will cease to close your eyes To the fact that moderation is convincing, and should be In your words, as in our drink. Then we might more kindly think Of your thickly, sickly cocoa, and your nerve-exciting tea.

"EUREKA! EUREKA!"—His wife had heard the word. Had been told it was Greek: but what it meant she did not know. One night he came home from a bachelor smoking-party. "Oh," she exclaimed. "You absolutely reek of tobacco. You reeker!" Then it broke upon her like an ancient light that she was talking Greek without knowing it!



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Precocious Infant. "HELP YOURSELF, AND PASS THE BOTTLE!"

THE CHAMPION SHAVER;

Or, A Task against Time.

LARGO al factotum! Shave all the world, 'one per minute!
Figaro beaten. *Poll Sweedlepipe* plainly not in it!
 Wick of King's Road, Chelsea's champion chin-scraper, out of it!
 ROMOLA's garrulous razor-man whipped, there's no doubt of it!

Rustic's rough stubble, or working-man's wiry chin-bristle,
 Mown from his gills in a twinkling, as clean as a whistle.
 Even a bristly Hibernian boar he would gaily
 Tackle, and trim him as smooth as that downy young *Bailey*.

Grand Old Tonsorial Hand with the soft-soap and lather;
 Knight of the Razor, of hand-sweep redoubtable—rather!
 PAT—or SHAGPAT—HODGE or BLUEBEARD, blue-gill'd British
 Workman,

Muscovite hairy, or whiskered, moustache-twisting Turkman:

Downy-cheeked boy, or big, wire-brushy Don Whi-kerando!—
 All one to him! All that sharp steel and soap-lather can do
 Here is a Barber will buckle to, blade-armed, instantler,
 Challenge competitive rivals, and win in a canter.

Neat NELLY WICK (thirteen men in ten minutes) is rather
 A good 'un to mow to say naught of her champion father;
 But this Grand Old Shaver would shave,—against time, too, yes,
 trust us!

Elephas Primigenius (the Mammoth), or *Brontops Robustus*!

Truly a Tonsor Titanic to chin-needs to minister!
 Yet are there some who declare his dexterity sinister;
 Say that 'tis not without reason this bland badger-waver,
 And stirrer of soap-suds, is called—well, an Artful Old Shaver.

Like most of his craft he the Gift of the Gab shares stupendously,
 And takes by the nose and belathers, with soft-soap, tremendously.
 They call him for custom from all sorts and sizes a cadger,
 And swear that he badgers the Mob to submit to his badger.

Be that as it may—and his rivals do rail at him viciously—
 If you require "a clean shave," rattled off expeditiously,
 Lather that's fragrant and frothy, and steel that slides slickly,
 Sit down in his chair, and he'll polish you off pretty quickly.

He's had two tough customers lately; a workman stiff-stabbed
 (He looks at his gills in the glass with a glance slightly troubled),
 And him the young yokel whose beard's like a bir bed of thistles,
 Who flops in the chair and demands to be shorn of his bristles.

To shave—against time—such a shag-beard as is this young rustic,
 Is hard, and the chance of success seems a bit nubibustic.
 But list! The old Champion Shaver is courteously closing!
 "B.t bristly, my friend, but I'll leave you clean-mown before
 closing!"

HIGHLY PROBABLE.

(A Conversation Tapped on its way through the Telephone.)

I SAY, how are you this morning?
 Still rather weak. But the weather here is lovely, and I am en-
 joying myself immensely. I think I have discovered a new system.
 Never mind about the tables. Thought you had gone to Nice.
 No, Monte Carlo. It's more healthy, and they say that if you
 have success you should clear your expenses easily.
 Yes, but I did not want to talk about that. You know there's
 been more outrages in Dublin? They have spread from Paris.
 Have they? Get some Johnnie on the spot to look after them.
 But I told the House that although you were in the South of
 France, you were in telegraphic touch with your colleagues.
 What did you do that for? My doctor will be awfully angry.
 I dare say. But what are you going to do about this dynamite scare?
 Leave it to ROSEBERRY; he's equal to anything and everybody.
 Yes, as a rule; but not just now. He's on leave. Bad cold.
 Well, let ASQUITH have a shot. He is a rising young man.
 But he's away, too; and so is HARCOURT, SPENCER, RIFON, and
 the others. They all say they can do nothing further.
 Sorry. Can I help it? Impossible to govern Ireland from Monte
 Carlo.

Not if you give your mind to it. But, of course, if you will go in
 for systems, you haven't much chance.

Well, frankly, I can't manage it. You must get some one else.

Sorry I can't.
 Then what will you do?

Why, manage it myself. After all, if I have twice the years of
 you fellows I have four times the energy. As I am doing all
 the other work of the Ministry, I may as well make a complete job
 of it. I will do it myself!



“THE CHAMPION SHAVER!”

MR. G. “YOU’RE A BIT BRISTLY, SIR, BUT I THINK WE SHALL POLISH YOU OFF BEFORE CLOSING TIME!!”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"THE ever-advancing Woman," observes one of the Baronesses, "has quite come forward this Christmas, daintily attired." Wonderful money-prizes are to be won by the lucky person who guesses the author of "Bid Me not Go," which is the Christmas story of the enterprising *Gentlewoman*.

"As for Christmas Cards being Christmassy," quoth a young Baron brusquely, "why it's all WALKER!" The Baron was about to rebuke the scion of his noblehouse, but discovered, on application, that the youth had been alluding to the Christmas Card publisher of that name, whose designs are not peculiarly Christmassy, but what the Baronesses terms "so dainty!"

S. HILDESHEIMER & Co.'s clever and amusing Christmas Cards will be much appreciated by young people.

Three books full of stories, to suit all ages. HUTCHINSON'S House. *Fifty-two Stories for Children*, *Fifty-two Stories for Girlhood and Youth*, and *Fifty-two Stories for Boyhood and Youth*. Just a story a week, will last the year. Collected by ALFRED H. MILES. You won't find a better if you go for Miles.

Valdmer, the Viking, by HUME NISBET, was a wonderful Dane, who, after invading England in the Tenth Century, took a trip from Thanet (having invented Ramsgate and Margate) all round America, and thought nothing of it. Those who read this will probably think something of it.

The Hoyden, written by Mrs. HUNGERFORD, and published by HEINEMANN, is the story of a rather frivolous nineteenth-century tomboy; "but," quoth the Baroness, "though it does not come within measurable distance of *The O'Connors of Ballinahinch*, it is pleasant light reading."

Mr. Gladstone's Life; Told by Himself, is an alluring title, which, in spite of the volume being issued by so respectable a house as KEGAN PAUL'S, savours of a flam. But it is genuine enough. Every word in the little volume has been spoken or written by MR. GLADSTONE. MR. LEECH, whilst modestly disclaiming any imposition of responsibility upon the PREMIER, has ingeniously linked passages from speeches or letters published under his name during the past sixty years. The result is a really fascinating work. MR. GLADSTONE has always been prone to drop into autobiography. Nothing, my Baronite tells me, was more delightful than the speeches he used to deliver in the House of Commons on Friday and Tuesday nights. Some chance reference to CANNING, PEELE, or PALMERSTON brought up a flood of recollections, and Mr. G. used to chat of old times with the entranced House.

In a pleasant little book called *Essays on Idleness*, the authoress, AGNES REPFLEER, speaking of her cat, observes, "It were ignoble to wish myself in her place, and yet how charming to be able to settle down to a nap, *sans peur et sans reproche*, at ten o'clock in the morning." Surely instead of "*sans peur*" she should have written "*sans purr*," as far more applicable to a cat asleep.

"HERE is a work that I prize indeed!" quoth the Baron, surveying with unmixed pleasure two handsome volumes, readable from every point of view of type, handiness, and matter that is of substance and spirit, being a re-issue of the immortal *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. "Mind you," he continues, tenderly regarding them, "though this I admit is an *édition de luxe*, yet do I far and away prefer the simple volume without illustrations. Why illustrations? Why try to impose on us, as by artistic authority, the faces, forms, and the situations that we would infinitely prefer to idealise? Without the faculty of imagination no one can enjoy this work, pictures or no pictures: possessed of the faculty, what need of the illustrations, save so far as they may carry out our own notions of the author's meaning? If they do not, then we quarrel with them. But many thanks for these two volumes, brought out by Messrs. GAY AND BIRD (delightful association of adjective and substantive, as we have had afortime occasion to remark); for among all books, whether at this Christmas Season, when they come in quite with a Charles-Lamblike and Washington-Irvingesque flavour, or at any other time, these be most welcome to the constant lover of old Literary Friends.

YULETIDEIAN BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



A CONDUCTOR OF HEAT.

A GAME OF CHANCE.

(From an Imaginative French Source.)

WAR had broken out between France and Great Britain. In the Mediterranean—owing to several French ironclads having got through into the Black Sea and being unable to get out again—the French fleet was shut up in Toulon harbour by a powerful English squadron. It was just at this time that some curious events were taking place in the neighbouring seaside resort of Sablettes-Bains, recently purchased by an English company, which was running the place as a kind of compromise between Boulogne and Monte Carlo.

"Messieurs, faites vos jeux!"—was heard the monotonous refrain of the

burly "Croupier," who, with face rather pale, and a preoccupied air, was presiding over one of the numerous games of "*Petits-Chevaux*," combined with "*Rouge et Noir*," which were proceeding in the gorgeously-upholstered and magnificently-lighted "*Salle des Papas Perdus*" of the "*Cercle des Etrangers*" of this Paradise of the Middle Sea.

Suddenly the Croupier sprang from his seat, threw off his loose outer coat, and displayed the well-known uniform of an Officer in Her Majesty's Royal Shropshire Yeomanry Carabineers. All the other Croupiers did the same. Astonishment and dismay were depicted on the countenances of the players.

"Gentlemen," said the Croupier, "I am sorry to say you are all my prisoners. Resist, and you will be shot without mercy!" "But I had just staked twenty thousand Louis on the black!" ejaculated a bewildered Gaul.

"You have lost your stake, Monsieur," replied the Croupier, with politeness. "It is red, not black;" and, in a moment, all the English visitors who thronged the rooms had also thrown off their overcoats, and the hall was filled with red-coats.

"Treachery! *Perfide Alb*—" the Gaul shouted; but ere he could rise from his seat to give the alarm to the Toulon garrison, as he had fully intended doing, a hundred swords (made in Birmingham) had passed simultaneously through his body. Their stakes fell from the trembling hands of the players.

"Then are we to understand," asked another Frenchman, who had somewhat recovered from the first shock of surprise, "that the English Government has suppressed Sablettes-les-Bains because it disapproves of the game of *Petits-Chevaux*?"

"Not at all," replied the Croupier-Officer. "It is a military *coup-de-main*, that's all. The English company running this place, was, of course, in the pay of the British War Office. By a pre-arranged system of signals we have been making known everything that is going on at Toulon to the British Admiral out at sea. You may perhaps have noticed what an extremely large orchestra took part in last night's free classical concert; they were English marines' disguised as musicians. And the gardens attached to the Casino, which rival those of Monte Carlo, what do you think those grassy slopes crowned with olives and orange-trees are in reality? Why, the artfully-contrived glacis of the impregnable fortress inside which you are now standing, and which I have the honour to command!"

Just then the booming of cannon was heard outside.

"It is our guns playing on the defences of Toulon!" exclaimed the Officer. "Toulon is ours!"

And the treacherous Britons, having cleared the tables of the five-franc pieces still remaining on them, proceeded, with the aid of the Germans and Italians, to the dismemberment of France.

Nautical Economy.

["It is no use our building ships without the men to man them."—*Times' Correspondent*.]

PROVERB suggested by the above:—"Do not spoil the ship for a pound of tar."

NOVEL PROCEEDING.—New Issue, *Japhet in Search of Something Farther*. By MARRIOTT.

LAW AND JUSTICE V. DUTY "DONE."

(An Imaginary Conversation.)

SCENE—*Opposite the Griffin.*
TIME—*The present day.*
Enter two well-known personages.

Justice. Welcome, Sister. We sometimes are severed, but when we do meet the right prevails.

Law. Certainly, Sister—to a great extent. And what is the cause of our present communion?

Justice. I have to call your attention, Sister, to many great works of mercy recently performed by wielders of the pen—in fact some of my servants.

Law. Your servants are noted for their good works.

Justice. You are very kind. Well, these good servants have defended the poor, protected the weak, and denounced hypocrites.

Law. Very right indeed. But how did they manage it without my assistance?

Justice. You have a short memory. It was with your aid that they brought these good things about. Surely you have not forgotten them?

Law. Well, since I have been combined with Equity I have been doing so much excellent work that I have neither time nor inclination for the recording of details. Well, and your protégés, were they successful?

Justice. Certainly; they won all along the line. Never was the power of the Press manifested to better advantage.

Law. Surely they were not in actions for libel?

Justice. Yes; and although they did much good, were practically mulct'd in costs.

Law. Costs! That is in my department!

Justice. And not in mine. Costs in such a matter have nothing to do with Justice!

Law. But (as you say) are inseparably connected with Law!
[*They part hurriedly.*]



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

She. "AND YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE A SPEECH AFTER DINNER, WON'T YOU?"

He. "OH—I SHALL JUST HAVE TO TALK A LITTLE NONSENSE TO THEM, YOU KNOW!"

She. "AH—AND NOBODY'S BETTER QUALIFIED TO DO THAT THAN YOURSELF!"

THE STOUT SINGER'S SMILE.

O BUXOM maiden, blithe and gay,
With movements light and airy,
Some five-and-twenty stone you weigh,
Fair, fat and forty fairy!

A fairy of the music-halls,
Some men might call you ripping;
In tights, and satin coat and smalls,
You enter, gaily skipping.

It is not that which brings me joy,
Nor face, nor form entrances,
It is your smile, so very coy,
Your bashful, girlish glances.

Some twenty years ago, no doubt,
You were a slender maiden,
But now, so long you have been "out,"
With weight of years you're laden.

So when you sing of love-sick grief,
And smile so very sweetly,
I, too, behind my handkerchief,
Smile quite unseen, discreetly.

The more you sing the more you smile,
Stout charmer, winsome, winning,
Dressed like Lord Fauntleroy—
meanwhile,
Like Cheshire Cat I'm grinning.

Then comes the end; you curtsy low,
With looks to heaven soaring;
You are extremely funny so,
I'm positively roaring.

They clap, they shout, they thump the floor,
These "gents" serenely smoking,
You kiss your hand, smile yet once more,
And leave me simply choking.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons. Monday evening, December 4.—Slight coolness sprung up between Major RASCH and Members in immediate neighbourhood. STANLEY LEIGHTON observed an insect of unfamiliar appearance disporting itself on the Major's back. Closer inspection revealed presence of others, one carefully pricking its way through his bristling hair. In these days, when microbes are a little too familiar in their habit, this curious phenomenon led to some uneasiness.

"Dear me," said Major RASCH, when his attention was delicately called to matter; "some of 'em must have got out. Only locusts, dear boy; needn't be frightened; put down question to HERBERT GARDNER as to importation of Russian hay which is swarming with locusts. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER absent; engaged in cultivating the influenza microbe; HERBERT GLADSTONE undertaken to answer question. I know these young Ministers; sure to pooh-pooh question. So, being an old soldier, prepared counter-movement; got handful of locusts; clapped 'em into box; brought 'em down, intending to hand box over to HERBERT. They seem, however, to have anticipated proceedings. Prized lid off box, and swarmed all about; looking for wild honey, I suppose. Hope they won't catch SPEAKER'S eye. Lend us a hand to net a few before they attack HANBURY."

If Session goes on much longer will get itself counted out.

Members falling around us like leaves in wintry weather. PRINCE ARTHUR not yet back; GRANDOLPH off to sunnier climes; JOHN MORLEY, out too soon after approach to convalescence, gone to break the bank at Monte Carlo; not likely to be seen here again this side of Christmas. And now BOBBY SPENCER down; fallen on the field of battle. Came into lobby just now at usual brisk pace; made his way to Whip's room; drooped on threshold. Happily nothing serious; only a passing faint; but eloquent of strain upon Members in these times. For BOBBY, of course, the weight is exceptionally heavy. *Nous autres* come and go; make holiday when we can get a pair; as often as we have the heart to do so meet with light negative BOBBY's touching appeal, "You dine here to-night?" But for him, always on the spot, his young head full of State cares, his manly bosom enfolding innumerable State secrets, it is different. Now the long pending blow suddenly falls, and BOBBY, not without reminiscence of the elder PRIT in an earlier Parliament, falls at his post—"Young LYCIDAS and hath not left his peer."

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For LYCIDAS is down, down ere his prime.

"Compels," said the Member for Sark, nothing if not critical.
"Wouldn't you write 'compel'?"



THE PARLIAMENTARY BILLIARD TOURNAMENT. "A LONG BREAK."

"Yes, I should; but MILTON didn't; and, on the whole, I prefer his style."

Business done.—Pegging away at Parish Councils Bill.

Tuesday.—Since Parish Councils Bill went into Committee, Mr. G. has been silent in I don't know how many languages. It is highest compliment to Minister in charge of a Bill that his Leader should find it possible not only to refrain from taking part in debate, but habitually to absent himself through long periods of a sitting. HENRY FOWLER has earned this distinction. His management of intricate measure has been excellent; conciliating Opposition without causing revolt in sensitive ranks on own side. His Parliamentary position distinctly advanced.

To-night Mr. G. drawn into fray. It was JOKIM who did it. At opening of sitting FOWLER resisted Amendment by STRACHEY making it permissible to transfer parochial trusts to management of Parish Council. After nearly two hours' debate, RIGBY put up to say that Amendment on same lines standing further down, in name of the contumacious COBB, would be accepted. "A put-up job!" cried GOSCHEN, sternly eyeing the irreproachable RIGBY.



"A put-up job!"

This too much for Mr. G. Sat bolt upright from recumbent position in which he had listened to debate. His eyes blazed; a Jovellike frown clouded his brow; his hands moved restlessly, as, leaning a little forward in attitude to spring, he waited till the unconscious JOKIM, blinking at other side of table, should sit down. Spoke for only ten minutes; his energy supernal; his voice, long unused, magnificent. "A put-up job!" he repeated in scornful tones, with sweeping gesture of the arm. Drew graphic picture of Editors of new Dictionary coming upon this phrase in Parliamentary Report citing it, as thus:—

"Job, a put-up." (*The Right Hon. J. Goschen, M.P.*)

Young Bloods behind Front Opposition Bench in historic corner, whose recesses MELLOR'S glance cannot penetrate, didn't like this. "Question! Question!" they roared. "It is a very interesting question," said Mr. G., ready for a tussle with them if they insisted. Pretty to see JOKIM turn round and rebuke the Young Bloods on back Benches. He was the object of attack; on his head the vials of bubbling wrath overflowed. But JOKIM has not lived in House of Commons all these years without its traditions of high courtesy and respect due to age and position being ingrained. He was shocked to hear speech of Leader of House broken in upon with noisy cries of "Question!" and, though they came from his own camp-followers, he did not hesitate to administer sharp rebuke. *Business done.*—Got into fresh tight place with Parish Councils Bill.

Thursday.—Quite lively to-night. Merriest evening since Home-Rule Bill left us. Began with SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. GORST, who is thinking of leaving his property to found almshouses for pious ex-Solicitor-Generals, is alarmed at probable operation of this Bill. His prophetic eye sees time when Parish Council of the future will step in, snap its fingers at him (the Pious Founder); will probably introduce Conscience Clause in matutinal exercises of aged ex-Solicitor-Generals. GORST draws up case on back of Orders; presents it in form of conundrum. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD hugely contemptuous. Nothing easier than to draw up trust deed in form that should obviate catastrophe foreseen by GORST'S fervid fancy.

"Just as easy," he says, "as a boy drawing an animal writes over it 'This is a lion.' You draw your trust; write 'This is an Ecclesiastical Charity,' and there you are. It will be out of purview of the Act."

This would have been all very well if JESSE COLLINGS had not

chanced to be among audience. Members evidently carried away by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD'S sophistry. JESSE pulled them up.

"Supposing," he said, looking unutterably wise, "the boy draws an animal; writes over it, 'This is a lion,' and it turns out to be an elephant. Where are you then?"

House really didn't know; positively staggered. "Just like one of those questions the Carpenter in 'Through the Looking Glass' used to ask Alice," said GEORGE CURZON. "Floors everybody." Instead of sitting down and bravely facing difficulty suggested by JESSE'S active mind, Members, catching sight of SOLICITOR-GENERAL contemplating nature from Treasury Bench, with one accord turned upon him. Cries of "RIGBY! RIGBY!" filled Chamber. Everything forgotten in excitement of this new chase. The lion lay down with the elephant, and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD led them. PRINCE ARTHUR, back after a bout of influenza, joined in chase with boyish energy. HENRY JAMES and JOSEPH answered from opposite camp. J. G. TALBOT delivered what, judging from his manner, was a funeral sermon over departed but anonymous friend; only a sentence heard here and there amid the uproar. SOLICITOR-GENERAL sat silent, with no other sign of consciousness than an occasional benevolent shaking of the head when the cry of "RIGBY! RIGBY!" rose to stormier heights.

At length PRINCE ARTHUR moved to report progress. With this pistol at his head, RIGBY rose, and proceeded in his inimitable manner to deliver an opinion on the case. When lo! the strangest thing of all happened. Members on Opposition benches, who had made themselves hoarse in clamouring for RIGBY, now when he



Baiting the Solicitor-General.

coily yielded to their flattering insistence on his stating his views, hurriedly left the House. But they'd had their joke, a joke two hours long. Were not going to have it spoiled by an anti-climax.

Business done.—None; but a merry night withal.

Friday.—More about Charities as affected by Parish Councils Bill. Opposition got their back up. They love the Bill more than ever; but they will not let it pass. A great deal said about charity; but there's no lovingkindness. Encouraged by hunt of last night turn again upon SOLICITOR-GENERAL. A thirst for information. PRINCE ARTHUR insinuatingly suggests that House would be happy if RIGBY would only give his views as to the precise meaning of phrase "parochial charities." RIGBY affects not to hear. Diligently makes notes on his brief with preoccupied air. JOSEPH runs in from behind and pulls the hair of his right hon. friend the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. The SQUIRE, nothing loath, lets fly from the shoulder. Rumpus; somebody moves Closure; Chairman takes no notice; at end of two hours Committee divide. Coming back, approach identical question from slightly different point of view; talk round it for another two hours. At twelve o'clock we go home with uneasy feeling that for all practical purposes, as far as progress of Bill is concerned, we might as well have stopped there. *Business done.*—None.

ERRATIC.—There was an odd-looking misprint in *Le Figaro* for Wednesday last of an "r" for an "i," so that what was intended for "la Cour d'assises à Old Bailey" read "la Cour d'assises à Old Barley." Our friend in *Punch*, "Old BILL BARLEY," would be pleased to find himself famous in French.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—Death to dealers in death!

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cunnin Toil.)

No. VII.—THE STOLEN MARCH.

I THINK I have already mentioned in the course of the articles which I have consecrated to the life and exploits of PICKLOCK HOLES that this extraordinary man was unmarried. There was some mystery about certain love-making episodes in the early stages of his career which nothing could induce him to talk about. If I ever chanced to mention the subject of matrimony in his presence,



a hard, metallic look came over his features, and his lips closed with the tightness and vehemence of a pair of handcuffs. Naturally, I was not encouraged by these symptoms to pursue the matter. However, from what I have since been able to glean from other sources, I think I am justified in saying that HOLES was at one time, while quite a young man, engaged to the daughter of an eminent church dignitary, a charming girl who united good looks to a comfortable balance at her bankers. One morning, however, HOLES, whose mind was constantly occupied in the solution of deep and complex psychological problems, suddenly startled Miss BELLASYS by informing her that from certain indications he had concluded that she had two large moles on the upper portion of her left shoulder-blade. It was in vain that the unfortunate girl protested with tears in her eyes that she was ignorant of this disfigurement; that, as a matter of fact, she had the best reason for believing that no such moles existed, and that, if they did, it was not her fault, but must be due to a momentary oversight on the part of her nurse, a woman of excellent character and sound church principles. HOLES was, as usual, inexorable.

"My dearest ANNABELLA," he observed, "I am never mistaken. Within the last ten minutes while I have been discussing with you my new theory of clues I have noticed your left eye—the right I cannot see—slowly close twice, while at the same moment your head drooped on to your left shoulder. Thus you were twice blind on the left side. Moles, as we learn, not merely from books on natural history, but from our own observation, are blind. You have, therefore, two moles on your left shoulder. The fact is indisputable."

Terrified by this convincing demonstration, poor Miss BELLASYS released the great detective from his engagement, and retired shortly afterwards from the world to enrol herself in the ranks of a nursing sisterhood.

These, I believe, are the facts connected with my friend's only engagement, and I merely state them here in order that the deeply interesting story of his life may be as complete as laborious and accurate research on my part can make it. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that the man should have been to some extent soured by the tragic termination of a love affair which seemed full of the promise of happiness for all concerned.

But it must not be supposed that the life of PICKLOCK HOLES was entirely destitute of the domestic joys. He would often tell me when we met again after an interval during which he had disappeared from my ken that he had been giving the old folks at home a turn, and that he felt himself in a measure reinvigorated by the simple and trusting affection lavished upon him by his family circle. I gathered that this consisted of his father and mother, Sir AMINADAB and Lady HOLES, his two younger brothers, curiously named HAYLOFT and SKAIRKROW HOLES, his widowed sister, Mrs. GUMPSHON, with various children of all ages left as pledges of affection by the late Colonel GUMPSHON of the Saltshire Bays, as gallant an officer as ever cleft the head of an Afghan or lopped an Egyptian in two. Often had I felt, though I had been far too discreet to express it openly, an ardent desire to become acquainted with a family which, if I might judge by my friend PICKLOCK, must be one of the most remarkable in the world for brain power and keen intelligence. My wish was to be gratified sooner than I looked for.

One evening, as HOLES and I were sitting in my bachelor rooms in Belgrave Square, there came a sudden knock at the door. We were smoking, and I remember that HOLES had just been explaining to me that it was customary to infer an assassin from the odour of Trichinopoly, whilst a Cabana denoted a man of luxurious habits and unbridled passions. From Bird's-eye tobacco a direct line of induction, he said, brought one to a Cabinet Minister, whilst Cayendish in its uncut stage led to a mixture of a smuggler, a Methodist minister, and a club-proprietor in reduced circumstances. I was marvelling at the singular acumen of the man when,

as I say, there came a tap at the door, which interrupted our discussions. The door then slowly opened, and a small female child, of a preternaturally sharp expression, slid, as it were, inductively into the room. It was the youthful ISABEL GUMPSHON, one of HOLES's nieces. "All right, ISABEL," said the great detective, "we will come with you," and in another moment a swift four-wheeler was conveying us to Fitzjohn's Avenue, where Sir AMINADAB and his lady had their dwelling-place.

No sooner had we arrived than I felt that we were indeed in a home of mystery, to which the Egyptian Hall of Messrs. MASKE-LYNE and COOKE was a mere baby. There was in the air a heavy odour of detection, a sort of clinging mist of inductive argument, a vaporous emanation of crimes logically discovered and inferentially revealed, a pervading miasma of obtuse police-inspectors relieved by complimentary magistrates and eulogistic judges. The description may seem highly-coloured, but it represents with literal accuracy the impression made upon my mind by my entrance into the ancestral mansion of the HOLES family. Nor was this impression removed as we ascended the stairs. On the first landing we found Mrs. GUMPSHON engaged in teaching her youngest boy, AUGUSTUS O'BRIEN GUMPSHON, a correct system of guess-work. The boy, a bright little fellow of five, was at that moment in disgrace. He had courageously attempted to guess his mother's age, and having in an excess of rashness fixed the figure at forty-two, he had been severely punished, and was at that moment languishing in a corner of the landing. In the drawing-room we found the rest of the family. Sir AMINADAB, it appeared, had murdered the footman some ten minutes before our arrival, and had contrived by the aid of a pair of blood-stained braces, which were one of his most cherished possessions, to fix the guilt upon Lady HOLES, in whose basket-trunk, moreover, the dismembered body of the unfortunate menial had been discovered by the cook. The ingenuity of this diabolical plot had for some nine minutes baffled the whole family. Lady HOLES was just about to resign herself to the inevitable arrest, when HAYLOFT HOLES, with an appearance of calm nonchalance, eminently suited to his impassive features, had produced from his father's waistcoat pocket two of the unfortunate footman's silver buttons, and had thus convicted Sir AMINADAB of the crime. As we entered the drawing-room we were almost overwhelmed with the shouts of joy that welcomed this wonderful exhibition of the family talent. SKAIRKROW HOLES, who was of a more reflective turn of mind, had, it seemed, been looking out of the window at the passers-by, and had just proved triumphantly to his youngest niece, JEMIMA, that a man whom she had taken for a vendor of cat's meat was in reality a director of a building society who had defrauded the miserable investors of fifty-two thousand pounds, eighteen shillings, and ninepence halfpenny. It was into this happy family party that HOLES and I, led by ISABEL GUMPSHON, intruded on the memorable evening of which I speak.

(To be continued.)

NOTE.—There are, it seems, rumours about to the effect that my marvellous friend, PICKLOCK HOLES, is dead. Some even go so far as to assert that he never existed. I leave these two factions to fight the matter out. If he is dead he must have existed; if he never existed he cannot have died. This shows the folly of relying on rumour.—SAMUEL POTSON.

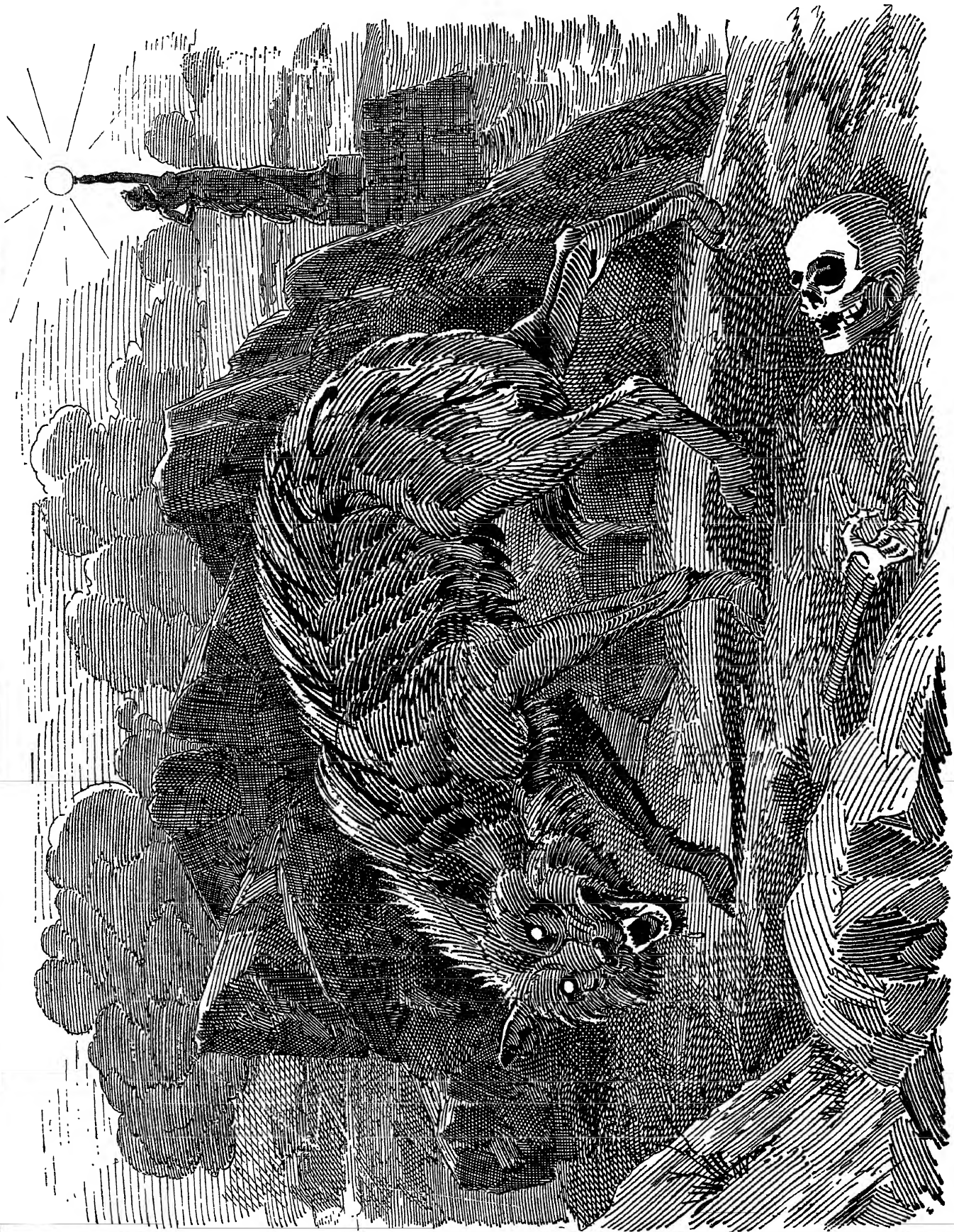
THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S SONG.

(The Up-to-date Version.)

O! pity the lot of a harassed Lord Chancellor,
Suffering badly from too much to do.
Appointments to give, and appointments to cancel or
Magistrate making, not knowing who's who.
Work of a quantity highly distressing,
Jack-like it's dull with all work and no play.
I start in the morning when hurriedly dressing,
And stick to it then for full twelve hours a day.
Selecting with care and the utmost propriety,
I wade through long lists of the would-be J.P.'s,
Who wish to be benched for the sake of Society,
Till I sigh for repose and a quantum of ease.
It's hard—ANANIAS would hardly deny it,
After all it's £10,000 a year at the most.
Resignation's a virtue. I'm minded to try it;
A chance for some aspirants—who's for the post?

MOTTO FOR EDITORS OF VERY-LATEST-NEWS-EVENING-JOURNALS
(hard up for a paragraph).—"When in doubt play JABEZ BALFOUR."

MRS. R. ON THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGE IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.
—"Hanging's too good for such a scoundrel," said Mrs. R. indignantly; "but they don't hang in France, so the wretch will be taken and gelatinised."



THE WERE-WOLF OF ANARCHY.



"BUSINESS FIRST."

Favourite Son of M.F.H. (to old Huntsman). "No, SMITH, YOU WON'T SEE MUCH MORE OF ME FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON; IF AT ALL."

Smith (with some concern). "INDEED, SIR. 'OW'S THAT?" *Son of M.F.H.* "WELL, YOU SEE I'M READING HARD."

Smith (interrogatively). "READIN' 'ARD, SIR?" *Son of M.F.H.* "YES, I'M READING LAW."

Smith. "WELL, I LIKES TO READ A BIT O' THEM PERLICE REPORTS MYSELF, SIR, NOW AN' THEN; BUT I DON'T ALLOW 'EM TO HINTERFERE WITH A HONEST DAY'S 'UNTIN'."

THE WERE-WOLF.

[Anglo-Saxon *wer*, a man, and wolf—a man in the form of a wolf.]

"The garments are changed into hair, his arms into legs; he becomes a wolf, and he still retains vestiges of his ancient form. His hoariness is still the same, the same violence appears in his features; his eyes are bright as before; he is still the same image of ferocity."—*Ovid, on the metamorphosis of King Lycaon into a wolf.*

WOLF! Wolf! The cry that wakes
The slumbering shepherds, shakes
The faint-hearts of the fold with shudder-
ing fear.

The flock's ferocious foe
Compassion doth not know,

His breathing's heard, his furtive foot-
fall's near.

It is no season for slack guard,
But watchful care and unrelaxing ward.

This is the Man-Wolf, theme
Of ancient classic dream,

And mediæval myth, at last made fast.
Worse than the lupine pest

Upon whose hoary crest
Old monarchs laid a price! 'Gainst him a
pact

Of all the peoples must be made;
Rapine's his life, red ruin his dread trade.

The old grey wolf who prowled
Around the fold, and howled
Impotent rage to the black wintry skies,
Was no such foe as this,
Our Were-Wolf, whom the abyss
Of yawning chaos looses, whose red eyes,
Half human and half bestial, glare
Malignant menace from his secret lair.

Such subter-human guise,
Such fiercely fiendlike eyes.
Arcadian Lycaon, Jove-changed, bore
When mortal hate took on,
At the Olympian frown,
Its fitting shape. The lessons of old lore,
Magic-divested, myth-stripped, still
Commend themselves to human wit and will.

Humanity must urge
Against this lupine scourge
Civilisation's forces banded close.
The watch-dogs, as of old,
Must guard the human fold
Against this last and worst of order's foes;
And the world's sleuthhounds led by Law
Must hunt this Were-Wolf of the insatiate
maw.

Hunt him from every lair,
Till, outlaw everywhere,
This friend of carnage and sheer chaos
finds

A foe at every turn,
A foot to crush or spurn, [winds.
The warning cry of "Wolf!" on all the
And wheresoe'r the ravener stray
Civilisation's light must search—and slay!

"TRÈS BANG!"—To T-M SM-TH, of the
Wholesale Crackery Warehouse, with *Mr.*
Punch's compliments. Certainly, at
Christmas-time, T. S.'s crackers "get the
pull!" At least, so says his Lordship the
pop-ular Bishop of Go-BANGOR.

Dr. R-bs-n R-se

(In the "Fortnightly" this month).

To be in perfect health live well and wisely:
This just sums up my article concisely.

QUITE ON THE CARDS.—In last Saturday's
Daily Graphic there was an interesting
picture on a pretty subject, to which was
subscribed the legend: "The New Governor
of the Isle of Man being Sworn in at Castle
Rushen." Suppose by some printer's-devil's
error the "at" had been placed before the
"in"! "O what a difference in the
morning," when it would have read: "being
Sworn at in Castle Rushen."

DUCAL DOINGS.

"Lord A. B. C. will return to town to-morrow."—[*Any "Fashionable Intelligence" column.*]

I'm but a plebeian, I know,
But feelings as ardent as mine
May feel a legitimate glow
On reading this eloquent line;
Though Fate has denied me as yet
A fame or a fortune renowned,
By items like these I can feel
When I please
An aristocrat down to the
ground!

The fact that I never have seen
The gentleman mentioned—as
soon
I'd fly as distinguish between
Himself and the Man in the
Moon—
Has little to do with the case;
My knowledge, I frankly con-
fess,
Of the doings of those who our
"classes" compose
Is wholly derived from the
Press.

But eagerly over my tea
My eyes on this column I cast,
I read of engagements to be,
Of dances and *fêtes* of the past,
I learn with the deepest regret
That the Duke of X. Y. is
unwell,
And with pleasure I glow that
the Marquis of O.
Has dined with the Duchess of
L.!

In fact, as I muse in a dream,
The charm that this column
extends

Makes all the nobility seem
My intimate personal friends;
Political leaders are bosh,
And Foreign Intelligence stuff,
Just print up to date the deeds of
the great,
And I shall be happy enough!

MR. LECKY AND THE SCOTCH.
—Dear *Mr. Punch*,—If Mr. LECKY
is deserving of censure, surely
some public notice should be
taken of the insult offered to the
Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and Manx
nations by Lord NELSON in his
celebrated signal. That signal
should surely have run:—"Eng-
land, Scotland, Wales, Ireland,
the Channel Islands, and the
Isle of Man, expect that every
man this day will do his duty."
—Yours truly, AN INDIGNANT
MANXMAN.

MOTTO FOR HAIRDRESSERS.—
"Cut and comb again!"



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

OWING TO HIS NOTORIOUS ECCENTRICITY THEIR RELATIONS WITH
THE LOCAL MAMMOTH WERE SOMEWHAT STRAINED.

BANK HOLIDAY BEAUTY.

(*Protest by a Pretty Girl at the
Crystal Palace.*)

THAT "Beauty's decaying among
us!"

By certain old fogies we're
told.

Many poets have ceaselessly sung
us!

But then even poets *grow old*.
SMELFUNGUS has "been to the
Palace."

And Beauty, he thinks "going
out."

Now can it be folly or malice?
Is he blind, or bald-headed and
stout?

I think 'tis most likely the latter.
He's fifty, no doubt, if a day.

Yes, that I suspect's "what's
the matter";

And then, who cares what *he*
may say?

When he went to the Palace of
Crystal,

He puffed, I've no doubt, and
swigged port,

And what wonder then if he
missed all

The Vision of Beauty at sport?
At Kiss in the Ring we were

playing,
He envied us, that's where it

is,
Because if near us he came stray-
ing

He knew we'd refuse *him* a
kiss.

And so (as Tor puts it) he "telled
a lie,"

To cover his nasty mean spite.

No, pessimist purblind and
elderly,

Our looks weren't in fault,
'twas your sight!

What with Tennis, and one
thing and t'other,

We're prettier than ever all
round;

I'm nearly as strong as my
brother,

Tall, straight, nimble, healthy,
and sound.

And as to my teeth!—you don't
know them,

Or else you have told what's
not true;

You'd retract, were I only to
show them,

And I feel I *could* show them—
at you!

EVIDENT. — In drinking the
health of the Italian Parliament,
the Toast of the evening ought to
be,—as indeed every Toast when
well done ought to be,—"*Crispi.*"

AN ODE OF ODOURS.

(*A Poem of Recognition.*)

Oh, what is this faint perfume that I smell,
And smelling seem, somehow, to know so well?
What recollections should it start again,
What memories of the past bring in its train?
Is it a whiff of country come to-day,
Of mangel-wurzels, or of new-mown hay?
Or was it when She witched me with a glance
The subtle odour reached me—at the dance?
Where'er it was, I'm certain that I know it,
As certain as I am I'm not a poet,
But stay, was it when influenza gripped us?
It was! *Eureka!* Yes, it's *Eucalyptus!*

On Certain Philistine Pedagogues.

GREEK and Philosophy but tire and twist 'em.
Duncedom they praise, and dub it "democratic,"
And their abuse of the great Attic system
Is systematic!

MEM. FROM ACCRINGTON.—Liberal party in a fix here. Naturally
anxious to keep a LEASE-hold on the constituency, it looks a little
awkward to pose as the labourer's friend, and at the same time to
keep (HERMON) HODGE out of Parliament!

MEM. BY A HORSE-BUYER WHO HAS BEEN "HAD."—"Novice"
does not always mean no vice.

MUSIC AND LAW.

DURING a recent trial, Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON, the plaintiff, testified that his work was worth to him about thirty-nine pounds per diem. "Why," exclaimed Mr. Justice LAWRENCE, "if you write a good many (what?) it is better than—" Whereupon interposed Mr. PAUL TAYLOR, Counsel for the plaintiff, "Better than the Bar, my lord." (*Laughter.*) Why, of course, Mr. PAUL TAYLOR! Was there no one in Court with knowledge of the simplest arithmetic sufficient to inform you that to work at *several bars* must be worth much more than to work at *one Bar*? Hasn't Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, by composing the lightest possible operas in the world, achieved that best of all "possible probable" tunes, a for-tune, that even a judge, whether of music or at law, might envy? Why, certainly. And the GILLIVAN-SULBERT Savoyards could, if they liked, tell Judge LAWRENCE that "thirty-nine pounds per diem" is not an over-estimate of the share apportioned to each of the three leading scions of the House of the Savoy, composer, librettist, and manager, during the run of one of their real successes, such, for example, as was *The Mikado*. 'Tis a pity Composer SOLOMON did not call Composer SULLIVAN to testify to what might be the pecuniary value of a successful composition. We wish the deserving TAYLOR better luck with the next suit he takes in hand.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Good supply of all sorts of game at Christmas, and especially from the preserves of Messrs. DE LA RUE. Try "Animal Snap," and see how you like it. Thanks to DEAN AND SON—i.e., Senior DEAN and Junior DEAN—for their *Golden Hours*, *The Prize*, *Peeps into Paradise*, and *The Venetian*.



Blind Moveable Picture Book, the last being the best of all. And DEAN'S Cracker Toy-books will certainly go off well. *As we Sweep through the Deep*. "Quite the right publishers for tales of the sea are 'NELSON AND SONS,'" quoth the Baron, "and no doubt they hope that every man will do his duty at Christmas time and go in for Nelsonian boys and girls books." "As we Sweep" is by that true Horse Marine (if there is anything in a name), yelet Dr. GORDON STABLES, R.N.

The Baroness recommends *The Rosebud Annual*. A lovely posy of pictures and tales to be found on the shelf of JAMES CLARKE & Co., Publishers, and, the Baroness supposes, Nursery Gardeners. "Natural this," quoth a Baroness, "here is a *Miss Parson's Adventures* told by a Clark RUSSELL!" If you want it send to CHAPMAN AND HALL. And all the Baronites say many thanks to MACMILLAN & Co. for a delightful new edition of Miss MARY MITFORD RUSSELL'S *Our Village*.

Our compliments to Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON on *A Tragic Blunder*. A blow given by mistake to the wrong person nearly ruins the entire happiness of several people, but it all comes right at the end of two vols. from Mrs. CAMERON'S pen. It is a nice light entertainment with which to while away an hour or two.

"I like *Richard Escott*," says the Baron, laying down the Macmillanish one-volume novel of that name written by E. H. COOPER. "It is an interesting story, and might be the first of a series similar to the *Rougon Macquart* family, as, when this tale finishes, there are sufficient *Escotts* alive to carry on the story of their family through many generations, only, unfortunately, the date of this story cannot be taken further back than, say, about ten years ago, if that. To give the family breathing-time, we should require some stories about the *Escotts* under Queen ANNE and the GEORGES, and then we could return to the fortunes of the sons and daughters of the *Richard Escott*."

"With fear and trembling, yet with a sensation of enjoying some secret wicked pleasure," quoth the Baron, confidentially, "I retired with Mr. ASHBY STERRY'S *Naughty Girl* into my sanctum, which, as its name implies, is just the very place to which I ought to retire with a young lady bearing such a character." *A Naughty Girl* is published in the "Modern Library Series" brought out by Messrs. BLISS, SANDS, AND FOSTER; and how happy would SANDS be—run out, of course—and where would FOSTER be unless foster'd by the other two—without BLISS, who makes quite a little 'eaven below of this Publishing Firm. Blissful must have been Mr. ASHBY STERRY'S state when he wrote so excellent a Dickensian description, as he has done in the earlier part of this book, of Boxing Night at Drury Lane, and when he gave a finishing touch to this story in showing how *Beryl* and *Jack* were brought together in spite of a temporary misunderstanding and estrangement. "Bravo Pantalareate of many a frilling poem! A Happy Christmas to you and your readers!" quoth the warm-hearted and appreciative

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"T'WAS IN TRAFALGAR" 'S THEATRE.

As in the case of the old farcical play *The Three Hunchbacks*, on which an *opéra bouffe* was founded, and of all plays ancient and modern depending for their success on the exact physical resemblance existing between three distinct persons, directly the audience has grasped the fact, they enter heartily into the humour of the complications. Now, in *Tom, Dick and Harry*, the audience, having once mastered and allowed the given thesis, viz., that



An "Up to Date" Young Man.

Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, Mr. ERNEST PERCY, and Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR are so exactly alike that even their own wives and sweet-hearts are unable to distinguish one *Antipholus* from another *Antipholus*, and both or either from a third *Antipholus*, then the fun of the confusion gains upon them, and Mrs. R. PACHECO'S three-act farce at the Trafalgar Square Theatre gives the spectators fits, which assume the proportion of convulsions of laughter absolutely dangerous to the safety of various individuals. For this deponent can testify to the effect of the fun of the farce on a small boy in a box, who literally jumped with joy—quite a little Jack-in-the-Box—and in his excitement would have precipitated himself into the stalls, but for the united energies of the family party, which retained him amongst them by sheer force. He had been less wildly enthusiastic about *Pickwick*, owing, perhaps, to the restraining ap-

pearance of *Tommy Bardell*, whose presence on the stage the Boy in the Box might, perhaps, have been inclined to view with disfavour, though giving a rapturous welcome to Miss JESSIE BOND'S charming impersonation of *Mrs. Bardell*, to Mr. LITTLE'S life-like *Pickwick*, and to Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY'S sentimental but sulky *Baker*. However he made up for any show of envy towards *Tommy* by cordially applauding Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON'S catching melodies, which are not less humourously than skilfully orchestrated; and his (I am still speaking of the Boy in the Box) genuine applause throughout the evening quite led that of the house, and was a real treat to witness, culminating as it did in a volcanic eruption of irrepressible joy at the conclusion of the second act of *Tom, Dick and Harry*. Miss VANE FEATHERSTON, the Misses ESMOND and WILLIAMS, the ever-clever Miss SOPHIE LARKIN, in a difficult part, Mr. W. F. HAWTREY as *Dr. Wagner*, the Specialist—specially good—and Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP, who quite revives the otherwise worn-out peppery stage-Indian General of old Haymarket and Adelphi farces,—all do their very best, and, with Mr. C. HAWTREY,—make the piece what it is, a thorough-going success. At least such is the opinion of

THE OTHER BOY.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

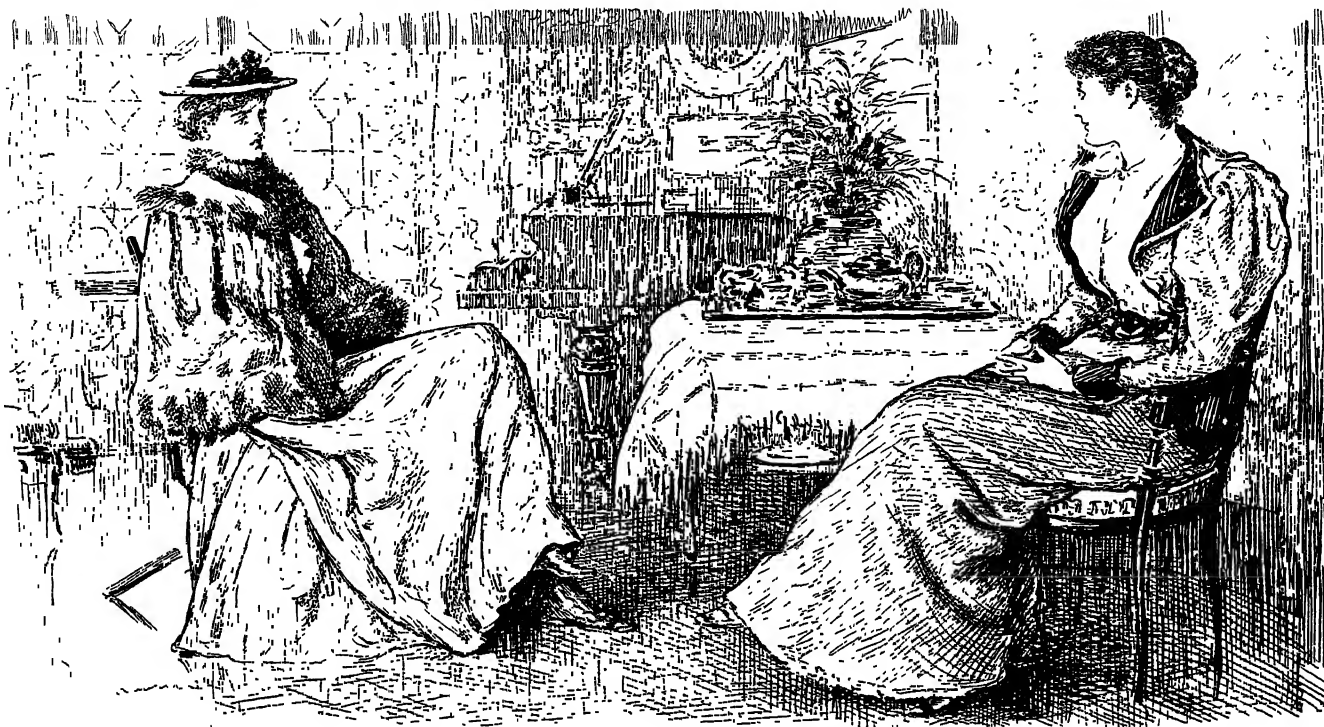
SCENE—*The Dormitory of St. Peter's College.*

For three or four centuries Westminster's taught us To struggle with TERENCE and wrestle with PLAUTUS; This time the *Trinummus* once more reappears, With a "run" on the boards of two thousand odd years.

Alma Mater of Comedy truly's the "Dorter," Where long may each rôle find a youthful supporter! If ever from "college" they're driven away, The Queen's Scholars' fate were "All work and no Play!"

SEASONABLE DUETT FOR THE ZIERENBERGS (adapted for their use by Henry Labouchere, Esq., M.P.). "Home, Home, Home, Sweet Home!"

TOAST FOR THE INHOSPITABLE.—"Friends—at a distance!"



"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

"SO YOU AND GEORGE HAVE BEEN STAYING WITH MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS SIR ISAAC AND LADY LINCRUSTA WALTON! DIDN'T YOU FIND THEM VERY NICE TO YOU?" "YES; ESPECIALLY WHEN WE WERE LEAVING!"

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

Father Neptune loquitur:—

JOHN BULL, my friend, if an ear you'll lend to your true old messmate Neptune, It may do you good. We are mates in mood, and our hearts have always kept tune. The Isle that's right, and extremely tight—which I trust that mayn't mean "groggy"—Is our care, old chum! Well, the outlook's rum, and the prospect rather foggy! Oh! keep on your hair! There's no cause for Scare, though some party men, and papers, Do their best to raise a new Naval Craze. These be old, old party capers; For your angry Outs *always* swell with doubts, whilst the Cocksure Ins, complacent, Swear that cause for care may be found—Nowhere, or the parts thereto adjacent. You are not so green that mere party spleen, and the bogus bosh of boobies, Can play the fool with your judgment cool; 'tis a richer dower than rubies. Still a Fleet, old boy, is no party toy, no theme for factious scoffing, And—well, JOHN, I spot a tremendous lot of "furrin'" ships in the offing! Keep a weather eye upon sea and sky, and I think JOHN, altogether, You will deem it right to get all things tight, and prepare for dirty weather. "Britons never, never," sounds bold and clever; Britannia won't act as "slavey," But if "Missus" would keep her "home on the deep," you *must* keep up a spanking Navy! Statistics fog, and there's no such bog as the brain of an average Briton When his Naval Nobs, and Finance Dry Bobs have got their fighting fit on.

They talk great bosh, half their "facts" won't wash, and as to their figures end-
less,—

If from stern to stern you could see through them you would have more, JOHN, and spend less!

A word in your lug! There is no Hum-bug like that of a Naval Oracle,

When he's "out in the wet"; on that you may bet—ah! an ironclad to a coracle! He *may* mean well, but The Truth to tell in a fashion straight and steady,

Without "cavort" or a "list to port," is as hard—as song to a Neddy!

JOHNNY, old boy, you must just employ *your own wits* on this business; Party debate will addle your pate, *ex-parte* "facts" bring dizziness.

Look for yourself, and you'll save much pelf, and good value get for your money, Squelch party fudge, be your own best judge, and you'll floor the croakers, JOHNNY!

Still, JOHNNY mine, on my breadths of brine, you must keep first place, or perish.

'Tis with that thought you have paid and fought, and that thought you still must cherish.

Better plank down your last half-crown, than lose the Crown I gave you, Let gold and blood flow in full flood, than let the foe enslave you!

A rhyme, a rhyme for the Christmas time! It may not, JOHN, sound jolly,

But to pipe and dance *whilst your foes advance*, were the maddest sort of folly.

With pockets full Peace's pipe to pull, or to sip your grog and slumber,

Is nice; but you'll wake to a huge mistake *if your foes your Feet outnumber!*

Get your Fleet, old man, *cheap* if you can, but at all costs *get your Fleet*, JOHN!

Ships, guns and crew more than any two of the foes you are like to meet JOHN!

Take your old friend's tip, let *no* chance slip, and be foiled by *no* pretence, JOHN; Keep eye on the foe, build all you know, and big big D the expense, JOHN!

OUR BARTERERS.

BICYCLE.—Thoroughly heavy, lumbering, out-of-date machine, recently doctored up to look like new, for sale. Cost, second-hand, six years ago, £4. Will take £12 for it. Bargain. Would suit a dyspeptic giant, or a professional Strong Man in want of violent exercise.

SAFETY CYCLE.—Pneumatic tyres. A real beauty. Makers well known in Bankruptcy Court. Owner giving up riding in consequence of the frame being thoroughly unsafe, and the tyres constantly bursting. Would exchange for one of BROADWOOD'S grand pianos or a freehold house in the country.

TURKEY CARPET.—Never used, as seller is not an absolute fool. Wretched condition guaranteed. As it has been kept for a year or two in a mouldy attic at a second-hand furniture shop, it is simply teeming with moths, but it is confidently anticipated that it will not fall to pieces in time for a purchaser to detect the fraud. Price, only double that of a first-rate new carpet of same kind.

RARE OPPORTUNITY.—A ten-pound note will buy my genuine Spiderette Arabesque Dunmow Beestof a Patent Safety Tricycle. Weighs only sixteen ounces. Seventy-four championships won on it, including that of Sierra Leone. Runs away up-hill. Impossible to stop it down-hill. Folds into a small biscuit tin. Every part equally fragile. A collar-bone and six ribs broken off it in one week's practise. Made at Coventry, and ought to be sent there. First applicant has it.



“A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.”

FATHER NEPTUNE. “LOOK HERE, JOHN, THERE’S A JOLLY SIGHT O’ THEM FURRIN’ CRAFT ABOUT, TAKE A TIP FROM YOUR OLD FRIEND—BUILD ALL YOU KNOW—AND *DASH* THE EXPENSE!”

TO BOBBY.

(To the tune of "To Tommy.")

BLUE BOBBY, brave and strong,
They begin to right your wrong.
Silent shoes, and now revolvers!
That will do!
Now I hope you'll make things plain
To the brutal burglar train;
And, Bobby, *Punch's* best respects to you!
May "tips" swell your smallish pay
On the coming Boxing Day;
(For I know they're rather screwy with your "screw.")
Shod and armed upon your round,
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, Bobby, JOHN BULL's best respects to you!

THE LILLY'S LESSON.—Mr. LILLY, in the *New Review*, reminds DIVES that "there is no excuse for riches which are divorced from public obligation." This cuts deeply! Possibly DIVES would retort upon the author of "Shibboleths" that riches require no "excuse." At any rate we do not often find men making excuses for being rich, though apologies for poverty are common enough. All the same, Mr. *Punch* would strongly recommend DIVES—especially at this festive season—to "consider the (W. S.) LILLY!"

"A LONG BREAK."—*A propos* of our picture in last week's issue, we have received the following suggestion:—"Sir, if MR. GLADSTONE, the great billiard player, wishes to continue his 'long break,' wouldn't it be advisable for him 'to take a rest.'—Yours truly, BREAKERS A. HEAD."



AT THE COURTS OF JUSTICE.

First Litigant. "I'M BANKRUPTCY. WHAT ARE YOU?"
Second L. "I'M DIVORCE."
First L. "THEN YOU STAND LUNCH!"

SEASONABLE REFLECTION.

(By an Old Fogey.)

We are hearing a lot of "the Buffer State"; Faith! it comes to us all—after Forty-eight! When from gout, and the pretty girls' scorn, we suffer, We have all arrived at the state of the "Buffer."

"FOR THIS RELIEF—MUCH THANKS." *Shakespeare*.—A correspondent in the *Pall Mall Gazette* recently complained of the disappearance of "Thank you" and the substitution of "Thanks" and "Thanks awfully." Why not? It is but a revival of the ancient Latin form "*gratias*," and surely plural "Thanks" indicates indefinitely more thankfulness than an uneffusive, frigid, singular "Thank you," signifying "I thank you." Let us be Shakspearianly classical, as in the quotation above given, and say "Much thanks." So again, "I am poor in thanks—but I thank you." Here the relative value of the plural and the singular in thanks is well brought out.

BALL VERSUS BALL.

LYTTELTON and LANG—with all
Whom pure prejudice can't fetter,—
Say—concerning games at ball—
Golf is good but Cricket better.
Wisdom owns an ounce of practice
Worth a ton of theory. Fact is,
Those who set that saw a-run,
Had not seen a LYTTEL-TON!
Who performs as well as teaches,
And can practice what he preaches.

"AFTER THE BALL" IN PARIS.

MY DEAR MONS. PUNCH,—I am delighted! I am overjoyed! Why, your Oxford College has accepted the challenge of our Racing Club to play a game of *kic bal* this month of December! It is good! It is very good indeed! It makes cold, so I can not go for to see the sport.

But permit me, I would propose these rules in the cause of humanity, for the sake of civilisation. I give them below. They are not many:—

Proposed Rules for "le jeu de kic bal" between Oxford College and Racing Club.

1. No kickers to approach closer to one another than six yards distance.
2. The scrimmage to be interdicted. Sergeant de ville to be on guard on the ground to prevent assaults even of the most trifling character.
3. Boots not to be worn, but dancing-pumps.
4. The players to wear fur-lined coats, and to take arm-chairs on the ground for their comfort.
5. The "kic bal" to be made of inflated

india-rubber, with a hole in the centre, so that it shall collapse without causing injury.

6. No game of "kic bal" to last more than five minutes, and after every game a pause of one hour to be permitted, so that the players may have necessary rest and proper refreshment.

And yet one more suggestion. But this shall not be a rule but only an offering. I make you a present of the idea—so charming—as a compliment of the season. Let the goals be made of Christmas-trees, let the "kickers" be covered with holly and mistletoe (like your "Jack-in-the-Green"), and instead of a brutal, rough, hard, uncomfortable globe of leather, let the "kic bal" be a veritable plum pudding!

Your hand! I wish you "Joking Christmas Amiable New Year." Your friend—and brother, "gentlemen's ridere,"

Paris in December. (Signed) JULES.

NEWS FROM MONTE CARLO.—Mr. J-H-N M-RL-Y is, we are glad to hear, much better. *Rouge gagne.*

A WINDY CORNER AT BRIGHTON.

(By an Impressionist.)

OLD lady first, with hair like winter snows,
Makes moan.
And struggles. Then, with cheeks too richly rose,
A crone,
Gold hair, new teeth, white powder on her nose;
All bone
And skin: an "Ancient Mystery," like those
Of HONE.
Then comes a girl; sweet face that freshly glows!
Well grown.
The neat cloth gown her supple figure shows,
Now thrown
In lines of beauty. Last, in graceless pose,
Half prone,
A luckless lout, caught by the blast, one knows
His tone
Means oaths; his hat, straight as fly crows,
Has flown.
I laugh at him, and — Hi! By Jove, there goes
My own!

MOTTO FOR LADY CHAMPAGNE DRINKERS.
—"Sweetness and light!"

THE BLUE BELLES OF SCOTLAND.

(Latest prose version from the Modern Athens.)

SCENE — A Dressing-room.
TIME — The Present. CHARACTERS — A Mistress and her Maid.

Mistress. Now then, MARY, you really must make haste or I shall not be in time. Have you got my latest bonnet from Paris?

Maid. Yes, Madam. I told JOHN to put the foot-warmer and the carriage rug in the brougham.

Mistress. Quite right; and now have you got my fan?

Maid. Yes, Madam, and I suppose you will want your opera-glasses?

Mistress. Naturally; how could I see anything distinctly without them? There is sure to be such a crowd. And, by the way, have you got me a packet of literature?

Maid. Yes, Madam. Three novels, and all the illustrated papers.

Mistress. If there are many delays I shall be able to pass the time pleasantly. And the luncheon basket?

Maid. Yes, M'm. Cold fowl, flask of sherry, some celery, a pound cake, knives, forks, glasses, plates, salt, mustard, bread, and a bottle of soda-water. Is there anything else?

Mistress. Well, perhaps I might carry in my muff my pocket camera. 'Tis just possible I may be able to get a snap-shot at the principal character. (Enters the carriage.) You haven't given me my special ticket.



A QUESTION OF THE SENSES.

First County Councillor. "I'M TOLD THE ACOUSTICS OF THIS HALL LEAVE MUCH TO BE DESIRED, MR. BROWN!"

Second C. C. (delicately sniffing). "INDEED, SIR POMPEY? CAN'T SAY AS I PERCEIVE ANYTHINK AMISS, MYSELF; AND MY NOSE IS PRETTY SHARP, TOO!"

Maid. Here it is, Madam. Shall I tell JOHN to drive to the Concert-room?

Mistress. No, no. Tell him to take me to the Court. I am going to assist at a trial for murder!

SEASONABLE SAYINGS.

THERE is many a slip between the house and the church on a frosty morning.

You cannot make a respectable tradesman out of a grocer who offers tips to a working-house-keeper.

You may take a dustman's token to a stingy man's portal, but you can't get him to give you a Christmas-box.

A dun in need is a county court indeed.

It is a long dinner that has no earning.

People who live in glass houses should not throw away their coke and coals.

Deal with the Stores and the private accounts will look after themselves.

A penny saved by avoiding an omnibus is a florin lost by taking a Hansom cab.

A single swallow never represents a family Christmas dinner.

Enough is often dearer than a feast, especially if you take the last at the house of a friend.

Send an acquaintance an old card about Christmas on Boxing Day, and he will return you a second-hand greeting on the 2nd of January anent the New Year.

Give credit at Christmas and you will find you still have money owing to you at Easter.

Christmas comes but once a year, and bores for the length of a century.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 11.—Remarkable testimony to catholicity of DICKY TEMPLE's mind that he should just now have been talking about Siam. Various other topics to the fore. The Featherstone inquiry; Matabeleland, in which the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE takes unflinching interest; Betterment, and, incidentally, the Parish Councils Bill. Only TEMPLE thinks of remote, unfriended, solitary Siam. Wants to know when papers including most recent correspondence will be published? EDWARD GREY taken at a disadvantage. Wasn't thinking of Siam. Just been looking up map to find out precise situation of Kilian mouth of the Danube. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES been, so to speak, jumping down it. Suspects the CZAR of iniquitous intention in this part of the world. CZAR evidently thought the CAP'EN, being intent on the education of MUNDWALLA in nautical affairs, would not have time to keep an eye on the Kilian mouth of the Danube. CZAR knows better now. So does EDWARD GREY. Spent quite an interesting quarter of an hour with the map, and came at last upon this particular outlet. Just congratulating himself that, as a rule, British rivers have only one mouth, when TEMPLE sprang Siam upon him.

"Do you know," said Member for Sark, looking admiringly at the great historiographer of Parliament, "I never see TEMPLE on his legs but I think of OVID's epitaph on the parrot. You remember how it runs in English?—

"I please the fair. So much this stone doth tell.
What more? I talked, and, for a bird, talked well."

"I have a theory, which, if you had time, I would illustrate by half-a-dozen examples taken on glancing round the House, that three out of five human faces have a strong resemblance to some particular bird. Not that I mean to say TEMPLE's like a parrot, except of course inasmuch as he pleases the fair. He is a man of tire-

less industry, sound judgment, wide knowledge of affairs, and has, withal, an old-fashioned courtesy of manner not too common in these days. Still, as I say, when I watch him addressing the SPEAKER the parrot's epitaph haunts my memory."

Business done.—Clause XIII. added to Parish Councils Bill.

Tuesday.—To-night DON'T KEIR HARDIE, having left hands and face unwashed for an extra day, his hair uncombed for an added week, put on his worst Sunday suit and presented himself to House as model working-man, champion of the unemployed. DON'T KEIR's misfortune is that he has not succeeded in recommending himself to good opinion of other Labour Members. When he moves in House they move off; consequence is he is left to support of aristocrats above the gangway. They don't particularly admire DON'T KEIR, his ways or his cause. But, as TOMLINSON says, under impression he is quoting from SYDNEY SMITH, "any stick will do to beat a dog with." If DON'T KEIR moves Adjournment, and best part of night can be taken for making speeches, so much delay is interposed in way of Parish Councils Bill, and by so much is chance bettered of Government failing in their intention of passing the whole Bill. Therefore, though other Labour candidates will have nothing to do with DON'T KEIR, there are four hours talk, an odd quarter of an hour added for a division, and thirty-three Members, chiefly belonging to the Gentlemen of England, going into Lobby with the Leader whom ROWLANDS distantly alludes to as "The hon. Member for West 'Am," cunningly conveying by inflection of voice the impression that the cut is from a hopelessly inferior part.

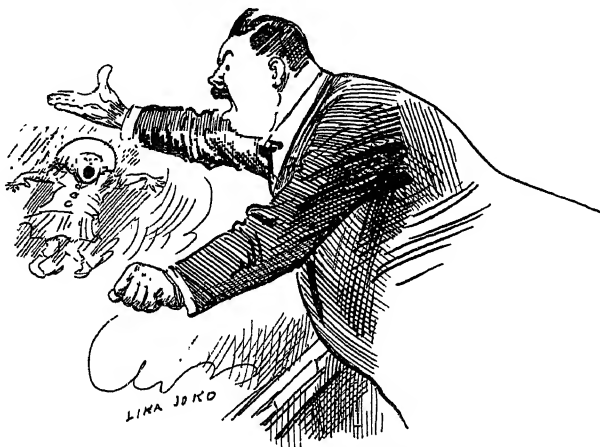
Debate, on the whole, patchy, with hopeless air of unreality about it. Nevertheless, worth having, if it were only for speech of PRINCE ARTHUR. A scholarly philosophic deliverance, striking unaccustomed note in Parliamentary debate. Pity Mr. G. wasn't there to hear it. Or perhaps it isn't a pity. If he had been, he would have found the temptation to reply irresistible; at least another half hour would have been wasted.

Business done.—Reached Clause XVI. Parish Councils Bill.



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 6. A FOOTBALL MATCH.

Thursday.—Spirits of good Ministerialists a little damped by persistent and successful tactics of Opposition. As JESSE COLLINGS said just now, with tears in his eyes, they are anxious, above all things, to see Parish Councils Bill added to Statute Book. Only they won't let it pass. Twentieth night in Committee; still not half way through Bill as Clauses count. Been sitting on Saturdays; shall have Christmas holidays out down to 25th and Boxing Day; then begin again, with prospect of more drudgery, and, when Bill through, and prorogation possible, the new Session



Tay Pay frightens the Child.

of 1894, young, fresh, and lusty, waiting to be waltzed with. An infant in arms, looking in on House from peep-hole by glass door, and finding TAY PAY on his legs denouncing the Opposition, is deeply impressed.

Later, at period of apparent collapse HALDANE happily appears on scene. Not a man habitually prone to enthusiasm. No sign on his placid visage of storm-swept soul. Circumstances sometimes stronger than man. To-day they break away the icy barriers of lethargic habit. HALDANE, unexpectedly rising from behind the harassed PREMIER, calls upon him to stand firm, resisting all temptations to surrender. "Stage of situation reached," he said, amid ringing cheers, "when we should not halt, much less retire, but should press forward to the goal. Ministers," he added, sternly regarding back of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's head, "would be betraying their trust if they flinched by one hair's breadth from the declarations they have made."

THE COUNTY COUNCIL'S PROGRESSIVE PROGRAMME.

Rise at seven. Called by public bell rung at the nearest fire-brigade station. Light gas supplied from the Council's works at Beekton. Drink glass of cold water from Council's new reservoir in the Kennet Valley. Hurriedly slip into clothes made by gentlemen working an eight hours day at not less than sixpence an hour.

Fish for breakfast bought at Council's Billingsgate Market: eggs from Council's hens (warranted *very fresh*); also fruit from Covent Garden sold by Council's salesmen. We keep no servants, being now obliged to use their wages to pay rates. Compelled to open the front door myself. Surveyor of Chimneys, acting on instructions (received from sweep), calls to examine flues. Reports them foul, and notes me in his summons book. Council's revenue inspector (Inland Revenue absorbed) peeping through half-opened breakfast-room door, spies what my children call "a duck on stilts" engraved on a fork. Reports me at once for not having a license to use armorial bearings. Find in letter-box notice of compulsory purchase by Council for "allotment purposes" of a choice piece of land belonging to me just on border of county. Am privately informed that Radical Labourers' League have moved half-a-dozen good-for-nothing drunken chaps to apply for allotments! Mine is the only land that will suit them, and they intend to take it whether I like it or no.

Just starting for the City, when Council's Architect calls, to draw my attention to a sky-sign insufficiently secured to an upper window. It turned out to be eldest boy's socks, hung there to dry, as we have now to wash at home, or send to the Council's laundries which are relief-works for those usually unemployed in winter. Other casuals have turned barbers. I am shaved by one every morning, after slipping the coppers into a County Council "detector," which gives no change. In street, find the pavement up, "unemployed" engaged in moving "immovable objects by irresistible force," i.e., a frozen road, at three shillings per cube foot; Council their own contractors. Tram at last, with Council-

His clarion voice cleared air of doubt and perplexity. Ministerialists elate; Opposition correspondingly cowed; the way quite clear now for victory; only sit tight; to importunity present imperturbability; let Opposition once know that, thanks to fidelity and self-sacrifice of Liberal Members, House will sit till Bill is passed, and obstruction will collapse.

HALDANE had saved the citadel; the rout of the besiegers only a matter of time.

An hour later WALTER LONG got up and mentioned interesting circumstance that HALDANE, whilst thus heroically inciting Ministers and the rest to hold on, had made arrangements whereby he himself would agreeably spend Christmas-tide in comfortable country quarters; had even extended his holiday up to 10th of January, when resumption of sittings of court would bring him back to town for private business. Many inquiries on Ministerial benches for HALDANE. Seemed to be general desire to say something to him. But he had judiciously retired from scene.

Business done.—Another motion for Adjournment. In smaller half of sitting left for business, Clause XVIII. of Parish Councils Bill reached.

Friday.—Everyone grieved to hear that SPEAKER has temporarily lost use of voice. Been absent from Chair since Tuesday. "How inscrutable are the ways of Providence," says the Member for Sark. "There are so many quarters of the House where the outbreak of such an epidemic would be a public service. Yet these escape, and only the Chair is attacked."

The House can ill spare the SPEAKER, even for a day. The whole atmosphere of the place, the tone of debate, are altered when his stately presence and commanding influence are withdrawn. Still, talk must go on, and there has been no lack of it to-night. But everyone is wearied to death of the monotony and reiteration. As PRINCE ARTHUR says in a moment of confidence, "If it were the only alternative, one would rather have a parish funeral than another Parish Councils Bill."

Business done.—Nothing worth speaking of.



Sir Richard Parrot.

driver, conductor, and horses (all tramways absorbed), and then a penny Council steamer (Thames Conservancy and Steamboat Companies absorbed), and, having landed at St. Paul's Pier, trip over a hole in the road. Bring action against Council for damaged ankle. (N.B. Lost it later on. Council not liable for non-reparation of holes.)

At the Guildhall, find Labour Arbitration Court sitting. City and County been amalgamated, huge coalheavers, dockers, and others occupy seats of city fathers. Police outside useless. Their helmets and truncheons in British Museum as relics of Barbarous Age.

Having business at a suburban town I hire cab (Council Number 23,351) and drive to Liverpool Street. The progressive members have bought up Great Eastern Railway within the county's boundaries, and are working it on their own system—one class for all, penny fare, and no return ticket. The guards, ticket-collectors, porters, and others civil enough, but no trains running, in consequence of great strike having occurred amongst Council's engine-drivers and the difficulty is just being settled by arbitration at Guildhall. The men had struck for *want* of work and a general desire for "betterment." Thoughtfully walked back to the office, and arrived just in time to find an official poring over my ledger. He hands me his card, "Mr. INQUISITOR, Spring Gardens." Somerset House being absorbed, he says he "has just called to ascertain exactly what my income really is," and though I am perfectly civil (under pains and penalties of "civility bye-laws"), he tells me I must be "put up" next year. He departs, leaving front door open.

Got a cup of tea, very poor stuff, at the L. C. C. Restaurant. Walk home. No gas in streets, and the Electric Light (lately absorbed) gone out. Reached home very weary. Find on table demand-notes for Poor, Police, Sewers, School Board, Highways, Gas, Electric Light, Baths, Sanitary, Insanitary, Asylum, Water, Railway, Cab, Theatre, Market, Sky Sign, Bar and Gates, Tramway, Prisons, Restaurants, Arbitration, Establishment, Thames Conservancy, Submerged Tenth, and many other rates. Is life worth living? Ask the L. C. C.

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By *Cummin Toil.*)

NO. VII.—THE STOLEN MARCH.
(Continued.)

As soon as we entered the drawing-room all the little GUMPSHONS clapped their hands with delight, and surrounded their Uncle PICKLOCK, each of them attempting to infer from the expression on the great detective's countenance what it was that he carried in his left coat-tail pocket. "I know what it is," said EDGAR ALLAN POE GUMPSHON, a boy of fifteen; "it's plum-cake. I know it must be, because I never seed it, so it ain't seed-cake." GABORIAU GUMPSHON, aged thirteen, opined it was a packet of bull's-eyes, "cos that's what detectives always carry on dark nights," whilst ANN RADCLIFFE GUMPSHON declared with certainty that it must be nuts, for she had just heard a cracker explode in the street. "Children," said PICKLOCK HOLES, "you are nearly right. Your powers have much improved. I am delighted to see that you are kept up to the mark;" and, speaking thus, he produced from his pocket an apple, which he presented to EDGAR, a pocket-knife which he handed to the jubilant GABORIAU, and a pin-cushion, which was immediately clasped and carried off in the chubby hand of little ANN RADCLIFFE. "A year ago," said PICKLOCK, turning to me, "these children could not have reasoned inductively with one half of their present approximate accuracy; but my dear sister, Heaven bless her! is a wonderful teacher, the best and cleverest of us all. Indeed, indeed you are, PHILIPPA," he continued, warmly embracing Mrs. GUMPSHON. "I am a mere bungler compared to you. But come, let us to business." At a signal from Lady HOLES the happy children trooped off to bed, and we elders were left alone.

Sir AMINADAB opened the conversation. "I sent for you, my dear boy," he said, "because I have just received from one of my agents in the North information of an important case which demands immediate investigation. Neither HAYLOFT nor SKAIRKROW can go, having business that keeps them in London. I look, therefore, to you to cover the family name with new lustre by solving this extraordinary mystery." Here the old man paused, as though overcome by emotion. PICKLOCK encouraged him with an expressive look, and he continued:—

"This morning," he said, "I received from my agent this letter." He drew a sheet of paper from his breast-pocket, and read, in tremulous tones, as follows:—

"*Tochtachie Castle, Daffshire.*

"SIR,—Lord TOCHTACHIE has been robbed. I overheard him last night conversing with the Hon. IAN STRUNACHAR, his eldest son, who used the following words: "Not a doubt of it. They have stolen a march—" More I could not hear at the moment. The case is of immense importance, and I trust you will lose no time in sending a competent investigator. I have, of course, concealed both my presence here and my knowledge of the theft from his lordship. "Yours faithfully, "DAVID MCPHIZZLE."

"There, my boy, is the case. Will you go and help a Scotch representative peer to recover his own? Think how terrible it must be to lose the march or boundary that separates your ancestral domain from that of a neighbour whose whole course of life may be antipathetic to you. Will you go?"

A wave of emotion passed over my friend's face. I could see that a struggle of no ordinary kind was raging in his breast. Finally, however, he looked at me, and his mind, I knew, was made up. In another ten minutes we had bidden adieu to his family, and were speeding northwards in the Scotch express.

Over the details of the journey it is not necessary to linger. Suffice it to say that on the following morning we arrived at Tochtachie, and took up our quarters in a deserted barn situated in the very centre of the estate. From this point we pursued our investigations. Our first proceeding was to interview the local constabulary, but we found them as obtuse and as foolishly incredulous as policemen are all the world over. One of them, indeed, went so far as to hint



PORTRAIT OF MR. "MINCE-PIE,"
THE M.P. FOR CHRISTMAS.

that HOLES was "havering," which I understand to be an ancient Gaelic word signifying metaphysical talk, but a look from the great detective chilled him into silence. Day by day we worked, and not even the night gave us a rest from our self-sacrificing labours. We mapped out the whole district into square yards; we gathered the life-history of every single inhabitant on the estate; we left no clue untracked, no loophole unblocked, no single piece of evidence unexamined, no footstep unmeasured. We collected every scrap of torn letter, every crumpled telegram-form. The very heather of the moor, and the trees growing in the policies of the Castle were compelled by HOLES' marvellous inductive powers to yield to us their secrets, until after weeks of patient toil we at last judged ourselves to be in possession not only of the stolen march, but also of evidence that would bring conviction home to the guilty party. We had paused, I remember, by a heap of granite at the roadside. HOLES seemed strangely excited. "A march," I heard him muttering, "is performed by footsteps; steps are often made of stone. Can this be it? It must be! It is!" Then, with a shout of triumph, he gave orders to have the heap loaded on to a country cart, which was to follow us to the Castle.

We arrived in the great courtyard at about seven o'clock in the evening. HOLES slipped from my side, entered the house, and after a few moments returned to my side. We then clanged the bell, and demanded to see his lordship. In a few moments Lord TOCHTACHIE appeared, surrounded by kilted retainers, bearing torches, and intoning in unison the mournful sporran of the clan. It was a weird and awful sight. But HOLES, unemotional as ever, advanced at once to the haughty Scotchman, before whose eye half a county was accustomed to tremble, and, without any ado, addressed him thus: "My Lord, your march has been stolen. Nay, do not interrupt me. Your guards are careless, but not criminal—of that I can assure you. Here is the stolen property; I restore it to you without cost." At this moment the cart rumbled up, and ere the peer had time to utter a word, it had discharged its contents into the middle of the yard. HOLES went on, but in a lower voice, so as to be heard only by Lord TOCHTACHIE: "The guilty party, my Lord, is your honoured father-in-law. He dare not, he cannot, deny it. He is, I know, blind and deaf and dumb. These qualities do not, however, exclude the possibility of crime. I have just found these pieces of granite in his morning-room. The proof is complete."

At this moment a shot was heard in the Castle, and directly afterwards a frightened butler rushed up to his lordship and whispered to him. "Ha! say you so?" almost screamed Lord TOCHTACHIE. "That amounts to a confession. Mr. HOLES," he continued, "you have indeed rendered me a service. My unfortunate, but guilty father-in-law has shot and missed himself through the head. But in any case the honour of the house is, I know, safe in your hands."

I need hardly say that HOLES has never violated his lordship's confidence, and the Daffshire peasants still speculate amongst themselves upon the tortuous mystery of the march which was stolen and restored.

NOTE.—There is no proof positive given by any eye-witness whose veracity is unimpeachable of the death of the great amateur detective as it has been described in the *Strand Magazine* for this month. *Where is the merry Swiss boy who delivered the note and disappeared?* What was the symbolic meaning of the alpenstock with the hook at the end, left on the rock? Why, that he had not "taken his hook." PICKLOCK HOLES has disappeared, but so he had not "taken his hook." That he will turn up again no student of detective history and of the annals of crime can possibly doubt. Is it not probable that he has only dropped out of the *Strand Magazine*? And is it not equally probable that under some alias he will re-appear elsewhere? *Verb. sap.—Ed.*

FATHER CHRISTMAS leaves his cards on everybody about this time, as he is here only for one day, and off the next. He has employed Messrs. MARCUS WARD & Co. to do them, and excellent they are all round.



THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Lady Betty (proud of the old ancestral mansion where the family have lived ever since the reign of Henry the Eighth). "JUST FANCY WHAT PAPA'S HAVING DONE! HE'S HAVING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT PUT IN!"
 Prosaic Sister-in-law (from Chicago). "I'M REAL GLAD TO HEAR IT. IT'LL BE THE MAKING OF THE PLACE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Friday, December 22.—House adjourned for Christmas Recess; pleased to find that it will include the whole of Christmas Day. Some talk of being satisfied with the Sunday, spending Christmas Day in further pursuit of Parish Councils Bill. But after deliberation decided to have a real good holiday on Christmas Day. Came across SQUIRE OF MALWOOD just now. Was chalking up on door "Back in ten minutes."

"It's a little more than that, of course, TOBY," he said. "But that has business-like look. Am told it's what they do in the City before going out for hasty luncheon."

Enjoyed my holiday reading HERBERT MAXWELL'S life of OLD MORALITY just published by BLACKWOOD. A difficult task; much easier to make attractive book out of life of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE than with WILLIAM HENRY SMITH as subject. That MAXWELL has succeeded appears from fact that one leaves these volumes with warmer esteem and sincerer liking for OLD MORALITY even than was



Toby, M.P., enjoys his holiday.

born of close observation through many Parliamentary sessions. MAXWELL has had full access to his correspondence and journals. Uses them with great discretion; they bring into mellow, clear light the capable, unselfish, courageous man, ever following the loadstar of Duty. House of Commons used to smile when OLD MORALITY, faced by any difficulty or dilemma, talked about his "duty to his QUEEN and country." In his private letters he does not put it in that oratorical form. But they are full of references to the calls of duty. Stricken with a painful malady, worn in body and wounded in spirit, OLD MORALITY still sturdily trod the narrow path. There is little doubt that had he, two years before the end came, retired from the Leadership of the House of Commons his genial presence might have been with us to-day. But he was wanted at his post, and he stuck to it.

Writing on the 17th March, 1889, he says: "We have trouble in politics, and I am very weary. But I must go on doing my daily work as best I can, looking for guidance and wisdom where alone it can be had until my rest comes." This cry for rest was always sounding, through day and night. A few weeks earlier he wrote to another friend: "I can say God help me. He will take me out of my work when I am no longer required, and then will come rest."

His last appearance in a semi-official capacity was in July, 1891, when he went to Hatfield to meet the German Emperor. In the last letter written to his wife he says, "Observing I looked tired last night, Lady SALISBURY urged me to go to bed early: which I did." One of his colleagues in the Cabinet, a fellow-guest at Hatfield on this occasion, tells me he had occasion to know that OLD MORALITY was in such pain he could not rest in his bed, spending the long night walking about the room, with occasional rest in an arm-chair. Not a word of this is written in the letter to Mrs. SMITH, in which he reports that "everything has gone off wonderfully well to-day, which must be very satisfactory to the Salisburys." Under his bourgeois habit and unassuming manner W. H. SMITH modestly hid a chivalrous mind and a noble nature. He had a kindly heart, too. But everyone knew that, since he wore it on his sleeve.

Business done.—Adjourned for so-called Christmas holidays. Think I'll go and call on Lobengula. "Back in ten minutes," as the SQUIRE says.



The last I saw of Harcourt.

EDEPOLI

SIR,— "I'm all the way from Westminster," and the work I have to do is to let you know about the Latin play performed there. PLAUTUS, in truth, is not a wildly exciting writer, and there is in the *Trinummus* a tameness which, extending, as it does, through five acts, becomes almost oppressive at the end. The young actors looked well and enunciated clearly, and one of them, Mr. J. F. WATERS, showed considerable ability as an actor. But we don't go to the College of St. Peter at Westminster merely to see the play. There are other interests. It is pleasant to watch the Old Westminsterers rubbing recollections with one another between the acts, and endeavouring gallantly during the performance to keep their rusty Latin abreast of the various situations. Laughter in a Latin play straggles. It is like a dropping fire of musketry. A Westminster master probably leads it off; various intelligent veterans take it up dutifully, and the ladies, bless their unlatinised minds, follow faintly towards the end. If a London manager wants applause in his theatre let him hire a contingent of small Westminster boys. They have attained to absolute perfection in the arts of the *claque*. At no Paris Theatre is it better done. The epilogue showed a pretty wit and a high degree of skill in the management of hexameter and pentameter. No one could have believed that the Kodak advertisement, "you press the button, we do the rest," would have made so good a Latin line. Much pleased, and so to bed.

Yours,

A VAGRANT.

"A MERE QUESTION OF TIME."—Example: "What o'clock is it?"



OUR "HOUSE PARTY" AT CHRISTMAS.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT LATTERDAY HALL.

(An Incident.)

SCENE I.—*Library in Latterday Hall, Sir LYON TAYMER'S Country House. Sir LYON TAYMER discovered fuming by the mantelpiece, while his Secretary is glancing over some correspondence.*

Sir Lyon (irritably). Here—I suppose you will have to answer this.

Secretary. What is that, Sir LYON?

Sir Lyon. You know how anxious I am that my New Year's party should be a success. A whole heap of celebrities are coming, and, notwithstanding the immense expense, I engaged a party of Ghosts to amuse them. Now I have just had a telepathic communication from these Shadows of Shades—(that's all they are—only Ghosts of departed heroes and heroines in fiction)—asking whether they're to be treated on an equality with the other guests, or as mere entertainers! Did you ever hear of such impertinence! The spokesman—I should say, perhaps, the Spooksman—is, of all people in the other world, the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. A clergyman too! It's quite inconsistent; and so snobbish!

Secretary. Dear Sir LYON, excuse me, but it's perfectly natural that Ghosts should be a little sensitive on the social question. Remember, for years they were ignored, or looked upon as mountebanks. It is really only of late that there has been all this excitement about them, so it is not surprising they are anxious to be taken seriously.

Sir Lyon. Well, I suppose I am old-fashioned, but it seems to me quite ridiculous. These infernal Ghosts give themselves as many airs as though they were—the Blue Hungarians, at least.

Secretary. Ah, from a band we might expect airs. But I should advise you very strongly, Sir LYON, to treat them as friends. You must be up to date.

Sir Lyon (with disgust). Allow them to dine—perhaps to dance—with my guests?

Secretary (with calmness). Certainly they will have to dine; and, as to dancing, of course they must, if they're received on an equal footing. *[Smiles to himself at his joke.]*

Sir Lyon. Oh—well—I suppose I must give in. Let them know at once, and for heaven's sake mind they're punctual.

[Scene closes as the Secretary hastily seizes a slate, and automatically writes to the Ghosts a very cordial and courteously-worded invitation.]

SCENE II.—*New Year's Eve at Latterday Hall. In the magnificent dining-room are seated at dinner a large, well-known, and incongruous company. The Ghosts are chatting away in the most genial manner with the living distinguished people, and positively making the "celebrities" quite "at home." DANIEL DERONDA shows a marked liking for DODO, whom he has taken to dinner, and is indulging in a light and airy flirtation with her, which takes a form peculiar to himself.*

Daniel Deronda (earnestly). Who has ever pinched into its pilulous smallness the cobweb of matrimonial duty? Honesty is surely the broadest basis of joy in life.

Dodo (a modern Detail in accordion pleating, subject to morbid fits of irrelevant skirt-dancing). Oh, Mr. DERONDA, what a silly girl I am! I can't bear that proverb about "Honesty being the best policy." It sounds like a sort of life Insurance.

[Giggles contemporarily. DORIAN GRAY having taken JULIET to dinner, and not getting on with her very well, is staring with unfeigned horror at ROCHESTER, opposite, who is bullying JANE EYRE to a pitiable extent. Behind him is a screen of gilt Spanish leather, wrought with a rather florid Louis Seize design and encrusted with pearls, moonstones, and large green emeralds.]



Dorian Gray taking Juliet in to dinner.

Dorian (aside, to Young Subaltern, who has come Home. On leave. For Christmas). Who is that dreadful man? *Young Subaltern.* Who? Old ROCHESTER? Oh, he's a Plain Hero. From the past. He's all right. How well you're looking! Younger than ever, by Jove! Which is curious. But why that absurd buttonhole?

Dorian (hurt). You never like anything I wear. You Anglo-Indians are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

[Arranges his fringe in an old Dutch-silver mirror on the opposite mantelpiece, framed in curiously-carved ivory Cupids, and studded with precious stones, chiefly opals, sapphires, and chrysoberyls.]

Ethel Newcome (to Secretary). Who are those two pretty American girls? They seem to be attracting a great deal of attention. (I am completely forgotten, I notice.) Do their dresses come from Paris?

Secretary. No, I think not, dear Miss NEWCOME. From Messrs. HOWELLS AND JAMES, I fancy.

Richard Feverel (cheerily, across the table to Mr. PICKWICK). In tolerance of some dithyrambic inebriety—quiverings of semi-narration—we seem to be entering the circle of a most magnetic pseudopolarity. Don't we?

Mr. Pickwick (puzzled). Very kind of you to say so, I'm sure. May I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?

[Dinner proceeds with animation. BOOTLES' Baby, Little JIM, PAUL DOMBEY, and the Heavenly Twins come in to dessert, and are more or less troublesome.]

Sir Lyon (aside, to Secretary, when the ladies have retired). I say, you know I am afraid this is going to hang fire. It's nothing less than a miracle for a social affair to go off well when the people are not in the same set. Old PICKWICK's been asking for "a wassail bowl." I haven't got such a thing about me; and I should have thought '74 champagne would have been good enough, but he says it's like our humour—too new! The children are bothering to know why there isn't a Christmas-tree.

Secretary. Tell them to go to the Haymarket. The reward will be—swift. Might I suggest mistletoe? I should be very pleased to go under it with Madame BOVARY, just to show the others how to—

Sir Lyon (stiffly). Much obliged, but I will not give you that trouble. If anyone goes under the mistletoe with Madame BOVARY it will be myself. Remember that.

Secretary. Oh, certainly! I merely meant—How about crackers? I could set the thing going by pulling one with Miss OLIVIA. The old Vicar said just now, in his pointed, Gothic way,

something about times having changed, and—

Sir Lyon. Yes, we'll have crackers, but you can leave me to pull the first one with Miss OLIVIA. It would look better. Perhaps we'd better let the Ghosts give their entertainment now—eh?

Secretary. I'll arrange it at once.

SCENE III.—*In the Hall, in which is a temporary theatre; all the Modern Celebrities are seated on rows of chairs, chattering, flirting, and discussing Insomnia and the New Criticism. Behind the scenes the Ghosts are disputing as to which shall recite first, the order of precedence depending entirely on the question as to which is the most completely defunct. Finally, ERNEST MALTRAVERS and TOM JONES go on together, and the Curtain goes up.*

Ernest Maltravers (musingly, in a low yet ringing voice, in which Pride struggles with Emotion). Let us learn, from yon dinner-table, o'er which brooded the spirits of the Novelists of all time, to lift ourselves on the wings of Romanticism back to Bombastic and Primeval Prose. *(Breaks off suddenly. Aside, to TOM JONES.)* I cannot go on like this. We ought to have had a scenario.

Tom Jones (suppressing laughter, aside). Why, thou foolish scoundrel, is there not one in front? How else could be seated there so many fair ladies and gallant gentlemen?

Ernest Maltravers (aside). In the contemplation of your idiocy, I curb with difficulty the impulse that leads me to crush the life from your bosom. Know, Ignorant One, that a *scenario* is not the same thing as an auditorium.

[TOM JONES is about to attack him with fine old English violence, when the curtain suddenly falls. The entertainment is interrupted. The audience appear at once amused and shocked. DORIAN takes out his little vinaigrette exquisitely set with turquoises, cymophanes, amethysts, and tourmalines, and offers it to the Subaltern, who, evidently unaware of its use, pockets it.

Subaltern. You got that out of a cracker, didn't you? I'll take it Home. For the kids.

[The ent'acte is growing so prolonged that the Secretary goes behind the scenes to know the cause of the delay. He finds all confusion. The party has been increased by the presence of Mr. STREAD'S Spook JULIA, who, having half an hour to spare, has come to protest against the "indignity," as she calls it, of fine old crusted Ghosts being expected to perform to a lot of mere modern myths. She speaks with such eloquence that she persuades them, one and all, to leave without finishing their performance and entirely without ceremony. Nothing the Secretary can say has any effect, and they all vanish, leaving "not a wrack behind," except a slate pencil JULIA has dropped in her excitement.

Sir Lyon (after hearing the news). Shameful! Never again will I have a Ghost in this house. This is what comes of treating them as equals! I'll—I'll—I'll write to the Psychical Society!

[Scene closes as all the guests crowd round him and ask him to drink the health of Modern Fiction and—The New Year.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

[Brighton is now represented by two of the youngest members in the House. . . Mr. GLADSTONE intends to spend Christmas at Brighton.]

Just now, when the weather seems May in December,
They've sent up from Brighton another young member,
Two juvenile gentlemen sit for the town,
Their ages united just two-thirds would be
Of that of the statesman who often goes down
To seek renewed youth by the murmuring sea—
Mr. G.

Two Tories—meek May fighting sturdy D.ember
Their foe is an old hand these lads should rememb.r.
They'll probably sit most judiciously dumb,
Or only object like the murmuring sea.

To the House, sent from Brighton, the youngest have come;
From the House, down at Brighton, the o'dest will be—
Mr. G.

A SEASONABLE VADE MECUM.

(By Ker Mudgeon, Senior.)

Question. What is the most satisfactory motto for Christmas?

Answer. That it "comes but once a year."

Q. Then it is as well to take a gloomy view of the season?

A. That is the only reasonable aspect in the face of a pile of "Christmas bills."

Q. What are Christmas cards?

A. Advertisements of existence sent to enemies as well as friends.

Q. What is a plum pudding?

A. Indigestion in the concrete.

Q. And a mince pie?

A. An excuse for a glass of brandy or a glass of any other equally potent liquid.

Q. Does old-fashioned English Christmas fare benefit anyone?

A. Yes; doctors and chemists.

Q. Why does an elderly person go the pantomime?

A. Because he likes it just as much as a schoolboy.

Q. What reason does he give for his visits to Drury Lane, the Lyceum, or the Crystal Palace?

A. That he visits those places of entertainment for the sake of the children.

Q. But if he is an old bachelor?

A. He declares that he likes to see the delight of other people's children.

Q. What is the *spécialité* of a Christmas family party?

A. Row all round.

Q. What are the regulation wishes of Yule-tide?

A. A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Q. And the probable result?

A. The attainment of neither.

CROSSED IN LOVE.—A wedding-present cheque.



FINAL ORDERS.

Keeper (to Boy out for his first day's driving). "MIND AND SPREAD YERSELF OUT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"SIR," said a wisely deferential friend of the Baron's, approaching the Baronial arm-chair wherein sat His Super-Excellency regaling himself in truly Regal-Cole-ian fashion, "Sir, I present to your notice a book entitled *In Search of a Climate*." "With such a title," quoth the Baron, in poetic humour, "it should have been dedicated to His Grace of Canterbury. Would not this distich well favour the title-page? Listen:—

"In Search of a Climate," From CHARLES B. NOTTAGE,
This to the Primate! Who lives in a cottage."

"W. A.," or "The Wisely Appreciative," went into wisely appreciative ecstasies. "Baron," he presently resumed, "you will be graciously pleased to read it." "I will recline on my sofa," returned the Baron, "and, in that position, do my level best." So saying, His Super-Excellency suited the action to the word, and, waving his hand in token that he was not to be disturbed for the space of some forty winks or more, he bent his head in silent study o'er the somewhat bulky volume. "One of the most interesting and instructive chapters in this excellently elaborated book of reference," said the Baron, some time afterwards—"a book full of 'wise saws and modern instances'—is that headed 'Religion and Rum,' whence it appears that, whatever form of worship the Natives from time to time might adopt, it always included the cult of spirits in some form or other. The title of this chapter," observed the Baron, judicially, "instead of 'Religion and Rum,' should rather have been 'Rum Religions, or Spirituous Influences.' Towards the close of the book the author still seems to be *In Search of a Climate*. But what sort of a climate does he seek? One to suit everybody? Why, like the distinguished individual who was 'terribly disappointed with the Atlantic,' there are people, quoted as testimony above proof by Mr. NOTTAGE, of the Cottage, who were 'all terribly disappointed with the climate of Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.' Well, then," quoth the Baron, "try Margate and Ramsgate." The book, attractively got up, is published by the firm whose name always recalls to the Baron's verse-atile mind that delightful poem set to dulcet music yolept "*Soft and Low, Soft and Low*," only that the names are SAMP-SON LOW, Low & Co., which, set to the same strain, will "do as well." "And," quoth the Baron, suddenly inspired, "what a series of songs for Publishers and Bookbinders might be written! For example, '*My Mother bids me bind my books!*' '*I am inter-leaving thee in sorrow.*' *Cum multis aliis suggestionibus!* But this is *délassement*. Let our toast be, 'Our noble Shelves!'—our noble Book-shelves!" explains the Baron, gaily; and so back to the Brown Study where, as Baron BROWN BEARD, he disposes of the various heads in his department, and signs himself, THE JUST AND GENEROUS BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MRS. RAM says no wonder people are blown out at Christmas, as they do fill themselves with so many "combustibles."



"SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE."

(A Meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society. The Vote of Thanks to the Chairman.)

"AND, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET ME POINT OUT TO YOU, IN THESE DAYS WHEN THE ACTIVITY OF THE CHURCH IS SO OFTEN CALLED INTO QUESTION, THAT OUR REVEREND DIOCESAN COULD NEVER BE CALLED AN 'ORNAMENTAL BISHOP'!"

"THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT."

(Passages from a Political Christmas Carol of the Period descriptive of a slumbering Statesman's Yule-Tide Dream.)

AWAKING in the middle of a prodigiously sonorous snore, and sitting up on what seemed to be a nightmare-like blend of the Treasury Bench and his own bed, to get his thoughts together, SADSTONE (like *Scrooge*) had no occasion to be told that Big Ben was again upon the stroke of Twelve.

Now, being prepared for almost anything—from J-SS-E C-LL-NGS to a Vote of Censure—he was not by any means prepared for Nothing! Consequently, when the bell boomed its twelfth stroke, and nothing appeared, or happened—not even a nightmare in the shape of T-MMY B-WL-S, or a Motion for Adjournment—he was taken with a fit of the shivers.

At last he began to think that the source and centre of the ghostly light which seemed to gleam on him from nowhere in particular, might be in the adjoining room, his own private Downing Street sanctum. Thence indeed, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly, and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment SADSTONE's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by his name, and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with shamrock green and shillelagh branches that it looked a perfect Grove of Blarney. A lurid blaze, like a blue-tongued snapdragon flare, went hissing up the chimney, revealing in weird glimpses on the heated hearth and chimney tiles spectral figures of impish design and menacing gesture. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were Blue Books, abortive Bills, scrolls on which were inscribed endless questions and unnumbered amendments; bundles of party papers and political pamphlets; pallid sucking-pigs that seemed to demand rather opportune interment than human digestion; long wreaths of sausage-like shackles; resurrection pies of indigestible crust and full of offal scraps and tainted "block orna-

ments"; pudding-shaped bombs; barrels of explosives and fulminants; red hot (political) "chestnuts" of the most hackneyed partisan sort; Dead-Sea apples of the dustiest kind, savouring of sand and strife; fiery looking Ulster oranges; belated (parliamentary) pairs, and seething bowls of raw and vitriolic party spirit, that made the chamber dim, dank, and malodorous with their heady steam. In uneasy state upon this extraordinary conglomerate couch or throne, there sat an ogreish giant of pantomimic size and bogeyishly menacing expression, portentous to see; who bore a smokily-flaring torch, in shape not unlike an Anarch's beacon or Fury's bale-fire, and held it up, high up, to shed its lurid light on SADSTONE, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghoul-Ghost. "Come in, and know me better, (G. O.) Man!"

SADSTONE entered timidly, and hung his head before the Spirit. He was hardly the dogged SADSTONE he had been, and the Spirit's eyes were so glowering and ungenial, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Spirit of Christmas Present," said the apparition. "Look upon me!"

SADSTONE sorrowfully did so. It was clothed in one simple emerald-green robe or mantle, bordered with buff fur of the dull tint dear to the old Scotch Whig. This garment hung so loosely on the figure that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be ward or concealed by any artifice. On its head it wore no other covering than a wreath of shamrock, set here and there with a thistle. Its dull black curls were long and elf-like and weird; weird as its frowning face, its staring eye, its clenched hand, its raucous voice, its despotic demeanour, and its gloomy air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard, holding a huge two-handed sword; the blade, ready to leap from its sheath, seemed a most unsuitable and unseasonable adjunct to what mankind has been wont to regard as the gentle and genial Spirit of Peace and Goodwill.

"You have never seen the like of *Me* before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"*Ne-e-ver*!" SADSTONE made answer to it, in accents stammering somewhat, yet most emphatic.



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

(Suggested by JOHN LEECH'S Picture.)

"COME IN, AND KNOW ME BETTER, (G. O.) MAN!"

DISTORTED MERCY.



is New Year's Eve. In a comfortable arm-chair by the fire sits the Metropolitan Magistrate. He smiles in self-complacency. He speaks:—

This year I have most faithfully fulfilled my duty; the spirit of sweet leniency has marked my every sentence—at least toward the more flagitious and inhuman offender. Thus have I, in place of punishing, won over to more virtuous ways; so may I doze the cheerful, self-admiring doze of virtue.

[He dozes. Gathering from the comfortable reflections of the fire and lamp thrown from the polished furniture, a radiant form shapes itself at his elbow. The Magistrate smiles in his sleep, in great content.

The Metropolitan Magistrate. Who art thou, visitant?

The Form. I am the Spirit of thy Leniency. I come to show thee how fair and flattering a result thy milder sentences—to wit, those passed upon the more outrageous culprits—have yielded. See! (Waves a wand.) This is he who came before thy judgment seat for—after repeated warning—selling milk from premises teeming with scarlet fever. Thou didst say, "It is the grossest and most shocking case of brutal disregard for human life I ever heard!" and thereupon didst fine him half-a-crown—the minimum penalty.

M. Mag. (with affectionate interest). And since? How farrest now, thou naughty one?

Milk Criminal. O most blessed Magistrate and sweet Your Worship, I fare most happily; for, most comfortably encouraged by your gracious leniency, I did redouble—nay, multiply an hundred times—mine efforts to disseminate disease; so that I may, without undue boasting, claim to be father of an epidemic that felled its hundreds. And further, in the doing of this I have heaped up a most goodly pile of gold. Give me your blessing, most sympathetic Your Worship!

M. Mag. (recoiling). Nay; mine intentions looked not toward so dire result! I cannot bless—

The Spirit. How, good Stipendiary? Dost thou now disown me, thine own Spirit? Thou must surely bless thy protégé, him who but carries out thy methods to their logical result! And see, I summon others of thy choice; this good butcher who hath sent unwholesome meat to London to feed the poor. Thou didst say of him, "A most inhuman, ill-conditioned knave and rascal; a constructive homicide! I will not imprison him, but fine him seven shillings." And again, see this good rough who kicked a constable nearly to death; thou saidst of him, "A miscreant unfit to live. A savage worse than any tiger! One shilling fine." Then finding he could not pay without foregoing his accustomed gin, thy heart relented, and thou didst discharge him. Then again, here have we this fair hawker who kicked his donkey's legs and so belaboured him with cudgels that he left no bone unbroken; thou saidst of him, "An act more horrible and sickening could scarce be perpetrated by a fiend!" Then, with a gentle caution, thou didst set him free.

M. Mag. But tell me, prithee, what the outcome was of these my leniencies. Did results not justify—?

The Butcher. Oh, yes, indeed, in my case! Taking courage, seeing that justice was so linked with mercy, I did extend most energetically my little venture in unwholesome meat, and now am rich, and have been made a lord.

The Rough. And since your clemency, O sweet your Worship, I've kicked to death some dozens of assorted victims—policemen, girls, and infants.

The Hawker. And I—

M. Mag. (writhing). Oh, peace, and spare me! Get ye gone!

The Criminals. What? This is passing strange! You will not bles the work yourself have fostered?

M. Mag. (tearing his hair). I fostered? I, the gentle magistrate, the soul of clemency—?

The Spirit. Come, bless thy chosen clients!

[With a shriek the Metropolitan Magistrate awakes from his doze. He is haggard; his eye is bloodshot with horror. He speaks, shuddering:—

What are these hideous crimes that I have done, mistaking them for mercy? How unworthy am I to touch so sweet an attribute, distorting and most basely turning it from its appointed course! There chime the bells. Let them proclaim how, in the coming year they usher in, I will essay to win this fair, sweet attribute entrusted to me, and so misshapen by my cruelties, back to her rightful form! I will begin by showing mercy unto Mercy's self.

A STUDY IN BROWN.

I've caught you, hazel-eyed brunette, day-dreaming, chin on hand! Don't think, now, that my stolen sketch is bold and contraband!

Nay, rather, 'tis the duty that's imposed on ev'ry beauty, To grant that with respectful glance her profile may be scanned.

To picture such a wealth of brown would VANDYCK's self delight;

Brown eyes I see, and waving hair, brown as a summer night.

I cannot do you justice, but this thumb-nail sketch, I trust, is

A deep brown-study rendered into simple black and white.

In reverie reflective, has your wayward fancy strayed,

It may be, to last summer's tryst in some wild English glade,

Or old-world forest-garden, where, like *Rosalind* in Arden,

Your troth you plighted, or, love-lorn, outmourned the Nut-brown Maid?

You're wand'ring in Mahatma-land, and counting astral sheep?

And gathering wool that never grew, a Brownie-led *Bo-peep*,

Or, possibly, pursuant of an Ego playing truant, And lost amid the labyrinth of dim hypnotic sleep?

For all I know, you're musing in this meditative trance On modern and sublunar joys, as dinner, dress, and dance!

Or is it toothache merely that—well, makes you stare so queerly? (Somehow I ne'er can draw the line 'twixt bathos and romance!)

If thus I seem inquisitive, don't kill me with a frown! Though times are hard, in vulgar phrase, I'll plank my money down!

Your train of thought to share (if you'll accept a penny-tariff), I tender, with my compliments, the coin that's called a "brown"!



PRODIGIOUS!

To MR. PUNCH.—Sir,—I appeal to you. Ought scientific papers to be allowed to publish incitements to bloodshed and anarchy? I have just read in one an enthusiastic commendation of "an agitator working at 280 revolutions per minute." This agitator is, it appears, closely connected with an "annihilator." It is true that the annihilator is a smoke-annihilator, and the agitator is part of its machinery; but who knows what influence may be exerted upon weak minds at such a time as this by the use of these awful terms? Is the Home Secretary asleep? Yours, A PATRIOT.

MYSTERIOUS.—In *Sala's Journal* for December 13 the advertisement of the Christmas Number announces that "arrangements have been made for publishing the Portraits of the Contributors at the commencement of their respective articles. This, it is believed, will prove a very interesting feature." No doubt. But which "feature," and whose "feature," and to which contributor will "the very interesting feature" in the portrait belong? They cannot surely have only one feature among them! Among the special contributors, each of course with distinctive features, are SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, MR. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, MR. ARTHUR A BECKETT, and MR. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Excellent company each, with most interesting features. But which feature is to be taken as representing the lot? "Nose?" Well, there's point in that. "Cheek?" Ahem! Will it be "All their eye?" Evidently the only way of satisfying curiosity is to purchase a copy of *S. J.'s* Christmas Number.

SEASONABLE RIDDLE.—When does a turkey look a goose?—When quite by himself he has to face a party of twenty-four.



INHUMAN.

Sportsman (who has caught Brown's mare). "NOW THEN! THIS WAY OUT, SIR, THIS WAY OUT!"
Brown (who has already swallowed about a quart of mud and water). "B-B-BUT IT'S DEEP!"
Sportsman (impatient). "CONFOUND IT, MAN! DO YOU EXPECT ME TO FETCH A BOAT?"

CHRISTMAS HAMPERS.

For the Czar.—Alliances—French and Triple.
For the Kaiser.—"The Great Revenge."
For the King of Italy.—The Military Estimates.
For the King of Greece.—The Adjustment of the National Revenue.
For the President of the French Republic.
—The Legacy of CARNOT the First.
For the President of the United States.—Protected Free Trade.
For the Sultan.—The Khedive.
For the Khedive.—The Sultan.
For the Premier.—His followers.
For the Foreign Secretary.—His colleagues.
For the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—The coming Budget.
For the Home Secretary.—Trafalgar Square.
For the Colonial Secretary.—South Africa.
For the Postmaster-General.—Cards for Christmas and the New Year.
For the War Office.—The Admiralty.
For the Admiralty.—The War Office.
For the Theatre-Managers.—The Clerk of the Weather.
For the Music-Hall Proprietors.—The London County Council.
For the London Public.—The Paving Contractors.
For the Bar.—The Solicitors.
For the Solicitors.—Reluctant Litigants.
For the Stockbrokers.—The State of the City.
For the Poor.—The Condition of the Money Market.
And for the World in general and Britons in particular.—The Influenza.

THE KISS THAT COSTS.

[A fair plaintiff, who brought a breach of promise action worth under ordinary circumstances at least £1000, had to be content with £100 because she had in the meantime been kissed by a new suitor.]

THE gorse is out in kissing time,
 And that is always—so the saw.
 But know from henceforth (and this rhyme)
 This does not follow in the Law.
 For she, who, jilted by her swain,
 Brings him to Court, and braves the laughter,
 Must—if she longs for gold—refrain
 From kissing Number Two—till after!

A Little Girl's Christmas Story.

POLLY!	Folly!
Holly!	(Gobbles!)
Jolly!	Colly
Dolly!	(Wobbles!)

OUR BARTERERS.—SIDEBOARD.—I have a magnificent-looking article, made of unseasoned deal, coloured to resemble walnut. As great care has been taken to imitate a really first-class piece of furniture by a good maker, it is hoped that the fact that the wood is certain to split and warp, that the drawers jam, that the keyholes are dummies, and that the whole is a piece of cunning shoddy, will escape the attention of the average purchasing idiot. What offers?

TO PICKWICKIAN STUDENTS.—Of what class of persons is it recorded in *Pickwick* that "their looks are not prepossessing and their manners are peculiar"?

THE CRY OF THE CIVIC TURTLE.

'Twas the voice of the Turtle, I heard him complain,
 "You would wake me! Be off!! Let me slumber again!
 Your 'Royal Commission on Unification'
 Be —!" something that seemed to convey commination
 "I shan't 'tend r. evidence'—hang it, not I!—
 Why I, as a separate body, should die!
 I've power, prosperity, plumpness, and pelf;
 If you want an 'Amalgam'—why, mix it yourself!"

Feminine Saturnalia.

[Miss KLUMPKA has just achieved a great triumph with a learned treatise on the Rings of Saturn.]

OH! maiden, learned, wise, you can
 To froward woman prove a pattern,
 You pay your due respect to Man
 By writing up the Rings—of Saturn!

NEW PRANDIAL PROVERBS.—What's underdone can't be helped. A bird in a pie is worth two in a dish. Apollinaris (or any other) water in time saves wine. The early guest gets it hot. It is never too late to dine.

A TRUTH IN SEASON.—What would Christmas be without the Cracker? Messrs. G. SPARAGNAPANE have their reply ready with their "Cracker Skirt-Dancer" and their "May Blossom" (so nice in December), which is a pleasant souvenir of *The Wedding*. Of course, all these crackers will "go off" well!



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